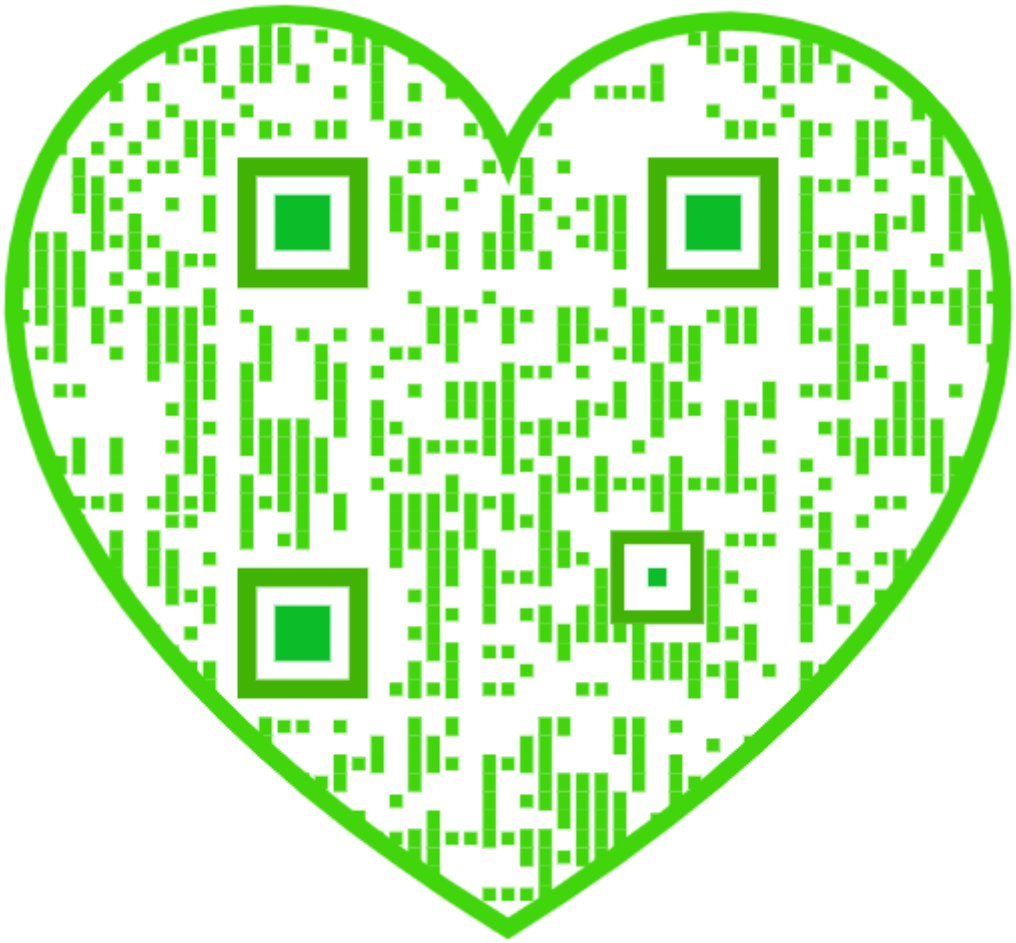

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

BY

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AND

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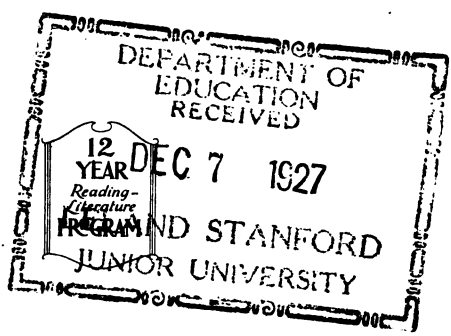

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PREFACE

The literature for this book was selected after an extended study of junior high school courses and a wide range of conferences with teachers of English familiar with the ability and interests of eighth-year pupils. The material not only ranks high when tested for literary quality, but it also meets the requirements for both classical and standard contemporary writings. Then, too, it scores high when tested for social and civic ideals, answering the question as to how literature may be effectively related to life. The school is asked, particularly in recognition of the new post-war spirit, to stress certain fundamental American ideals. Outstanding among these essentials are loyalty, service, appreciation of the dignity and joy of honest work, courage, thrift, coöperation, and good citizenship—ideals of which American youth gained a new conception during the World War that the school should perpetuate. This book aims, therefore, in addition to the æsthetic and ethical purposes commonly recognized, to set literature to work in the service of social and civic ideals.

The literature brought together in this volume is so organized as to aid in the realization of these aims. A helpful Introduction, "The Service of Books," sets out the controlling ideas of the text as a whole, and makes in simplest fashion the beginnings of literary criticism. There are four main divisions or Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme, centering about the world of nature, the heroism of adventure, ideals of liberty and service, and the homeland in story and legend and romances of toil. Each Part has an illuminating Introduction that emphasizes the dominant idea of the group, and a Review that makes clear how each selection helps to bring out this idea. Each main division is made to stand out clearly by illustrations that typify the theme and by topical headings that help the reader to visualize the group-units. The Notes and Questions call attention to the relation the selection bears to the main thought of the group. By these unique means the organization of the literature is emphasized and fundamental ideals are kept dominant.

This book supplies stories and poems in such generous quantity as to provide in one volume a complete one-year course in literature together with a suggested course in correlated library reading. There is material suited to all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should supply: silent reading both for the story-element and for getting quickly at essentials; intensive reading for detailed study; reading for expression; memorizing; dramatizing; public reading and recitation; plot study, and the rest. Moreover, the book includes a wide variety of types: ballads, lyrics, short stories and tales, addresses, letters, essays, and a pleasing drama. Provision is made for library reading that correlates with the stories and poems of the book, enriching the text, and giving motive and purpose to the pupil's outside reading. Class readings of particular units and selected passages are suggested for oral expression and for entertainment, thus giving motive to reading aloud.

The study helps are more than mere notes on the text; they aid in making significant the larger purposes of the literature. Particularly illuminating are the Introduction, "The Service of Books," and the Introductions to the four Parts; these Introductions should be read by pupils before beginning the stories and poems of the several groups, for they interpret and give greater significance to the units. A Review at the end of each group not only takes stock of the joy and benefit derived from the reading, but also shows how each story or poem helps to bring out the main thought of the group. Biographical and historical notes supply abundant data for interpreting the literature. Individual and class projects are suggested throughout the book for laboratory practice. A comprehensive Glossary contains the words and phrases of the text that offer valuable vocabulary training either of pronunciation or meaning. An additional feature that will appeal to many teachers is the list of common words frequently mispronounced given in the helps to study.

The Authors.

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Furthermore, it is not necessary that the reading from which we gain this extended experience should be limited to what we call literature. In a sense, anything written or printed is literature. That is what the word means. Literature is that which is expressed in permanent or semi-permanent form, as distinguished from that which is merely spoken. The ballad, a song-story, was repeated from generation to generation by word of mouth, changing in details of language and incident in the process; when it was written down and then printed, it became fixed, became literature. So also the traveler may tell you of his adventures, may tell audiences in many cities his adventures; when he writes his story and it is published as a book, it becomes literature.

As a matter of fact, however, the word "literature" is more strictly limited. We have seen that it is the matter of permanent

record that distinguishes the book or the printed story from mere tradition. But thousands of books are printed that find a few readers for a time, and then are as completely forgotten as if they had been merely words spoken in casual conversation. Many things are printed, also, which are not intended to have permanence, such as the newspaper stories of daily happenings in the city or the world. The newspaper adds greatly to this power of projecting our experience over space and time. One knows about battles half a world away, almost as soon as they occur, or about a new discovery, or about a great storm or earthquake or fire or pestilence, about a successful exploring expedition, or a new remedy for disease, or the triumph of a great man. But these records are of a day; literature is for all time. It has a different permanence from that of printed paper. The newspaper story *may* possess it, if it secures the conditions on which permanence rests. Literature, then, in the sense in which we use the term here, means not merely that which is printed in contrast to that which is spoken. It means the expression of the *facts* of life, or of the *interpretation* of life, or of the *beauty* of life, *in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die.*

Facts, interpretation, beauty—these are the materials from which literature is made. To them must be added the test of expression through which the experience, the meaning, and the emotion of the moment are held fast. So held, that which else would be transitory becomes a permanent part of that wider experience of the race which abides through centuries and empires and generations of men.

THE NATURE OF POETRY

Let us examine these materials more closely. And first let us draw our examples from poetry, since at first glance that which is expressed in the form of verse *seems* to be what we should call literature. Before you read any farther, suppose you ask yourself why this is so. You think, perhaps, that it is because of the rime, because each line begins with a capital letter, or because the words seem to dance along. It's not the way people

talk. Or perhaps the language seems to be what you might call "poetic." You don't speak of an April rain as a "vernal shower," or call a wagon a "wain," or a field of ripening wheat "Ceres's golden reign," even if you have found out somewhere that Ceres was goddess of the harvest. And other words, like "tremulous," "tarn," "ethereal," seem to you poetic even if you do not fully understand their meaning. The *language* of poetry, in other words, seems somehow different from the language of every-day life. This sense of difference also springs, at times, from the order of words used by the poet as well as from their difficulty. Bryant begins a poem as follows:

> To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language.

The words here do not differ particularly from those of prose, yet we feel a certain difficulty that probably we should not have felt to the same degree if Bryant had written, in prose, "Nature speaks a various language to him who holds communion with her through her visible forms." The sentence is difficult, because the idea is abstract; we hesitate a bit over "various language" and "visible forms."

But the important thing for us to observe is that it is not because of the rime, or the capital letter, or the poetic words, or the order in which the words are placed that we have poetry. Prose may have all of these characteristics except the rime and the capitals. And the verse we read may have all these things, especially the unusual or very old words, and yet fail to appeal to us as poetry. On the other hand, a line in which every word is of the simplest, homeliest character, may be charged with the witchery that springs only from genuine poetry. Shakespeare writes,

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

There is not a word here that we should call "poetic." The only departure from the usual English expression is in the word "sweet" where we should say "sweetly"—a use that was allowable

in Shakespeare's day. It is hard to say just what word or phrase gives the effect of pure beauty that we instantly feel. Perhaps it is the word "sleeps." If we try substituting some other word for it, "lies," "rests," "shines," we see that, after all, a word is poetic not because it is unusual, or old, or difficult, or musical, but because of some magic association that the poet knows how to evoke.

Now observe that the poet makes use of fact, just as the prose writer or the historian or the scientist. In the line just quoted the fact is a simple observation. Anyone would respond to the magic of the moonlight. Few would observe so closely the quiet beauty of the one spot that catches the poet's eye. And of these, none but the poet would have the sure instinct for expression that results in a line all compact with beauty.

Let us carry this study of the nature of poetry a bit farther to see how the poet makes use of fact, interpretation, and beauty. In a short poem, Rupert Brooke, a young poet who gave up his life in the Great War, speaks of the sadness that comes upon him at the close of day. Love, he thinks, is done; his life has lost its value; he wishes he might die. These are thoughts that come to thousands of weary men and women. Even those who do not feel so utterly hopeless may be conscious, amid all its beauty, of the sadness of the close of day. Numberless poets have expressed such feelings before. But Rupert Brooke turned from the glorious western sky and caught a vision of the pines:

> Then from the sad west turning wearily,
> I saw the pines against the white north sky
> Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
> Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.

And he goes on to tell us of the peace he found, so that life no longer seemed hopeless to him,

> Being glad of you, O pine-trees and the sky!

These lines contain no word not in your everyday vocabulary. The order of the words is about the same as that of prose. The poem contains rime, and the first word of each line begins with a capital letter; the words also are arranged in such a way as to bring

out the rhythm, the regular succession of accented and unaccented syllables that we usually find in poetry. But the true secret of the power of the lines, the thing that really makes them poetry, we shall have to find by applying other than these mechanical tests.

First of all, notice that facts of the poet's life and the fact of this observation of the pine-trees and the sky form the basis. Stated quite simply, the theme is as follows: A man who is disheartened because of the hardships he has undergone finds his sadness increased by the closing of the day. In despair at the thought that all the beauty of life is a temporary thing, passing as the sunlight fades in the west, he wishes for death. But suddenly he is aware of the pine-trees as they stand in clear outline against the cold northern sky. The piercing beauty of this scene, etched as with a painter's brush, so thrills him that he finds in the joy of its revelation courage to take new hold on life.

Here are facts of past experience and present mood. There are also the facts of the new observation the poet makes when he sees the pine-trees and the sky. Others have had the same experience of life. The beauty of the scene might also have been realized by the peasant, or the tired laborer, or the business man, or the traveler. But the poet gains from his experience and the revelation of beauty an interpretation of life. This he sets down for us, simply, but in unforgettable clearness of outline. In this expression of truth and beauty he does for us what we could not do for ourselves. The result is poetry, "the rhythmical creation of beauty."

Now the heart of this interpretation of beauty in the meaning of life by Rupert Brooke is in the lines that describe the picture:

> Then from the sad west turning wearily,
> I saw the pines against the white north sky,
> Very beautiful and still, and bending over
> Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.

A great painter might turn these words into a picture that would convey in another form of art the same effect. Now that your eyes and imagination have been awakened by this pause over the little picture, very likely you will notice, on quiet evenings, the line of tall trees cast against a background of clear and quiet

sky. But the painter, like the poet, may make use of the scene which he pictures in order to call forth a mood of joy or pity or a sense of the beauty of life, or even to convey a comment on the meaning of life. Look for a moment at the picture called "The Song of the Lark" on page 20. Quite obviously the painter, wishing to give you an idea of the marvelous beauty of the song, cannot reproduce it. Obviously, also, he would gain nothing by giving you a picture of the bird itself. A thousand birds would present better possibilities in color of plumage, though their song would interest no one. So the artist chooses to convey his meaning by showing the *effect* which the song of the lark produces. To show this most clearly, he does not choose an animal—a dog barking up into the sky would not convey the idea. So also, a person of a conventional type, wearing the most recent model of clothes, trained by modern life not to let his feelings show in any expression of his face, would not do. The painter chooses a peasant girl, on her way to the fields, sickle in hand. Her face is not beautiful even in repose; at the moment chosen by the painter it is almost distorted as she looks toward the sky. She is trying to comprehend the emotion that the marvelous song awakens, trying also to discover the source of the song.

Now here, as in the poem about the pine-trees, you have a basis of *fact*. In this case it is the bare, plowed field, the peasant girl in the center, her ugly clothes, her almost brute strength, her face struggling to express the wonder that she is too untrained to try to conceal. But on this basis of fact you find that the picture suggests the *effect* that the artist desired to produce: *What must have been the beauty of that bird-song, if an ignorant peasant girl was so powerfully moved by it?*

So art, founded in fact, yet interprets the beauty and the meaning of life. The poet is like the painter in this respect. The peasant girl is dumb in the presence of the wonderful beauty of the song. But suppose the same song is heard by a poet. Like the peasant he is filled with wonder. Like her, he looks up into the sky whence comes the flow of melody, but discovers no bird. Apparently the sky itself is singing, so rich is the sound,

so all-pervasive. Like the painter, the poet can convey the impression of this beauty only through suggestion. He cannot reproduce it; he does not describe the bird itself. So he gives you an interpretation of this bird-song. Such a bird, soaring so far above earth that its form is lost to view, seems to him a solitary pilgrim of the sky, seeking to escape from earth—

> Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
> Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
> Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
> Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
> Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
> Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
> Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
> A privacy of glorious light is thine,
> Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
> Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
> Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

Here there are but few references to the song itself—"that music still," "pour upon the world a flood of harmony"—the quality of the song is suggested rather than expressed. The fact about the bird that the poet stresses most is its soaring far beyond reach of the human eye, yet its return to its nest. So he asks whether it despises the earth and wishes to be free, or whether "the wings aspire," while heart and eye keep true to the nest. In the "privacy of glorious light," far above the earth, is a different spirit from that of the nightingale, an instinct more divine. This leads to the real thought of the poet about the bird: its song comes from heaven, inspired by that privacy of glorious light that dwellers on the earth cannot know; it is the type of aspiration, yet it is true to the instinct of home and home relations. Wordsworth realizes, therefore, not merely the marvelous beauty of the song but also an ideal of life; it typifies

> . . . the wise who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Thus our three examples have shown something of the nature of poetry. In the first there is no interpretation, merely the suggestion of the unearthly beauty of the moonlight as it falls

upon a quiet spot. In the second the picture is more defi te, and is used to show how the sight of the pine-trees brings joy) a man in an hour of discouragement. In the third there i: no picture. The melody of bird-song, the habit of the singe to soar far above the earth and yet to return to its nest, beco ies a symbol or ideal of life, an interpretation of the meaning (f a worth-while life. In no case are we particularly conscious of elevated or unfamiliar language. Simple words and phrases (ive the effect needed: "sleeps," "quiet sky," "their sharp black hea s," "pilgrim of the sky." From the keen observation of facts, nd the application of these facts, through deep feeling and imagi na-tion, to life, all these expressed in language filled with beau ty, poetry is born in our souls. For it is in this power to awaken our imagination, to sharpen our powers of observation, to transfer to us the deep feeling that inspired the verse, that we find the true sources of poetry. Much of the effect is gained through this power of suggestion, which needs a bit of farther observation.

AN AUTUMN WALK

Suppose you are walking through the woods in late autumn. Your dog is with you, and he thinks it is great sport. He bounds here and there, sniffing at trails of rabbits and squirrels, barking with excitement when he thinks he has found the path that leads directly to one of the little forest animals. Your enjoyment is as keen as his. You love the sound of your feet as they shuffle through the deep masses of fallen leaves. You explore a bit for nuts. You look at the clouds, gray, cold, promising snow before many more days. The thousand secrets of the forest in autumn suggest Hallowe'en, corn huskings, winter sports, Christmas. You notice that the trees are bare of leaves, save here and there a few which still hang on until the first blast of winter shall come and drive them headlong. You notice a farmer, who looks also at this tree and that as though to decide which ones shall be cut down to make his winter wood supply. And then you pass an old man, hobbling along with his cane, who also looks at the fallen leaves and seems almost as dried-up as they.

So your walk brings a set of facts to your observation. Some

of these facts relate to your own interests and pleasures. Perhaps you get no farther. Or perhaps you notice the pranks of your dog or the sturdy matter-of-factness of the farmer, or the bent form of the old man. Perhaps you even go a little farther, and say to yourself, "Poor old fellow, he's about done for himself, like these dead leaves."

And then suppose you should hear these words, coming seemingly from the air about you, commenting on the old man as he limps along:

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,
> Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Instantly you feel that you are in the presence of something different from your own vague reactions on the autumn day in the woods. This is not because of the music of the lines solely, though that is partly the reason. It is not because of the rime or the words that are used. Indeed, the words are such as you yourself might use except for such a phrase as "thou may'st" instead of "you may," or as "do hang" instead of "hang," or a word like "late" instead of "lately." There is something else that the great poet—for it is no less than Shakespeare who wrote these lines—contrived to get into these simple observations, to make them seem so different from the thoughts that have been chasing fitfully through your mind in your walk as your dog has been chasing here and there in pursuit of an imaginary squirrel.

This something is found in the unity, the *oneness* of the picture. The theme runs like this: The few yellow leaves clinging to the boughs are a symbol of old age, hanging on for a few days or weeks until Death shall make an end. But more than this theme, which is the interpretation of the facts of life and the observations of which we have been speaking, is the suggestion of things not expressed. You yourself thought of the first two lines: the old man is like the yellow leaves. Yet you recognize that the phrasing—

> When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang,

is more effective than what you would have said, perhaps: "When

a few dried-up leaves hang on the boughs." When you come to the line,

Upon those boughs *that shake against the cold*—

you recognize a new and deeper effect. You knew it was a cold day, but not *how* cold. The coldness seems almost solid; the boughs creak and groan, seem to *shake against* it as if they were scraping against a building. So the more penetrating imagination of the poet has given you an impression much sharper and more distinct than you could have gained unaided. Now listen once more to the last line, and as you listen, look at the trees in the forest, the carpet of dead leaves beneath your feet, the gray sky, and then once more at those branches as they creak and groan in the wind—

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Instantly, as if a wizard had waved his wand and murmured a charm, the gray skies melt to blue; the carpet of rustling leaves has turned to deep green moss, flowered by the plants of the forest; the boughs of the trees are clothed once more in the green vesture of June; while from every side come the songs of the birds. The bare ruined choirs have become again the sources of the thousand melodies of summer.

Such is the power of poetry over the understanding heart. It sharpens your perception of fact. It awakens your imagination. It phrases for you the feelings that are too indistinct for utterance. It brings beauty into the prose of life. It finds in nature and man, in bird-song and flower, in the rain and the cloud and the thunder, in the snows of winter and the first breath of spring, the beauty and the joy of life, its sorrows and defeats, its aspirations, its sense of infinite things beyond what the eye of sense can discern. Shelley says of the skylark that it is

> Like a poet hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden,
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

PART I

STORIES AND POEMS OF NATURE

God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here.

—Robert Browning.

Jules Breton

THE SONG OF THE LARK

AN INTRODUCTION

As long as man has lived on this earth, he has been powerfully influenced by the world of nature. To tribesmen in very early times, fire seemed a mysterious spirit, willing to help man where rightly used; capable of destroying him and his property when enraged. One people had a legend that Prometheus, a friend of man, stole fire from heaven so that men might equal gods. The same mystery surrounded the movements of the heavenly bodies. Many ancient peoples worshiped the sun as the source of light and life. The moon was a pale goddess, exerting wide influence on men and their fortunes. Through many centuries the stars were supposed to bring fortune or disaster. Indeed, the word "disaster" itself refers to evil stars. We still say, sometimes, "my stars!" or "my lucky star." Shakespeare speaks often of this influence of the stars upon men, and Napoleon, who lived only a century ago, believed implicitly in the influence of his star upon his fortunes. Savage tribes, and ignorant men even today, see in the appearance of comets portents of disaster. Panics are still known in certain parts of the earth when there is an eclipse of the sun. The Teutonic tribes of northern Europe believed that thunder was caused by the hammer of Thor, one of their divinities; the ancient Greeks thought it was the voice of Jove; many Christian peoples, even, have regarded great storms as manifestations of God's anger.

In large part, these ideas and many others like them have been due to ignorance about Nature. Fire, lightning, eclipses, the cause of great storms, earthquakes, the mystery of the sea—these were not understood and therefore were thought to be caused by the gods. By many peoples the kindly aspects of Nature were also attributed to supernatural agencies. There were divini-

ties of the harvest, of the wood, of the rain, of the months and seasons. The wood and the water were inhabited by lesser deities. The origin of the flowers was explained by this religion of Nature. Thus men in all ages have felt the influence of Nature upon them and have sought to explain it, in art and song and story, and in religion as well.

We have won from Nature many of her secrets now. We have chained the lightning so that it pulls long trains of cars, puts the complicated machinery of a great factory into motion, performs more services in our daily lives than ever the genius called forth by Aladdin's lamp. We have learned secrets of the air, so that we can project the human voice through innumerable leagues, though no wires or other visible means are used. The deeds that the forces of Nature perform through man's bidding are so astounding that the stories of what ancient peoples thought their nature gods could do seem small and insignificant. Even the imagination of man has been surpassed by the wonders he has learned to perform.

Yet the influence of Nature is none the less real, nor are her secrets all discovered. Part of our business in this life is to establish relations with the world in which we live. If we move into a big house set in the midst of a large plot of ground, we get acquainted with the rooms of this house, with the furniture, with its conveniences and inconveniences, with every part of the ground that surrounds the house, with the trees and flowers and animals that are near us. It is into such a house that we come when we are born. It has many pleasant outlooks; it has also many drawbacks. It is not just a place for eating and sleeping and working and playing. There are people to get acquainted with. There is the body which is our house to get acquainted with. We must learn to find our way around. And we look out through the windows of our eyes and seek to relate ourselves to the world of nature outside. Animals have personalities like human beings. One may learn secrets of nature from the brook, from the forest, from the birds. There is wonder and magic in the world. We use the conveniences that science has brought to us; we should also realize the wonder of the world. Always

there are the passing days with sunrise and high noon and the evening star. Always there is the magic of spring or of the day in June or of the first snowfall. And always there are lives about us, insects and birds and four-legged creatures and inhabitants of lake and sea. The world of nature is full of life and mystery. Through science, and through what poets and other keen observers have set down for us in books, we shall be able to make our way about and to add beauty and interest to our lives.

In the selections that follow, some materials are given you as guides to this exploration. There are stories of adventure among animals. After that you find something of the life of birds, with some thoughts of the influence of these upon the lives of men. You will learn how an American poet was inspired, at a moment of great uncertainty in his own life, by the sight of a waterfowl following its sure course through the trackless air. The Introduction to this book has already made use of one of the poems about the skylark; you will find others here, including Shelley's beautiful ode and Shakespeare's song. Rupert Brooke's poem about the pine-trees has already been brought to you; compare with it Emerson's poem about the Rhodora and Tennyson's idea that all the secrets of life and of man's relation to God are bound up, if we could only understand, in the little flower that grows out of the wall. Then there are the seasons, and poems about running streams and the ocean and the air. In many of these selections you are dealing not with science, the knowledge of the facts of nature as you get these facts from geography or botany or chemistry, but with facts as interpreted through the imagination of the poets. In others you have examples of what men of scientific training have observed in their studies of nature. You need both; one study supplements the other; both are the means by which you establish relations between the soul that is you and the outside world which is to be your home for the years of your life.

ANIMALS

COALY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE*

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

THE WILLFUL BEAUTY

Five years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black—coal black and bright bay—so they named him Coaly-Bay.

"Coaly-Bay" sounds like "Kolibey," which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense; just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature, in his frame, his power, and his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs; when he was careering with the herd of colts, if they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

*See Suggestions for Silent Reading, p. 632.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay-yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the horseherd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a "Quit-the-bunch"—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free, and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that seemed to stand between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse-trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on, he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won for him lashings and spurrings, so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming, but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right, so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle; Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, but finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking; he stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head, so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth,

and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw" —that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night as the moon was brightly shining they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horse herd, and when the men came near him he had—oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbor, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth—a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE
First-class horse, sound
and gentle, $10.00

THE BEAR BAIT

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear-hunting, except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So seeing the sign the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there, ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear-bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape. "Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait," and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before, and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off that he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

HIS DESTINED END

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp.

"Aren't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer. Then as the tossing head was disappearing I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!"

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp —to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-Bay; he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought

against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that.

Farther away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight, still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle. Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty—yes, of horse perfection.

The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss—and the marksman *missed.*

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away; the pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west.

And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him, and ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, and crossed the cañon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not, and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured—he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain his place was in the herd as one who after many a long hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is that flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the stormwind smites his glossy coat at night and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved—the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spur-galls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forebears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle—yes, too, the driving sandstorm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

The reading of this story besides giving you pleasure has no doubt given you a new idea of the unbreakable spirit of a horse chafing under restraint, and an insight into the nature of animals, which has set you to thinking. But if you are to get the full benefit from the story, or in fact from any story or poem in this book, you will need to pause long enough to notice certain facts that will give you a better understanding of it.

Introduction and Review. First, you should notice that each story and poem is a part of some special group that centers about some one big idea such as Nature, Liberty and Service, etc. Each selection will have a fuller meaning for you and make a more lasting impression if you understand how it, united with others in teamwork, helps to bring out the big idea of the group. Before reading the selections in any group you should read and discuss in class the "Introduction" that precedes them, in order that you may know in a general way what to expect. As a preparation for a full appreciation of "Coaly-Bay," read the Introduction to the group of Nature selections, page 21. And after you have read all the selections in a group you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the Review—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit derived from your reading.

In addition to the Introduction and Review, each selection in this volume is followed by helpful "Notes and Questions" that contain some or all of the following features:

Biography. It is always desirable to know something about the author. When you learn, for example, on page 34, that Ernest Thompson Seton has written many famous books about animals and that he was appointed official naturalist for the government of Manitoba, Canada, you feel that he writes with authority in his chosen field.

Silent and Oral Reading. Then, you are shown how, besides reading this story for pleasure and for general information, you can at the same time increase your ability to read rapidly and understandingly. See the suggestions given for "Silent and Oral Reading," page 632, and use either the question or the outline plan for testing your understanding of the story. For example, see page 35. For oral expression, class readings are suggested. For example, see 3 under "Discussion," page 35.

Discussion. After you have read the story through in preparation for the class period, you will find under the topic "Discussion," questions and notes that will help clear up points in the story so that it will be easier for you to gain the full meaning. For example, see question 1, page 35. Other questions, such as 2 and 3, will call your attention to the methods authors employ to get their effects, and to the beauty of the language. Still others, as question 4, will suggest to you topics for informal class discussion in which you can apply a certain thought in the story to a situation in your daily life. Such a question as 5 points to the effect the story has upon the reader.

Glossary. One of the benefits that you should gain from reading is the learning of new words and the ability to use them. At the end of the "Discussion" on page 36 you will find a list of words the meaning of which you are to look up in the Glossary (page 635 ff.) and a second list that you should find out how to pronounce by using the Glossary. Many of these words you may feel certain you know how to pronounce correctly; but perhaps you have been *mispronouncing* some of them. Look in the Glossary for the words listed under question 7, and you may find that you have been mispronouncing *Arab* or *salmon*. In addition to the words in these lists the Glossary includes many other words. Whenever a selection contains a word that you are not sure you understand, form the habit of looking it up in the Glossary.

Besides the individual words you do not understand, you will sometimes find a phrase, or a group of words, used in some special sense. The most striking of these are listed under the topic "Phrases." Look them up in the Glossary, for you will often find the hardest passage of the reading lesson made easy by the explanation of a single phrase.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. The reading lesson furnishes opportunity as well as rich material for oral and written composition. Interest in an author or in the subject he discusses may make you wish to extend your knowledge along these lines through directed *library reading*. You will find suggestions for extensive reading in the "Notes and Questions" throughout the book. You will do your class and yourself a service by planning an orderly oral or written report, giving all the class the benefit of your individual reading, as indicated in "Library Reading" and "Suggestions for Theme Topics." For example, see page 36.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ernest Thompson Seton (1860—), the artist and author, was born in England, but has spent most of his life in America. He was educated at the Toronto Collegiate Institute and at the Royal Academy, London. He was always interested in the study of birds and animals as he found them in their natural haunts in the backwoods of Canada and on the western plains of the United States, where he lived for a number of years. For several years he served as official naturalist to the government of Manitoba, Canada. Mr. Seton is well known as an artist and has illustrated many of his own books on birds and animals; he was one of the chief illustrators of the Century Dictionary. He has written many books about birds and animals, among which are: *The Biography of a Grizzly; Wild Animals at Home;* and *Wild Animal Ways,* from which "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," is taken.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. *The Willful Beauty.* 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. How did Coaly-Bay get his name? 3. Describe his nature. 4. What is a "quit-the-bunch" horse? 5. Describe the horse-trainer's experience trying to break Coaly-Bay for riding. 6. What was the horse's trick? 7. For how much did the owner sell him? 8. How did the new owner feel about the sale? 9. What happened in the neighbor's vegetable garden? 10. Why was Coaly-Bay called an "outlaw" horse? 11. How did the gardener come into possession of the horse? 12. How did the gardener advertise?

The Bear Bait. 1. Who composed the band of hunters? 2. What did they do when they saw the sign? 3. Describe the bait used for bear-hunting. 4. How much did the hunters pay for Coaly-Bay? 5. What was the gardener's explanation of the low price? 6. Describe Coaly-Bay as he was driven along with the pack horses. 7. Describe his attempt to escape. 8. How was he outwitted? 9. How did he vent his rage?

His Destined End. 1. What did the hunters resolve to do? 2. How did Ernest Thompson Seton feel when Coaly-Bay was driven away for bear bait? 3. Describe the horse as he faced his tormentors. 4. What happened when the rifle cracked? 5. In what direction did Coaly-Bay flee? 6. Describe his flight. 7. Tell about Coaly-Bay's joining his wild kindred. 8. How are hunters able to recognize him? 9. Tell about his life on the free plains. 10. What is Ernest Thompson Seton's wish for him?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. *The Willful Beauty.* (a) The scene of the story. (b) Coaly-Bay, his appearance and his nature. (c) The owner's experience in breaking him for riding. (d) Coaly-Bay's trick. (e) The ranchman's bargain. (f) The new owner's experience with Coaly-Bay and his neighbor's vegetable garden. (g) Settling with the gardener. (h) The sign at the gate.

The Bear Bait. (a) The band of hunters. (b) Coaly-Bay sold for bear bait. (c) The horse's attempt to escape and his capture.

His Destined End. (a) Coaly-Bay being driven to the bear glade. (b) Ernest Thompson Seton's feeling for the horse. (c) The crack of the rifle. (d) Coaly-Bay's escape. (e) Joining his wild kindred. (f) Life upon the free plains. (g) The author's wish.

Discussion. 1. Which one of the four owners that Coaly-Bay had at different times, made the best bargain? Which one seemed to get the worst of it? Which one made short work of his ownership? Which one had the most sympathy for Coaly-Bay's spirit? 2. How does the leading guide's remark about Coaly-Bay's lameness show that it was a skillful imitation? 3. Notice the beauty of the author's description of Coaly-Bay's joining his kindred. With this in mind, prepare to read aloud the last three paragraphs of the story; which sentences do you like particularly well? 4. Compare the information on the sign with that given by the gardener to

the hunters after the bargain is settled; how do you account for the difference? 5. How do you explain your sympathy for the horse in spite of his viciousness? 6. *Library reading:* "The Pacing Mustang," Seton (in *Wild Animals I Have Known); Ben, the Battle Horse* (a story of the World War), Dyer; "The Bronco That Would Not Be Broken," Lindsay (in *The Chinese Nightingale, and Other Poems);* "Bucephalus," Baldwin (in *The Wonder-Book of Horses); Black Beauty,* Sewell. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: foal; careering; vestige, bucking; hobbling; superb; limpid; caracoled; harry. 8. *Pronounce:* Arab; corral; indomitable; Salmon; subtly; cañon; Chaldean.

Phrases

horse wrangler, 26, 7
break him to ride, 26, 20
stoutly maintained, 27, 20
possessed of a demon, 29, 35
high divide, 31, 12
at his famous best, 31, 30
inborn certainty, 31, 34
wire fence still is not, 32, 6
Chaldean plain, 32, 11
purpling plain, 32, 16
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Desert's highest born, 32, 37

Suggestions for Theme Topics

1. An incident from your own observation in which an animal showed spirit or understanding. 2. Description of a pet, noting Ernest Thompson Seton's method of description. 3. Review of some other story in *Wild Animal Ways,* adding interest to your report by showing the author's illustrations to the class. 4. A book review of *The Biography of a Grizzly* or any other of Ernest Thompson Seton's books which you may find in your library. (See page 98 for book review suggestions.) 5. Ernest Thompson Seton as an illustrator; invite the class to reproduce some of his sketches upon the blackboard. 6. Incidents from the lives or works of other naturalists, as Thoreau, Muir, Audubon, Burroughs, and Fabre.

SATAN, THE WAR DOG THAT SAVED A TOWN

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

"Somewhere in France," and not far from Verdun, a little village occupied a very important position in the Allies' line. It was held by a garrison consisting of a few hundred French soldiers, who had orders to hold on until they were relieved.

The enemy had succeeded in cutting them off from their friends in the rear, but they fought on bravely alone. For days they had hindered the German advance, answering the enemy batteries with a steady stream of shells.

But now their ammunition was giving out, and there was no way of getting more, for the enemy was in possession of every road. Worst of all, the Germans had managed to plant a battery on the left in a position from which it could pour a deadly fire into the French town. Owing to the shortage of shells, only a weak reply could be made by the garrison. If the latter could only let the French army know the position of that battery, it might yet be silenced in time. But there was no way of letting it know. The telephone and telegraph wires had been cut, the last homing pigeons had been killed by a bursting shell, and every other means of communication was destroyed.

With the French garrison was a famous dog trainer named Duval, from the war dog school at Satory. He had been sent to the front with two dogs, Rip and Satan, both in the messenger service of the French army. Rip, a soft-eyed Irish setter, was killed in action soon after his arrival, and Satan had been left with the French troops two miles in the rear of the now isolated town where his master was stationed.

Satan was an ideal messenger dog, swift-limbed, intelligent, and absolutely fearless under fire. He was black as night, a mongrel by birth, but a thoroughbred by nature. His father was a champion English greyhound, and from him he inherited his speed. His mother was a working Scotch collie that had won more than one silver cup at the sheep-dog trials in Scotland.

Satan loved just one man in all the world, and that man was Duval. Together they had walked several times over the ground which now stretched between them, and Duval knew that if their friends in the rear had any message to send, Satan would bring it if it could be brought. So every little while he would raise his head cautiously and look out over the shell-torn ground, hoping to see his dog.

At last he started forward with a great cry, "Voilà! Satan! Satan!" At first his companions could see nothing but a black speck moving toward them from the distance. But presently the black speck took the form of a dog—a black dog wearing a gas mask and skimming the earth as he came. As he raced over the rough ground and leaped the shell holes, some of the men declared that he was flying—that they even saw his wings. But the ground was fairly smoking under the enemy fire, and no one but Duval believed that even this great speed and courage would save him from death. Perhaps they were right, for down he went as a German bullet found its mark.

Duval saw him as he fell, and saw him stagger to his feet again, confused and faltering. Taking his life in his hands the man leaped to the top of the trench wall in full view of the enemy, and heedless of the bullets which sang around him, shouted at the top of his voice: "Satan! Satan! Come, mon ami! For France! For——!" A bullet cut him down.

But Satan had seen and heard, and with a frantic yelp—of pain or joy, no one could tell—once more he was into his stride. On three legs now, and with the fourth swinging loose at the hip, he moved swiftly toward his goal. As he swept into the town a dozen hands caught him, and from a metal tube on his collar they took a message which read: "For God's sake, hold on. Will send troops to relieve you tomorrow." It was signed by a well-known officer whose word could be relied on, and a cheer went up from the weary men. But how could they hold on? How was it possible with that German battery withering them with its fire? But the metal tube containing the message was not all that Satan had brought them. What some of the men had mistaken for wings

on his shoulders were two little baskets, and in each basket there was a homing pigeon frightened almost to death.

An officer took a message pad of tissue paper and wrote upon it: "Silence the battery on our left." Then he added some figures showing the exact position of the battery. The message was folded and placed in a small aluminum capsule, and that was attached to the leg of a pigeon. A copy of the message was entrusted to the other bird, and both were tossed into the air. Away they went as if they knew the importance of their work, and the men in the town watched them as they sped toward the French lines far away. Then a score of German rifles cracked, and one of the little messengers fell earthward with a mist of blue-gray feathers in his wake.

But the other pigeon passed through the hail of bullets unhurt, and flew straight to his loft, where an alert young officer caught him up. The anxious men of the garrison did not see their message read, nor could they hear the sharp, terse order given to the waiting gunners. But they heard the deep roar of the big French guns which smothered with bursting shells the German battery on their left, and they knew that the town was saved.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ernest Harold Baynes (1868-1925), the naturalist-author, lived in Meriden, New Hampshire. He was an authority on the service of birds and animals in the World War, having been sent overseas to the front to make a permanent history of the war work done by animals. Because of this, his story, "Satan, the War Dog," has peculiar interest. Mr. Baynes was a member of the American Bison Society and the National Association of Audubon Societies, and president of the Meriden Humane Society. He organized the Meriden Bird Club, which has made his town a refuge spot for birds, and the Bird Club of Long Island, of which Theodore Roosevelt was president. Mr. Baynes's book, *Wild Bird Guests,* was written to interest people in protecting birds. It has a preface by Colonel Roosevelt, in which he says, "The Meriden Club has furnished a model for all similar experiments in preserving bird life, and Mr. Baynes writes in advocacy of a cause which by practical achievement he has shown to be entitled to the support of every sensible man, woman, and child in the country."

Discussion. 1. Tell the story, using the following outline: (a) the condition of the French garrison; (b) Satan and his message; (c) the homing pigeon and the silencing of the German battery. 2. What made the situation of the French garrison unbearable? 3. How did Satan save the town? 4. What did Satan bring besides the message? 5. What happened to the homing pigeons? 6. *Library reading: Pierrot, Dog of Belgium,* Dyer; "What We Two Dogs Did" (in *Ladies' Home Journal,* September, 1919); "Autobiographic Sketch of the Most Famous War Dog" (in *Literary Digest,* April, 1919); *Bob, Son of Battle,* Ollivant; *The Call of the Wild,* London; *Stickeen,* Muir. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: garrison; mongrel; violà; mon ami; terse. 8. *Pronounce:* isolated; aluminum.

Magazine Reading. The average American today is too busy to read many books, but he does find time to read his favorite magazine; from the large number of magazines now published he chooses one that suits his particular interest and taste. Examine the magazines in the library and ask the librarian's advice as to which ones you will be likely to find useful and enjoyable. You are probably familiar with *The Junior Red Cross News, St. Nicholas, The Youth's Companion, The Saturday Evening Post, The Geographic Magazine, The Scientific American, Good Housekeeping, The Outlook, The World's Work, The Literary Digest.* What others do you sometimes read?

Valuable suggestions for magazine reading will be gained if each member of the class chooses some one magazine, agreeing to examine the current numbers as they appear, with the purpose of informing the class of the most interesting articles, stories, or poems.

Many of the masterpieces of American literature were first published in magazines. Bryant's "To a Waterfowl" appeared in the *North American Review;* Poe's "The Raven" was first published in the *New York Mirror;* and Hale's "The Man Without a Country" was first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Undoubtedly some of the magazine contributors of today will be the standard writers of tomorrow, and some of their poems and prose stories will become masterpieces of the future.

Perhaps you have had the experience of reading a story, and later when you wished to refer to it, being unable to tell in which number or in which magazine you had read it. The *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* will help you locate any story, poem, or article by title, author, or subject. It will also be helpful in showing you what has appeared in current magazines by certain authors or on certain subjects. Ask your teacher or the librarian to show you how to use the *Reader's Guide.*

THE THUNDERING HERD

CLARENCE HAWKES

Bennie Anderson sat on the lee side of the prairie schooner, watching the dancing camp fire and listening to the howling of the coyotes.

Four months before, the Anderson family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Thomas, a boy of nine years, and the solitary watcher by the camp fire, named Benjamin, aged eleven years, had said good-bye to Indiana.

Ill luck had always followed the Andersons in that state, and Bennie's father had said that perhaps a change of scene would also change their luck. So nearly all their belongings had been packed into the canvas-covered wagon, two dilapidated mules hitched to it, the old cow tied behind; and with the dog following beneath the wagon, they had left the tumble-down cabin and the Indiana homestead, and had started for the frontier beyond the Mississippi.

Mr. Anderson was an old hunter, and as there were two rifles in the wagon, not to mention an old shotgun, there was usually plenty of fresh duck or prairie chicken to eat. Among the most cherished possessions was a very good field glass, which had been the property of an uncle who had used it in the Civil War. This glass proved to be their best ally upon the great plains, where the stretches of smooth land are so vast, and the distances so great, that the naked eye is wholly inadequate to the demands made upon it, especially if one wants to see all the wild life upon the plains as Bennie did.

The modest Anderson caravan had not journeyed far into the Missouri Bad Lands, at right angles to the old Oregon Trail, which so many adventurers had followed before and have since, before the signs of buffaloes became plentiful, although the boys did not at first recognize them. It was not until late September or early October, however, that the Andersons saw buffaloes

in any numbers. Hitherto, there had been an occasional lonely bison feeding in some coulee, but they now began to see them in larger numbers.

The jolting wagon by this time had pounded its weary way over the plains and through the Bad Lands and the desert-like portions of the prairies, where there was nothing but sagebrush and sprawling cactus, until they had reached a point near the northwest corner of Missouri.

It was not an infrequent sight to see upon the slope of a distant swell a dozen buffaloes peacefully grazing, like domestic cattle. They usually made off at a slow trot whenever the wagon got within a few hundred yards of them. Not knowing much of the habits or disposition of the bison, Mr. Anderson said that they would not attempt to kill any at present even for meat, as deer and other game were plentiful.

So they journeyed along without molesting the bison that they saw, satisfied to let them alone, if they were in turn let alone. This amicable arrangement might have held good until they reached their journey's end, in the heart of Kansas, had not something happened that made the killing of a few bison the price of safety to the party. This was an event that no one of the emigrants ever forgot as long as he lived, and an incident that filled one night as full of excitement and peril as it could well hold.

They had been traveling for two days over a nearly unbroken stretch of slightly undulating prairie. The summer sun had baked the earth till it was hard and lifeless. Every tuft of grass was burned to a crisp. Even the sagebrush that grew in all the sandy spots seemed parched by the shimmering heat. The sky was a bright, intense blue, and each night the sunset was red and the afterglow partially obscured by a cloud of dust.

The watercourses and the cottonwoods were half a day's journey apart, and an intolerable thirst was over all the landscape.

The second day of this trying desert-like prairie stretch of their journey was just drawing to a close when they noted upon the northern horizon what at first seemed to be a cloud of smoke.

At the thought of a prairie fire upon such a parched area as these plains, a horrible fear seized upon the little party, and Mr.

Anderson hurried to the top of the nearest swell to learn if their worst fears were true.

On mounting the eminence, he discovered that the cloud extended from the east to the west as far as the eye could reach. It certainly was not smoke, but each minute it grew in density and volume, like a menace, something dark and foreboding that would engulf them.

Presently as he watched, he thought he heard a low rumbling, like the first indistinct sounds of thunder, and putting his ear to the ground in Indian fashion, he could hear the rumbling plainly. It was like the approach of a mighty earthquake, only it traveled much more slowly; like the rumbling of the surf; like the voice of the sea, or the hurricane, heard at a distance.

Again the anxious man scanned the dark, ominous-looking cloud, that now belted half the horizon, and this time he thought that he discerned dark particles like tiny dancing motes in the cloud. Then as he gazed, the specks grew larger, like gnats or small flies, close to where the horizon line should have been. Here and there were clouds of the dark specks, like swarms of busy insects. But what a myriad there was. In some places they fairly darkened the cloud.

Then in a flash the truth dawned upon the incredulous man, leaving him gasping with astonishment and quaking with fear.

All these tiny specks upon the horizon line were buffaloes. A mighty host stretching from east to west as far as the eye could reach, and to the north God only knew how far. Like an avalanche that rushes upon its way, unmindful of man and human life; pitiless as fate, and as remorseless as all the primeval forces of nature, the Thundering Herd was rolling down upon them.

For a few seconds he gazed, fascinated and held to the spot by his very fear and the wonder of it all. Darker and darker grew the cloud. Plainer and plainer the headlong rush of the countless host was seen, while the rumbling of their thousands of hoofs, which at first had been like distant thunder, now swelled to the volume of a rapidly approaching hurricane. The solid earth was felt to vibrate and rock, to tremble and quake.

Mr. Anderson waited to see no more, but fled back to his family, whose escape from this sea of hoofs now seemed to him almost hopeless. The boys hurried to meet him, their faces pale with fright, for even the rest of the family now realized that some great danger was swooping down upon them.

Mr. Anderson made his plan of escape as he ran. To think of fleeing was out of the question. Their slow-moving schooner would be overtaken in almost no time. There was no cañon, no coulee in which to take refuge; no butte to which they might flee; not even a tree or a rock behind which they might crouch, and thus be partly shielded. Out in the open the danger must be met, with nothing but the shelter of the wagon to keep off the grinding hoofs, and only the muzzles of their three guns to stand between them and annihilation when the crash came.

Hastily they turned the wagon about, with its hind end toward the herd. The mules were unhitched from the pole and each hitched to the front wheel. A rope was also passed through the side strap of the harness of each mule, and he was fastened to the hind wheel of the wagon, so that he could not swing about and be across the tide when this sea of buffaloes should strike them. This kept the mules with their heels toward the herd, thus securing the additional aid of a mule's heels on guard at each side of the wagon. Old Brindle was secured to the pole of the wagon, where the mules had been. The wheels were blocked. What furniture the wagon contained was piled up behind to help make a barricade. When all had been made as snug as possible, the family crawled under the wagon and awaited results. The muzzles of the two rifles were held in readiness for an emergency at either side of the wagon, while Mrs. Anderson had the shotgun in readiness to reinforce the garrison should they need more loaded weapons at a moment's notice.

Nearer and nearer came the Thundering Herd, while the vibrations in the solid earth grew with each passing second. The clouds of dust shut out the light of the setting sun, and made a dark pall over all the landscape, which was like the descending of the mantle of death.

Bennie gritted his teeth together and tried hard not to let the

muzzle of his rifle shake as he pointed it out between the spokes of the hind wheel on his side of the wagon.

On came the terrible battalions of galloping hoofs, the massive heads and black beards of mighty bulls glowering through the clouds of dust. Each second the pounding of their hoofs swelled in volume, and each second the vibrations of the solid earth became more pronounced. Like the smoke of a great conflagration, the dust-clouds settled over the prairies until the crouching, trembling human beings, so impotent in this vast mad rush of wild beasts, could see the frontlets of the bulls but a few rods away.

But almost before they had time to realize it, the mad, galloping, pushing, steaming, snorting herd was all about them, pounding by so close that the coats of the nearest bulls brushed the sides of the mules.

At first they seemed to turn out a bit for the wagon, but presently a bunch of buffaloes, more compact than the rest of the herd, was seen bearing down upon them as though they were charging the schooner, although they probably did not even notice it.

"Ready with your rifle, Bennie," called Mr. Anderson, and father and son both cocked their guns. When the bunch was almost upon them, both fired, and a mighty bull fell kicking against the back of the wagon, but his kicks were not of long duration, for at this short range the rifles did fearful execution.

There was no respite, however, for close behind the fallen bull came more, and Mr. Anderson reached for the shotgun, and piled another bull upon the first, although he had to finish him with a Colt's revolver, which was destined to stand them in much better stead than the guns.

It was with difficulty that the muzzle-loading rifles could be loaded while lying down in the cramped position under the wagon, but the Colt's revolver, which was a forty-four and just as effective at this short range as a rifle, could be readily reloaded, and Mrs. Anderson kept its five chambers full.

Old Abe, the mule upon the right side of the wagon, now took his turn in the fray, for a bull galloped too close to him, raking

Abe's flank with his sharp horn. The mule let both heels fly, striking another bull fairly in the forehead, and felling him to the ground. But a buffalo's skull is as thick as a board, and the bull jumped up and galloped on with his fellows.

For a few minutes the two dead bulls at the rear of the wagon seemed to act as a buffer, and the others parted just enough to graze the wagon. The mules, which brayed and kicked whenever the buffaloes came too close, also helped, but presently another bunch was seen bearing down upon them. They were close together and crowding, and did not seem likely to give way for the crouching fugitives under the wagon.

Although Bennie and his father both fired, and Mr. Anderson followed up the rifle shots with both barrels from the shotgun, and three shots from the Colt's, yet they struck the wagon with a terrific shock.

There was frantic kicking and frenzied braying from both Abe and Ulysses and a violent kicking and pounding in the wagon that seemed to be immediately over their heads.

It was plain that instantaneous action of some kind was necessary if their domicile was to be saved, for one of the crowding bulls had been carried immediately into the wagon. He had become entangled in the top, and was pawing and kicking to free himself. His great head just protruded over the seat.

Mr. Anderson reached up quickly with the Colt's, and put an end to his kicking with two well directed shots.

There were now four dead bulls piled up behind the wagon and one inside of it, and soon the blood from their last victim came trickling through upon the helpless family. It was a gruesome position, but they could not escape it, and all were so glad that the blood was not their own that they did not mind.

"We are pretty well barricaded now, Bennie," shouted Mr. Anderson, just making himself heard above the thunder of galloping hoofs. "I think we are safe. They cannot get at us over all that beef, and they cannot get through the side, so I do not see but we are secure."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson fervently, "but I shan't feel safe until the last buffalo has passed."

She had barely ceased speaking when old Abe uttered a piercing bray, in which were both terror and pain. He accompanied the outcry with a vicious kick, but almost immediately sank to the earth, kicking and pawing. It was then seen that a bull had ripped open the mule's left side, giving him a mortal wound. His frantic kicking so endangered the cowering fugitives under the wagon that Mr. Anderson was obliged to shoot him. His loss was irreparable, and the boys whimpered softly to themselves as they saw their old friend stretched out dead beside the wagon.

Old Brindle at this point became unmanageable, breaking her rope, so that the seething black mass swallowed her. "There goes old Brindle too," sobbed Tommy. "I guess we'll starve now."

Poor Shep, who had been securely tied at the forward end of the wagon, cowered and whimpered as though he too thought the judgment day had come, and it was his and Tommy's lot to comfort each other—the dog licking the boy's hands, and he in turn patting the dog's head.

The loss of old Brindle and Abe proved to be the turning-point in the misfortunes of the Andersons, for the herd now parted at the barricade made by the dead buffalo, the mule, and the wagon, so that although every few minutes it seemed as though they would be engulfed, yet the danger veered to one side and passed by.

Half an hour and then an hour went by, and still there was no diminution of the herd. The second hour and the third passed, and still they came, crowding and pushing, blowing and snorting, steaming and reeking.

"Won't they ever go by, father?" asked Bennie. "I should think there were a million of them."

"It is the most wonderful thing that I ever saw," replied Mr. Anderson. "I have often heard old hunters tell about the countless herds of buffaloes, but I had always supposed that they were lying. In the future I will believe anything about their numbers."

At last seeing that they were in no immediate danger, Mr. Anderson told the boys to go to sleep if they could and he would watch. If there was any need of their help, he would call them.

Accordingly, all the firearms were loaded and placed by Mr. Anderson, and the boys and Shep curled up near the forward wheels to rest. They were terribly tired, for the excitement and the hard work had told upon their young nerves and muscles.

The last thing Bennie remembered was the thunder of the myriad hoofs, and the rocking and trembling of the earth under him. But even these sounds soon ceased for him, and he and his brother slept.

When he again opened his eyes, the sun was shining brightly, and the clouds of dust that had obscured the moon when he fell asleep had been partly dissipated. Here and there he could see an occasional buffalo galloping southward, but the mighty herd, whose numbers had seemed like the stars, was gone.

"It's the tail end of the procession, boy," called Bennie's father. "The last installment went by about fifteen minutes ago. I did not dream that bison could be found in such numbers in western Missouri at the present time. I had supposed the few scattering head that we saw were all that were left in the state."

This conclusion of Mr. Anderson's was quite right, but that autumn, for some unaccountable reason, the great herd had come down for a part of the way on the Missouri River on its southern migration following the old trail of two decades before, instead of crossing western Nebraska and Kansas. It had been a costly experiment, however, for all the way hunters had swarmed upon their flanks and they had lost thousands of head. But what did that matter? Their number was legion.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Clarence Hawkes (1869—), the naturalist-author, is a native of Massachusetts. He is a member of the American Bison Society, which has for its purpose the conservation of American buffaloes. In 1883 he was made totally blind by an accidental shot in the eyes. After this he began writing books and magazine articles, and giving public lectures. He has written many books on nature subjects, among which are: *Little Foresters; Shaggy Coat; Tenants of the Trees; Black Bruin; The Wilderness Dog;* and *King of the Thundering Herd,* from which "The Thundering Herd" is taken.

Discussion. 1. Describe the Anderson caravan and tell where the family was going. 2. How long had they been traveling when the incident of the thundering herd occurred? 3. Where did the event occur, and under what conditions? 4. What does this story tell you of the number of buffaloes on the plains at that time? 5. Make an outline, and follow it in telling the complete story of "The Thundering Herd." 6. *Library reading:* Read the other chapters of *King of the Thundering Herd* (an interesting social exercise may be made by assigning the various chapters to different members, to be read silently and reported upon in class); other books by this author; "Passing of the Buffalo" (in *Overland Monthly,* May, 1915). 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: dilapidated; inadequate; coulee; eminence; incredulous; butte; annihilation; frontlet; buffer; domicile; veered; diminution; dissipated. 8. *Pronounce:* coyote; ally; amicable; undulating; pall; impotent; respite; irreparable.

BIRDS

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), the first great American poet, was born in western Massachusetts and educated in the district school. At home he had the use of his father's library, an exceptionally fine one, and he made the most of its advantages. In 1816 he journeyed on foot to Plainfield, Massachusetts, to look for a place to open a law office. He felt forlorn and desolate, and the world seemed big and cold. On his way he paused, impressed by the beauty of the sunset, and saw a solitary wild fowl wing its way along the horizon until it was lost in the distance. He went on with new courage, and when he stopped for the night, he sat down and wrote this beautiful poem of faith and hope, "To a Waterfowl." Many of his best poems were inspired by Nature or one of Nature's creatures.

Bryant soon gave up the study of law to devote himself to his literary work. In addition to writing poetry, he was editor of the New York *Evening Post,* one of America's greatest newspapers. His long life was full of usefulness and happiness. Bryant had the gift of seeing that the commonest things about him were interesting and worthwhile. He died in 1878, one of the most loved of American poets.

Note. "To a Waterfowl" is a lyrical poem, that is, a musical poem appropriate for song—"suited to be sung to the lyre." Nature is a favorite theme for lyrical poets. In a lyric, the poet expresses his own observations and emotions—his love, his joy, his grief. A great lyric not only expresses the poet's feeling, but it has the power to make us feel. We learn through it to feel tenderness, or pity, or sorrow, or happiness. What feeling caused Bryant to write "To a Waterfowl"? Other well-known lyrics by Bryant are "Robert of Lincoln," a poem in which he gives us a glimpse of his humor; "March," "The Gladness of Nature," and "The Yellow Violet," poems in which he expresses joy at the return of spring; "The Death of the Flowers," a poem that commemorates the death of the poet's sister; and "To a Fringed Gentian," a poem of hope. Note lyrics by other authors in this book.

Discussion. 1. After a good reader has read this entire poem in class, tell under what circumstances it was written. 2. How does the poet speak of the sunset? 3. What characteristics did Bryant show in stopping to enjoy the sunset and to watch the bird? 4. What was the appearance of the bird against the sky? 5. What words used in the fourth stanza emphasize the thought that there is no path or road for the bird to follow through the air? 6. Find the lines that tell what is the toil referred to in the sixth stanza. When will the bird's toil end? What will follow toil? 7. How does the thought that the bird is guided help the poet? 8. What comparison does he make between his life and the flight of the bird? 9. Read again what is said on pages 10 and 11 about the *form* of poetry—rime, rhythm, etc.—and then find examples of these forms in this poem.

Newspaper Reading. William Cullen Bryant, as editor of the New York *Evening Post,* influenced the thinking of a large circle of readers. Since that time the newspaper has constantly grown in power, until today it is one of the important factors in American life and education.

The first newspaper in the United States, *Public Occurrences,* was started in 1690. The oldest existing newspaper in the country is the New Hampshire *Gazette,* founded in 1756. Since the days of Benjamin Franklin, and later of William Cullen Bryant, there have been many influential journalists in America, notably Horace Greeley (1811-1872), editor of the New York *Tribune;* Charles A. Dana (1819-1897), editor of the New York *Sun;* and Henry Watterson (1840—), editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* Who are the editors of newspapers with which you are familiar?

Notice in the newspapers of your community the regular place for general news, editorials, society news, sports, market reports, joke column, cartoons, and advertisements. *Headlines* in large type call attention to the story and the *leads* in smaller type, directly under the headlines, give a brief summary of the story. Bring to class examples of leads that you think are striking because they tell much in a few words. What is the value to the busy reader of having a definite place for each department, and of the headlines and the leads?

TAMPA ROBINS

SIDNEY LANIER

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets; crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrill the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree:
'Gramercy, winter's tyranny.'

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold:
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me;
Bestir thee under the orange-tree.'"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) was a native of Georgia. When he was a mere lad he entered the Confederate army and devoted the most precious years of his life to that service. While in a military prison he contracted consumption, and during his remaining years he struggled constantly with disease and poverty. He was a talented musician and often

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found it necessary to add to the earnings of his pen by playing in an orchestra. During his last years he lectured on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. He has often been compared with Poe in the exquisite melody of his verse, while in unaffected simplicity and truthfulness to nature he is not surpassed by Bryant or Whittier. His prose as well as his poetry breathes the very spirit of his sunny southland. In the "Song of the Chattahoochee" and "On a Florida River," we scent the balsam of the Georgia pines among which he lived, and the odor of magnolia groves, jessamine, and wild honeysuckle.

Discussion. 1. Where is Tampa? 2. If you were not told the name of the bird, what lines would tell you that the robin is meant? 3. If the name of the tree were not told, what lines would tell you that the orange is meant? 4. Why is Time represented with a scythe? 5. What things mean bliss for the robin? 6. To what does the robin compare the oranges when he calls them "orange-planets"? To what does he compare his movements among the oranges? 7. Why do men fear meteors? 8. How does the robin feel toward winter? 9. To what does the Tampa robin compare the leafless trees of the North? 10. What climate will the robin "keep" by going south with the sun? 11. Read a line which gives the keynote of the poem. 12. Read the fourth line in the third stanza; answer this question as it might be answered by someone who was not as free from care as the robin. 13. Why would you expect Lanier to write lyrical verse? 14. *Library reading:* "Yellow Warblers," Katherine Lee Bates (in *Melody of Earth);* "Birds," Moira O'Neill (in *High Tide).* 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: orbits; minstrelsy; gramercy. 16. *Pronounce:* blithe; gibbet.

THE SKYLARK

JAMES HOGG

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth,
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Hogg (1770-1835) was born in Ettrick, Scotland. He is called "The Ettrick Shepherd" because he came from a family of shepherds and when a child, worked as a cowherd and sheep-tender. He passed many long, lonely days, and spent his evening hours listening to old ballads and legends which his mother recited to him. This strange childhood of his left within his heart, he tells us, "a something that's without a name." When a young man he assisted Walter Scott in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy* and published a small volume of poems. The publication of *The Queen's Wake* in 1831, a collection of tales and ballads supposed to have been sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by native bards of Scotland, established his reputation as an author.

Discussion. 1. To whom is the poem addressed? 2. What different names does the poet give to the bird? 3. What claim has the skylark to the first of these names? 4. How does your knowledge of the geography of Scotland help you to understand the poet's reference to the "wilderness"? 5. What word refers to the lark's morning song? 6. What line in the second stanza tells you that it is early morning? 7. Read a line that tells how high the lark flies while singing. 8. What is the "red streamer" referred to in the second stanza? 9. What time is the gloaming? 10. Where does the lark make its nest? 11. What word used by the poet in describing the lark's nest tells his country? 12. Where do you think the shepherd poet was when he heard the lark? Could other shepherds have received happiness or strength from the song of the lark, even though they could not express their thoughts in poetry? 13. What must you have in yourself in order to enjoy the song of a bird as the poet enjoyed it? 14. What tells you that this is a lyrical poem? 15. *Contest:* Who can read this poem aloud most effectively? 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: cumberless; matin; lay.

TO A SKYLARK

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was born in the Cumberland Highlands of northern England. The beauty of this country had a great influence on him and his poetry. While still a young man he retired to the beautiful Lake region of northern England and here lived a simple life, depending almost entirely on Nature for companionship and inspiration. He was devoted to the cause of liberty; he believed firmly in the beauty and charm of the humble life. The simplicity and sincerity of his nature are revealed in his poems on birds and flowers. Although the subjects of Wordsworth's poems were taken from everyday, prosaic events and ideas, their structure is sometimes elaborate and intricate. He was a very deep and sincere thinker, and his writings have through them an emotional strain that is as unspoiled as his own life.

Discussion. 1. To whom is the poet talking? 2. How do you picture him as he talks to the bird? 3. How do you imagine he said the words of the first line? 4. What claim has the skylark to the title "ethereal minstrel"? To the title "pilgrim of the sky"? 5. What questions does the poet ask the skylark? How did James Hogg answer these questions in the first stanza of his poem? 6. Read a line of Wordsworth's poem which tells where the nest is made. What words used by James Hogg show that he thought of the "dewy ground"? 7. The darkness of night hides the nightingale; what does Wordsworth say hides the skylark? 8. What habit makes the lark "true to Heaven"? What habit makes him "true to Home"? Which habit is a type

of our longing to do good and great things? Which habit is a type of the faithful performance of common duties? 9. What feeling led Wordsworth to write this lyric? 10. You will enjoy hearing these lines read in class by a good reader. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: ethereal; composed.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

1. How an ideal has helped me. 2. The danger that in seeking an ideal we may neglect the real—the simple duties we owe to others in daily life. 3. Wordsworth aspired to write poetry that should express both truth and beauty; he has succeeded in this poem.

TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen—but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love—which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingéd thieves;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream—
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an English poet, born at Field Place, Essex. He studied at Eton, one of England's famous boarding schools for boys, and at Oxford University. Some years later he went to live in Italy, and it was here that his best-known poems were written. Although he wrote a number of long poems, his fame rests upon his shorter pieces and lyrics. Shelley had a very sensitive and sympathetic

nature, a lively and charming imagination, and a rather unruly and unconventional personality. He was always generous and indulgent with others and fearless in his pursuit of what he thought was right. While only thirty, on a pleasure cruise off the coast of Italy, he was drowned.

Discussion. 1. To whom is the poem addressed? 2. By what name is the skylark addressed in the first line? 3. What characteristics of the lark's song and flight made the poet say, "Bird thou never wert"? 4. Read a line from the second stanza that shows the energy and enthusiasm with which the lark begins its flight; why should this sudden spring of the bird make the poet think of fire? 5. What question does the poet ask in the seventh stanza? In what stanzas does he try to answer the question? 6. Is he satisfied with any of the comparisons he has made? Read the lines which tell us that the song of the lark is sweeter and more joyous than any of these things. 7. In which stanzas does the poet compare music produced by man with the music of the lark's song? How does our music seem when compared to the song of the lark? 8. What question is asked in lines 21 and 22, on page 59? 9. In the questions that follow, the poet suggests what the lark may be singing about; what things does he suggest? 10. From what does the poet say the lark has never suffered? 11. How are we affected by "hate and pride and fear"? 12. The poet tries to imagine how we would feel if we were not affected by hate or pride or fear and knew no sorrow. Does he think we would then feel joy as great as the lark's? Find the line in which he tells us. 13. What does the poet ask of the bird in the last stanza? Why does he want to know this gladness? 14. Compare this poem on the skylark with those of Wordsworth and Hogg. What impressed each poet most in the skylark? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: vernal; chaunt; languor; satiety. 16. *Pronounce:* aërial; Hymeneal.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 326.

Discussion. 1. At what time of day does the lark sing "at heaven's gate"? What lines tell you that it is morning? 2. By what other name is Phœbus known? 3. For what was the watering of the steeds a preparation? 4. The use of "lies" in the song is old English idiom; what does it add to the poem? 5. What is added to the picture by the poet's choice of marigolds as the opening flowers? 6. Which lines do you think are the most beautiful in this little song? 7. Which lines sing themselves to you? 8. Have you heard this lyric rendered by a good singer? You would enjoy hearing a phonograph record of it. 9. Who can memorize these lines in the shortest time?

THE MOCKING BIRD

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and the groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent

to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted near his mate than, as if his breast were about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For a while, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well do the birds know that man is not

their most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dewberries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do. . . .

In winter, nearly all the mocking birds approach the farmhouses and plantations, living about the gardens or outhouses. They are then frequently seen on the roofs, and perched on the chimney tops; yet they always appear full of animation. While searching for food on the ground, their motions are light and elegant, and they frequently open their wings as butterflies do when basking in the sun, moving a step or two, and again throwing out their wings. When the weather is mild, the old males are heard singing with as much spirit as during the spring or summer, while the younger birds are busily engaged in practicing, preparatory to the love season. They seldom resort to the interior of the forest either during the day or by night, but usually roost among the foliage of evergreens, in the immediate vicinity of houses in Louisiana, although in the eastern states they prefer low fir trees.

The flight of the mocking bird is performed by short jerks of the body and wings, at every one of which a strong twitching motion of the tail is perceived. This motion is still more apparent while the bird is walking, when it opens its tail like a fan and instantly closes it again. . . . When traveling, this flight is only a little prolonged, as the bird goes from tree to tree, or at most across a field, scarcely, if ever, rising higher than the top of the forest. During this migration, it generally resorts to the highest parts of the woods near watercourses, utters its usual mournful note, and roosts in these places. It travels mostly by day.

Few hawks attack the mocking birds, as on their approach, however sudden it may be, they are always ready not only to defend themselves vigorously and with undaunted courage, but to meet the aggressor half way, and force him to abandon his intention. The only hawk that occasionally surprises the mocking bird is the *Falco Starlen,* which flies low with great swiftness, and carries the bird off without any apparent stop. Should it happen that the ruffian misses his prey, the mocking bird in turn becomes the assailant, and pursues the hawk with great courage, calling in the meantime all the birds of its species to its assistance; and although it cannot overtake the marauder, the alarm created by their cries, which are propagated in succession among all the birds in the vicinity, like the watchwords of sentinels on duty, prevents him from succeeding in his attempts.

The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the songs of different birds while in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species, in confinement and in the wild state, and without prejudice have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the mocking bird is, in my opinion, quite absurd.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John James Audubon (1780-1851) was born in New Orleans. His mother died while he was very young, and his father, who was a Frenchman, took the boy to France. There Audubon grew up and was educated. He studied drawing with some of the celebrated French artists. In 1798 he returned to America, and from that time on he spent most of his time in this country. He devoted himself to the study of natural history and especially to birds. His great work, *The Birds of America,* contains life-size pictures of more than a thousand birds. The drawings for these he made himself, and they are artistically excellent as well as true to nature. "The Mocking Bird" is taken from the text made by Audubon to accompany the pictures. Because of his interest in birds, the clubs for the care and study of birds, which have been formed throughout the United States, are called "Audubon Societies."

Discussion. 1. Make an outline of the selection. 2. Tell the main thoughts of the essay, following your outline of topics. 3. The first two paragraphs describe the place where the bird lives; how does the description of the second paragraph differ from that of the first? 4. How does the author imply that the richness of the plant life of this region is reproduced in the bird's song? 5. How does Audubon say the musical powers of the mocking bird compare with those of the nightingale? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: stuartia; diversified; exuberant; hautboy; modulations; compass; derived; imparted; resort; *Falco Starlen;* philomel; essays. 7. *Pronounce:* bignonias; genial; species; foliage; ruffian; Mozart. 8. *Library reading*: "A Mocking Bird," Bynner, and "The Mocking Bird," Stanton (in *Melody of Earth*); "Bob, the Mocking Bird," Lanier (in *The Lanier Book*); selections from *Our Humble Helpers,* Fabre

FLOWERS

MORNING-GLORIES

MADISON CAWEIN

They swing from the garden-trellis
In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret;
And the jessamine also knows;
And the rose told me the story
That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: "At midnight,
Ere the red cock woke and crew,
The fays of Queen Titania
Came here to bathe in the dew.

"And the yellow moonlight glistened
On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
Fell softer than any air.

"And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
They hung up, every one,
On the morning-glory's tendrils,
Till their moonlight bath was done.

"And the red cock crew too early,
And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink,
Like blossoms hanging here."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Madison Cawein (1865-1915) was born in Louisville, Kentucky. He was educated in the public schools. In 1887 he published his first poems in a book called *Blooms of the Berry.* In all his poems, Nature is the theme. He spent his life learning Nature's ways and describing them in poetry full of rich imagery.

Discussion. 1. The poet has made a compound word by using the name Shakespeare gave to a fairy or sprite with the word "airy." What do you think was his purpose in doing this? 2. How is the impression of lightness sustained through the poem? 3. When is the name of the flower first mentioned in the poem? 4. What reason do you think the poet had for not telling the name in the first line? 5. Who told the poet this story? 6. How well must you know flowers before they will talk to you? 7. How can you learn to know them? 8. What poems have you read in which the poet talks to a bird or a flower? 9. Why does the poet think of the fairies as fleeing at cockcrow? 10. *Class reading:* You will enjoy reading aloud in class "The Flowerphone," by Abbie Farwell Brown (in *Melody of Earth).* 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: aromatic; fay; Queen Titania; elfin.

PINE-TREES AND THE SKY: EVENING

RUPERT BROOKE

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,
And heard the waves, and the sea-gull's mocking cry.

And in them all was only the old cry,
That song they always sing—"The best is over!
You may remember now, and think, and sigh,
O silly lover!"
And I was tired and sick that all was over,
And because I,
For all my thinking, never could recover
One moment of the good hours that were over.
And I was sorry and sick, and wished to die.

Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them; and I
Was happy, and forgot to play the lover,
And laughed, and did no longer wish to die;
Being glad of you, O pine-trees and the sky!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) was born in Rugby, England. He gave up his studies at King's College to become Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and accompanied the Antwerp Expeditionary Force in October, 1914. In February, 1915, he sailed with the British Mediterranean Force. He died from sunstroke on his way to the Dardanelles on April 23 of the same year and is buried on the Greek island of Skyros. His poems appear under the titles, *1914 and Other Poems* and *Collected Poems.*

Discussion. 1. What cause did the poet think the evening sky would have for sorrowing? 2. Why did the setting sun bring the thought that "the best is over"? 3. How did the cry of the sea-gull affect the poet? 4. The changing western sky made the poet think how life had changed for him; the fading color made him think of joys that were gone forever; what did he see when he turned to the north? Can you tell why he was comforted by the sight? 5. Can you tell why he felt brave and strong when he looked at the white sky and the quiet trees? 6. Compare this poem with Bryant's "To a Waterfowl"; what likenesses do you find? 7. *Class reading:* "The Soldier," Rupert Brooke; "The Island of Skyros" (a poem in memory of Brooke), John Masefield.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 87.

Discussion. 1. What do you find in the first three lines that tells you that the flower was small and not firmly rooted? 2. Why does the poet make the insignificance of the flower so plain to us? 3. To whom is the poet talking? 4. What does his use of the words, "little flower," tell you of Tennyson's feeling for flowers? 5. What other poems have you read that show how birds and flowers speak to those who have learned to listen? 6. If Tennyson had known all he wanted to know about that little flower, he would have known what no mortal knows of the great mysteries of life and death. The little flower could not explain these to him. What do you think it did say to him? 7. Compare these lines from one of Wordsworth's great poems with the poem you are studying:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never **knew**;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same power that brought me there brought you.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was a native of Boston, born not far from Franklin's birthplace; and he lived most of his life in Concord, near Boston. He was the oldest among that brilliant group of New England scholars and writers that developed under the influence of Harvard College. Emerson was a quiet boy, but that he had high ambitions and sturdy determination is shown by the fact that he worked his way through college. He is best known for his essays, full of noble ideas which won for him the title "Sage of Concord." As a poet, he was not particular about meter, making his lines often purposely rugged; but his verse is always full of thought. His poems of nature are as clear-cut and vivid as snapshots.

Discussion. 1. Under what circumstances did the poet find the rhodora? 2. What tells you the flower grew in a lonely place? 3. What comparison does the poet make between the color of the bird and the color of the flower? 4. Why is the poet not troubled at the thought of the rhodora's wasting its loveliness? 5. Mention ways in which we show that there is a use for beauty in the satisfaction it gives the eye. 6. Who can memorize these lines in the shortest time? 7. Read the fourth and last stanzas of "To a Waterfowl"; compare the thought in these stanzas with the thought in the last line of "The Rhodora."

SPRING AND AUTUMN

THE COMING OF SPRING

HAMLIN GARLAND

SPRING WORK AND PLAY

Spring came to the settlers on Sun Prairie with a wonderful message, like a pardon to imprisoned people. For five months they had been shut closely within their cabins. Nothing could be sweeter than the joy they felt when the mild south wind began to blow and the snow began to sink away, leaving warm, brown patches of earth in the snowy fields. It seemed that the sun god had not forsaken them, after all.

The first island to appear in the midst of the ocean of slush and mud around the Stewart house was the chip pile; and there the spring's work began. As soon as the slush began to gather, Jack, the hired man, was set to work each morning, digging ditches and chopping canals in the ice so that the barn would not be inundated by the spring rains. During the middle of the day he busied himself at sawing and splitting the pile of logs which Mr. Stewart had been hauling during the open days of winter.

Jack came from far lands, and possessed, as Lincoln soon discovered, unusual powers of dancing and playing the fiddle.

He brought, also, stirring stories of distant forests, strange people, and many battles; and Lincoln, who had an eye for character, set himself to work to distinguish between what the hired man knew, what he thought he knew, and what he merely lied about.

There was plenty of work for the boys. They had cows to milk, and the drains to keep open. It was their business also to pile the wood behind the men as they sawed and split the large logs into short lengths. They used a crosscut saw, which made pleasant music in the still, warm air of springtime. Afterwards these pieces, split into small sticks ready for the stove, were thrown into a conical heap, which it was Lincoln's business to re-pile in shapely ricks.

Boys always insist upon having entertainment, even in their work, and Lincoln found amusement in planning a new ditch and in seeing it remove the puddle before the barn door. There was a certain pleasure also in piling wood neatly and rapidly, and in watching the deft and powerful swing of the shining axes, as they lifted and fell, and rose again in the hands of the strong men.

Then, too, the sap began to flow out of the maple logs, and Lincoln and Owen wore their tongues to the quick, licking the trickle from the rough wood. They also stripped out the inner bark of the elm logs and chewed it. It had a sweet, nut-like flavor, and was considered most excellent forage; moreover, the residue made a sticky pellet, which could be thrown across the room in school and slapped against some boy's ear, when the teacher was not looking.

It was back-breaking work, piling wood, and the boys could not have endured it had it not been for the companionship of the men and the hope they had of going skating at night.

Every hour of free time was improved by Lincoln and Rance and Milton, for they knew by experience how transitory the skating season was. Early in the crisp spring air, when the trees hung thick with frost, transforming the earth into fairyland, and the cloudless sky was blue as a plowshare, they clattered away over the frozen hubbles to the nearest pond, where the

jay and the snowbird dashed amid the glorified willow trees, and the ice outspread like a burnished share. On such mornings the air was so crisp and still it seemed the whole earth waited for the sun.

At night during the full moon nearly all the boys and girls of the neighborhood met, to rove up and down the long swales and to play "gool" or "pom, pom, pull away" upon the frozen ponds. These games could be played with skates quite as well as in any other way. There was a singular charm in these excursions across the plain at night, or winding up the swales filled with imprisoned and icebound water. Lincoln and Rance often skated off alone and in silence, far away from the others, and the majesty of the night fell upon them with a light which silenced and made them afraid.

THE WONDERS OF SPRING

There was a singular charm about this time of the year. Travel was quite impossible, for the frost had left the roads bottomless; and so upon the chip pile the boys sat to watch the snow disappear from the fields and draw sullenly away from the russet grass to take a final stand at the fence corners and in the hedges. They watched the ducks as they came straggling back in long flocks, lighting in the cornfields to find food. They came in enormous numbers, sometimes so great the sky seemed darkened with them, and when they alighted on the fields, they covered the ground like some strange down-dropping storm from the sky, and when alarmed they rose with a sound like the rumbling of thunder. At times the lines were so long that those in the front rank were lost in the northern sky, while those in the rear were dim clouds beneath the southern sun. Many brant and geese also passed, and it was always a great pleasure to Lincoln to see these noble birds pushing their way boldly into the north. He could imitate their cries, and often caused them to turn and waver in their flight, by uttering their resounding cries.

One day in late March at the close of a warm sunny day (just as the red disk of the sun was going down in a cloudless sky in the west), down from a low hilltop, and thrilling through

the misty, wavering atmosphere, came a singular, soft, joyous, "boom, boom, boom, cutta, cutta, war-whoop!"

"Hooray!" shouted Lincoln. "Spring is here."

"What was that?" asked the hired man.

"That? Why, that's the prairie chicken. It means it is spring!"

There is no sweeter sound in the ears of a prairie-born man than the splendid morning chorus of these noble birds, for it is an infallible sign that winter has broken at last. The drum of the prairie cock carries with it a thousand associations of warm sun and springing grass, which thrill the heart with massive joy of living. It is almost worth while to live through a long unbroken Western winter just for the exquisite delight which comes with the first exultant phrase of the vernal symphony.

Day by day this note is taken by others, until the whole horizon rings with the jocund call of hundreds of cocks and the whooping cries of thousands of hens, as they flock and dance about on the bare earth of the ridges. Here they battle for their mates, and strut about till the ground is beaten hard and smooth with their little feet.

About this time the banking was taken away from the house, and the windows, which had been sealed up for five months, were opened. It was a beautiful moment to Lincoln, when they sat at dinner in the kitchen, with the windows and doors wide open to the warm wind, and the sunshine floating in upon the floor. The hens, caw-cawing, in a mounting ecstasy of greeting to the spring, voiced something he had never felt before.

As the woodpile took shape, Mr. Stewart called upon Lincoln and the hired man to help fan up the seed wheat. This the boys hated because it was a dusty and monotonous job. It was of no use to cry out; the work had to be done, and so, on a bright afternoon, while Jack turned the crank of the mill, Lincoln dipped wheat from the bin into the hopper or held the sacks for his father to fill. It seemed particularly hard to be confined there in the dust and noise, while out in the splendid sunlight the ducks were flying, the prairie chickens calling, and the ice was cracking and booming under the ring of the skaters' steel.

THE BATTLE OF THE FOWLS

It was about this time, also, that the boys became interested in the battles which broke out among the fowls. In those days the hens were not the big, clumsy Plymouth Rocks or Brahmas we have now. On the contrary, the roosters were resplendent creatures, lofty of step, imperious of voice, with plumage of green, orange, and purple, which shone in the sunlight like burnished metal. They had high, graceful tail feathers, and they carried their necks proudly. The pride of an Indian chief was in their step, and the splendor of the rainbow in their swordlike plumes.

It is difficult to tell why they fought so much more readily at this time of the year, but it seemed a part of the returning joy and vigor of the spring, and the boys were thoughtless enough to enjoy these encounters.

Once when a new rooster was turned into the barnyard, the Stewart boys watched him with something of the feeling with which faithful retainers of old watched their chieftains in the lists. At once, on being released, the stranger walked dazedly forth into the open, but soon recovered his courage, and, after a study of his surroundings, blew his horn in defiance of all comers. The boys understood this, and quivered with excitement when the chief of the flock took up the gage of battle. As the gladiators approached each other, Lincoln couldn't help a feeling of sympathy for the stranger, so confident and so determined was the action of the home bird. Both were magnificent warriors—shapely, sinewy, and plainly prepared for struggle, with no hesitation in their hearts. Slowly they approached, circling warily about and studying each other with cold, keen, analytical glances.

Suddenly their heads were lowered and outthrust until they almost touched. The shining ruff about each neck bristled with anger and resolution. For a time, with eyes seemingly bound together by an invisible thread, they stood, moving their heads up and down so silently that one seemed to be nothing more than the shadow of the other. Then, with a rush, the stranger flung himself upon his opponent, striking at his heart with his keen, long spurs, rolling him in the dust like a knight who had been unhorsed. With instant readiness he arose, and they faced each

other again, rushing together, twice, thrice, in a flutter of dust, flashing, whirling in a frenzy of anger. At times they seized each other with savage bills and wrestled like bulldogs, going down over and over again in an ignoble pile. Soon their beautiful plumage began to look draggled and torn like the disarray into which a cavalier is thrown in battle, and Lincoln became alarmed over the fate of the newcomer, who felt himself, perhaps, an alien in an enemy's country, with no friend to cheer him on. He fought on desperately, however, until Mrs. Stewart came out to discover what the boys were watching so intently.

"Lincoln, go in there and stop that. I don't want to see any more of that. They'll kill each other."

At the same moment, as if inspired by her voice, the stranger bird flung himself for the last time against his confident adversary with such force that the other bird was vanquished. When he arose, it was as a defeated chieftain. Turning tail, he ran swiftly, dejectedly, under the barn.

Thereupon, the conqueror, in perfectly human exultation, struggled feebly to the top rail of the fence, and sent forth a hoarse defiance to all his enemies.

Another and less savage diversion of the boys at this season of the year was the hiding of Easter eggs. The hiding of eggs for Easter was a curious custom, quite common among the children of the settlers from New York and the Middle States. The avowed purpose was to lay up a supply of eggs for Easter Sunday. But as they were always extremely plentiful at this season of the year, and almost worthless, the motive must be sought deeper down. Perhaps it was a survival of some old world superstitions. Anyhow, Lincoln and his brother Owen began to hide eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way places for fully three weeks before Easter Sunday.

It was understood by Mr. Stewart that if he could discover their hiding places the eggs might be confiscated, and he made elaborate pretense of searching for them. One of the shrewd ways in which the boys made concealment was by lifting a flake of hay from the stack and making a hole beneath it. Upon letting the flake of weatherbeaten thatch fall back into place, all

signs of the nest disappeared. As the hens were laying a great many eggs each day, it was very difficult for Mrs. Stewart to tell how many the boys were hiding—she did not greatly care.

In his meetings with Milton and Rance, Lincoln compared notes, as to numbers, and together the four boys planned their Easter outing. Day after day Mr. Stewart, to the great dread of the boys, went poking about, close to the very spot where the eggs were hidden, and twice he found a small "nest." But this only added to the value of those remaining and stimulated the boys to yet other and more skillful devices in concealment.

They were able, in spite of his search, to save up several dozens of eggs, which they triumphantly brought to light on Easter morning, with gusty shouts of laughter over the pretended dismay of their parents.

With these eggs packed in a pail and with a few biscuits and some salt and pepper, Lincoln and Owen started out to meet their companions, Rance and Milton; together they all set forth toward the distant belt of forest in which Burr Oak Creek ran.

There, in the warm spring sun, on the grassy bank beside the stream they built their fire and cooked their eggs for their mid-day meal. Some they boiled, others they roasted in the ashes. Rance caught a chub or two from the brook, which added a wild savor to the meal, but eggs were considered a necessary order of the day; all else was by the way.

Something primeval and splendid clustered about this unusual camp fire. Around them were bare trees, with buds just beginning to swell. The grass was green only in the sunny nooks, but the sky was filled with soft white clouds. For guests they had the squirrels and the blue jays. It was a celebration of their escape from the bonds of winter and a greeting to spring. There was no conscious feeling in this feast, as far as the boys were concerned. But the deep down explanation was this: they had gone back to the worship of the Anglo-Saxon divinity of Spring; they had returned to the primitive, to the freedom of the savage, not knowing that the egg was the symbol of regenerate nature.

As a matter of fact, the flavor of these eggs was not good; the burned shell had a disagreeable odor, and the boys would have

been very sorry if Mrs. Stewart had served up for them anything so disagreeable of flavor. But the curl of smoke from the grass with which they started the fire, the scream of the jay, the hawk sweeping by overhead, the touch of ashes on their tongues, the smell of the growing grass, and the sky above, made it all wonderful and wild and very sweet. When at night they returned, tired and sleepy, to the warmly-lighted kitchen and to mother, they considered the day well spent, uniting as it did the pleasures of both civilization and barbarism.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

Biography. Hamlin Garland (1860—) was born in Wisconsin. His father was a farmer pioneer, who, lured by the hope of cheaper acres, better soil, and bigger crops, moved from Wisconsin to Minnesota, from Minnesota to Iowa, and from Iowa to Dakota. When Hamlin Garland turned his attention to literature, he was keen enough to see the literary value of his early experiences. He resolved to interpret truthfully the life of the western farmer and its great hardships and limitations, no less than its hopes, joys, and achievements. This selection is taken from *Boy Life on the Prairie.*

Discussion. 1. How did the settlers on Sun Prairie feel at the coming of spring? Why? 2. What was the first outdoor work of the spring? Can you give any reason why this would be the first work done? 3. Would you like to do the boys' part of this work? Give reasons for your answer. 4. Would the maple logs interest you as much as they interested Lincoln? Explain why. 5. What does the fact that Lincoln watched the migrating birds tell you about his interest in Nature? 6. What work was the boy called upon to do at this time that he disliked very much? Find the sentence that tells why he did not complain about it. 7. What experiences did Lincoln have that you would enjoy? What experiences that you would not enjoy? 8. What qualities made Lincoln a worthy home-member and a good American citizen? 9. Is such a life as his necessary to produce these qualities? 10. What would be the result if all boys and girls would say of unpleasant duties what Lincoln said? 11. How would our country be helped if all its citizens worked in this way? 12. *Library reading:* "The Call of the Spring," Alfred Noyes (in *High Tide).* 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: inundated; residue; transitory; swales; infallible; ecstasy; ignoble; disarray; cavalier; alien; confiscated. 14. *Pronounce:* exquisite; horizon; jocund; sinewy; warily; adversary; savor; primeval.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Browning (1812-1889) was born in a suburb of London in 1812. His four grandparents were respectively of English, German, Scotch, and Creole birth. His father was fond of writing verses, and his mother was very musical. Browning's education was gained from a private school in the neighborhood and from tutors at home. In 1846 he married the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, and they lived for years in the old palace Casa Guidi in Florence, Italy. After his wife's death he returned to England, but spent most of his summers abroad. He died in Venice in 1889 and is buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Much of Browning's poetry is difficult reading. He condenses a great deal of thought into one phrase or word and leaves much to the imagination of the reader. His short poems are comparatively simple and melodious.

Discussion. 1. Browning wrote this poem while in Italy; read the lines that show his longing for England. 2. What word gives the idea that spring comes suddenly in England? 3. What are the signs that the poet associates especially with early spring? 4. Commit to memory the lovely description of the thrush's song. 5. Notice the beautiful setting given to the thrush; which words add especially to the beauty of the picture? 6. How will "noon-tide wake anew the buttercups"? 7. Tell why buttercups are "the little children's dower." 8. To what flower in Italy is the buttercup compared? 9. Describe in a few lines what you love best in the springtime in your home. 10. Contest: Who can read the entire poem most effectively? 11. *Class reading:* "Go Down to Kew in Lilac-time," Alfred Noyes (from "The Barrel-Organ" in *Poems);* "Een Napoli," Thomas Augustus Daly (in *High Tide);* "Apple Blossoms," William Wesley Martin (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six).* Compare these poems with "Home-Thoughts from Abroad." 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: bole; rapture; dower. 13. *Pronounce:* elm-tree; chaffinch; dew; gaudy.

A VAGABOND SONG

BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Bliss Carman (1861—) was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick. After he was graduated from New Brunswick University, he studied at Harvard and the University of Edinburgh. Like many other poets, he began his career with journalistic work. He was editor of the *Independent* and later of the *Chap-Book*. Most of his time has been devoted to poetry, and he has published many books. His first volume was *Low Tide on Grand Pré*. Among his later works are *Echoes from Vagabondia* and *April Airs*. His poetry shows a remarkable gift in lyric verse and great love and appreciation of nature.

Discussion. 1. To what does the poet say his heart keeps time? 2. Where does he see these colors? 3. How does the color of the maples affect him? 4. What connection do you see between scarlet and the sound of bugles? 5. What color were the asters that appeared like smoke? 6. What connection do you see between this appearance of smoke and the thought of a camp? 7. Whom does the poet say he must follow? 8. What gives the appearance of flame to the hills? 9. What two words used in the third stanza bear out the thought of a camp? 10. *Library reading:* "Indian Summer," Sara Teasdale (in *Rivers to the Sea).*

"FROST TONIGHT"

EDITH M. THOMAS

Apple-green west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star . . .
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will;
Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still."

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till tonight!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all—the splendid throng—
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

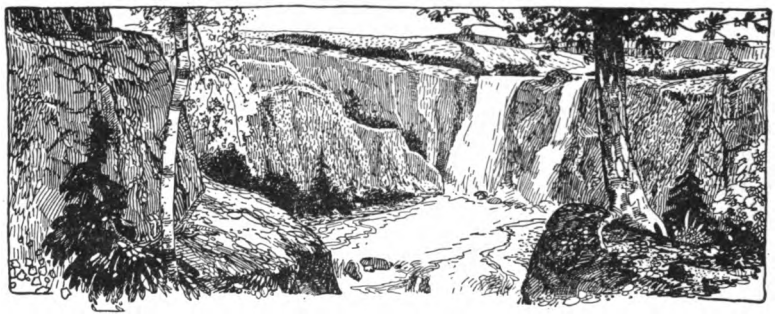
In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still . . ."
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edith Matilda Thomas (1854—) was born in Chatham, Ohio, and educated at the State Normal Institute. She was a contributor to local newspapers for some time before the publication of her first book, *A New Year's Masque,* which at once gave her a place among America's poets. Other volumes of poems followed this. *The Inverted Torch, In Sunshine Land,* and *A Winter Swallow* are among the best-known volumes.

Discussion. 1. Whose is the voice that speaks in the first stanza? 2. Why had the dahlias not been cut before? 3. Why was it time to cut them? 4. How did the child feel when told to cut the flowers? Can you explain her feeling? 5. The author compares life to a garden; what things in life may be called its flowers? 6. What Voice speaks in the last stanza? 7. What is the frost that comes to the garden of life? 8. Plan a division of your class into groups or teams, each having three or four members. Each group will prepare from selections found or suggested in this book a program for Arbor and Bird Day (Spring or Autumn), the program to be reported in class. Select the three best programs.

AIR AND WATER



SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall;
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide";
The willful water-weeds held me thrall;
The laving laurel turned my tide;

*From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay";
The dewberry dipped for to work delay;
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,"
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said: "Pass not so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl;
And many a luminous jewel lone
(Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, or amethyst)
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call;
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 53.

Discussion. 1. Who is represented as talking in this poem? 2. Read a line from the first stanza which tells the purpose and aim of the river. 3. Read a line from the last stanza which tells why the river holds to this purpose. 4. What temptations to loiter does the second stanza mention? The third? The fourth? 5. Read lines from the last stanza which show that the river was not turned aside from its duty by anything it met. 6. Read the lines which show that the river expected to give itself in service to others when it reached the plain. Does the power to serve others seem to you a fitting reward for a self-denying life? 7. How well do you think the poet must have known this river before he understood its song? Would it be possible for you to understand the song of a river even though you could not tell it to others? 8. Do you feel that the poet is drawing a parallel between the Chattahoochee and life? Which method do you prefer—to let the reader make his own application to life as in this poem, or to have the poet make it for him as in Bryant's "To a Waterfowl?" 9. If the poet, in the second stanza, may have had in mind the small delights that make for contentment in life, what may he have had in mind in the third stanza? In the fourth? 10. Find examples of alliteration—that is, the repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words in close succession. 11. Read the third and eighth lines of the first stanza. What do you notice in the structure of these lines? 12. Find other lines in the poem which have the same rime-scheme. 13. *Library reading:* "Little Rivers," Henry van Dyke. Listen while a good reader reads Tennyson's "The Brook" in class. 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: thrall; laving; manifold; avail.

Phrases

or narrow or wide, **84**, 6
flee from folly, **84**, 7
wrought me her shadowy self, **85**, 10
I am fain, **85**, 28
mortally yearn, **85**, 32

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes;
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland, faintly blowing!
Blow—let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river.
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) was one of the greatest English poets. At eight years of age he wrote verses and at fourteen a drama in blank verse. While a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, he won a medal for his poem, "Timbuctoo." In 1842 he published two notable volumes of poems. After writing *The Princess* and *In Memoriam* he was appointed poet laureate, and from that time on he gradually became one of the most loved and most admired men in England. During his long life of eighty-three years Tennyson wrote a large amount of beautiful verse, contributing to the store of English literature some of its finest poems—*The Idylls of the King, In Memoriam,* and *Locksley Hall.*

While the poet Tennyson was enjoying a gorgeous sunset in the beautiful Killarney country in Ireland he heard a boatman's bugle. This incident furnished the inspiration for this poem. The beautiful picture with which the poem opens is a description of the scene before him.

Discussion. 1. Find the two lines in the last stanza that express the heart of the poem. 2. The echoes of the bugle die; what becomes of the echoes of our words and actions? 3. What lines in Lowell's poem "Yussouf" (page 417) express the same thought? 4. Can you give an illustration from your school experience of the idea that high behavior is contagious? How about selfish conduct? What opinion does Roosevelt express on this point in "The Heritage of Noble Lives" (page 387)? 5. Notice that the first stanza describes a beautiful setting for the blowing of the bugle; the second stanza is a poetic description of the echoes of the bugle; and the third is the poet's interpretation of the echoes, which he expresses to one whom he loves and who perhaps is with him at the moment. 6. Does the poet succeed in making you see a beautiful picture in the first four lines of the poem? 7. To what does the poet compare the echoes in the second stanza? 8. What words in the poem are particularly expressive? 9. Notice how the choice of words, the varied and interesting rimes, and the alliteration all contribute to the music of the poem. 10. Why is this poem called a lyric? Have you heard a phonograph record of it? 11. It is interesting to notice that the late poet, Rupert Brooke, in "Pine Trees and the Sky," Bryant in "To a Waterfowl," and Tennyson in this poem follow the same plan—first stating a fact and then following with an interpretation of it, beautifully expressed. 12. You will enjoy listening to a good reader in your class who is able to bring out the beauty of the imagery, the music of the lyric, and the contrast between "our echoes" and those of the bugle. 13. Memorize the poem. In memorizing a selection, become familiar first with the thought, then with the words. Saying the lines aloud and writing them—thus appealing to both ear and eye—help to fix them in memory. Memorize lines, not singly, but in groups, each representing a unit of thought.

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,

To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was one of the great American poets and short-story writers. Born in Boston, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by a wealthy citizen of Richmond. Poe went to school in London, attended the University of Virginia, and the military academy at West Point, but he could not settle down to a normal, orderly life. Later he began to publish poems and tales, contribute to newspapers and magazines, and do editorial work. He was too erratic in his habits to retain long either positions or friends. His writings are weird and mysterious, and his poetry is perhaps the most purely musical of any in our language. His prose tales of mystery and adventure have served as models for many well-known writers. Poe was the originator of the modern short story.

Poe's troubled life ended at Baltimore, Maryland, in the fortieth year of his age. The pathos of it is well summed up in the inscription on a memorial tablet erected to him in the New York Museum of Art: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame, immortal."

Note. Poe's poetry makes its appeal to the sense of beauty. In this poem he seeks to reproduce the sound of different kinds of bells. To do this he uses all the devices of the poet, such as rhythm, repetition, alliteration, etc. Aptly enough he speaks of sleigh bells as "jingling and tinkling," wedding-bells as "swinging and ringing," fire bells as "jangling and wrangling," and tolling bells as "moaning and groaning." These musical qualities claim our attention in reading the poem. Poe intended that we should find pleasure in the beauty and melody of his verse.

Discussion. 1. Why does Poe describe the bells in the order given in the poem? 2. Have you ever heard fire bells that scream in terror as the bells did that Poe heard? If you have not heard such bells, can you explain why you have not? 3. What does the poet describe as "leaping higher, higher, higher"? 4. When are bells tolled? 5. By whom does the poet imagine the steeple is inhabited? Is this a pleasant thought? By whom would you like to imagine the steeple inhabited? 6. The poet imagines that the sounds which mean sorrow to human beings have a different meaning for the fiends; find lines that tell what the tolling means to them. 7. Which bells do you like best of those described by the poet? 8. Which lines do you like best? 9. Which are most musical? Compare the devices for musical effects used in this poem with those used in "The Bugle Song." 10. Has the reading of this poem given you pleasure? Try to give reasons for your answers. 11. *Library reading:* "Annabel Lee," Poe. 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Runic; euphony; voluminously; impels; turbulency; clamorous; expostulation; palpitating; monody; Ghouls. 13. *Pronounce:* crystalline; balmy; melancholy; pæan.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the son of a Congregational minister. He attended Phillips Andover Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in 1829. After studying medicine and anatomy in Paris, he began practicing in Boston. He was made professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College and later held a similar position at Harvard. He became known as a poet through his poem, *Old Ironsides,* which he wrote as a protest against the dismantling of the historic battleship, *Constitution.*

When Lowell was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* he made it a condition of his acceptance that Holmes should be a contributor. The result was a series of articles entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* Among his poems, the best known are "The Chambered Nautilus," and "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

Note. "The Chambered Nautilus" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858. The poet makes the "wrecked" shell that lies before him a symbol of life. The nautilus builds each year a new and larger cell or compartment, into which it moves, closing up the cell that it previously occupied. If you have seen a nautilus shell you will understand how well it symbolizes progress and growth, and how well the poet has described both the form and the color of the shell.

Discussion. 1. In what stanzas does the poet talk to us about the nautilus? 2. In what stanza does he address the shell? 3. Which stanza tells the message brought by the shell? 4. Why was it necessary for the poet to tell us the history of the shell before he interpreted its message? 5. What made it possible for the poet to hear the message brought by the shell? 6. Does this help you understand what kind of boy Oliver Wendell Holmes must have been? 7. To what old belief concerning the nautilus does the poet refer in the first stanza? 8. What things mentioned show that the poet is thinking of the warm waters in which the nautilus lives? 9. Do you like the use of the word "wrecked" in connection with the nautilus? Why? 10. Who was the "frail tenant"? 11. What does the broken shell reveal? 12. Read lines from the third stanza which tell how the cells are formed and why they were "sunless" as long as the shell was unbroken? 13. How may the soul build more lofty mansions? What thoughts will help? What actions will help? 14. What does the poet mean by the "outgrown shell" of the soul? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: siren; irised; rent; crypt; lustrous; Triton. 16. *Pronounce:* coral; wont.

Phrases

unshadowed main, **93**, 2
chambered cell, **93**, **10**
wreathéd horn, **94**, 12
low-vaulted past, **94**, 17

Suggestions for Theme Topics

(Two-Minute Talks)

1. A description of the chambered nautilus. 2. What the shell told me. 3. A legend of the sea. 4. A walk on the seashore.

A REVIEW

Through the service of books, we are able in imagination to enter into the experiences of others; to share in the world's store of knowledge; and to have our senses quickened to the beauty of nature and the world about us. Our experiences have been enriched by our acquaintance with "Coaly-Bay" and "Satan, the War Dog." The authors have not only told us interesting stories, but they have shown us qualities in these animals that will make all other horses and dogs more interesting and our treatment of them more sympathetic. Explain the feeling you have for Coaly-Bay. What other stories by this author have you read? What other stories of horses? What have you read about the service of animals in the World War? List the stories that you have read about dogs. What do you learn from reading "The Thundering Herd" as to the number of buffaloes on the plains at the time the Andersons went west? If they had gone now instead of in 1871, how would they have traveled? How do you account for the destruction of the buffalo herds? What American society has for its purpose the conservation of buffaloes? What library reading have you done in connection with Part I?

A poet sees and feels; and with magic words he makes us see and feel what he has experienced. A poet interprets; he gives new meaning to common experiences, and he expresses this meaning in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die. Three English poets—Hogg, Shelley, and Wordsworth—have used the skylark as the subject for a poem. Which poem pictures the bird most vividly for you? Which poet has caught in the rhythm of his lines the music of the bird and its swinging flight? Read lines from each of these poems that describe the skylark's song. Hogg calls the skylark the "emblem of happiness"; find two lines that give Wordsworth's interpretation of the bird. What difference do you notice between Audubon's and the poets' treatment of a bird subject? What nature lyrics do you find in this group, that is, what poems that express feelings aroused

by thoughts of objects in nature? Have you heard phonograph records of any of these lyrics? Which lyrics can you repeat?

Read again what is said in "The Service of Books," page 13, about "Pine Trees and the Sky." Compare this poem with "To a Waterfowl," noting that Bryant in his poem followed the same plan used by Rupert Brooke; that is, a fact in the poet's life, the interpretation of the fact, and the poet's sure instinct for beauty of expression. What acquaintance with contemporary poetry have you made in your library reading in connection with Part I?

What lines of "enduring beauty" in the group of poems about flowers do you remember? What whimsical idea about the morning-glory upon the vine does Madison Cawein express? Which poem in the "Spring and Autumn" group illustrates the poet's power to interpret life from an every-day experience? What progress are you making in becoming acquainted with your library—the arrangement of books, the card catalogue, and the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature?* Keep a list of titles showing your library reading under three headings—books, magazines, and newspapers. Which titles under "Suggestions for Theme Topics" brought out the most interesting oral discussion? Which of the helps suggested on page 33 do you find most useful?

In the Notes and Questions throughout this book numerous problems are suggested. Some of these problems are individual, to be worked out by you alone; others are social, that is, they are to be done by committees in teamwork, each group having a leader who, with the help of the members of his group, works out in detail the various problems suggested. The working out of these problems and reporting on them to the class will greatly increase your interest in reading and will bring you the added pleasure that coöperation with others in a common project always brings. In many schools the class in English organizes in the form of a club, to give the pupils an opportunity to coöperate freely in working out suggestions and to assume responsibility in planning and conducting assembly meetings. If your class forms such a club, with regular recitation periods set aside each month for meetings, you can carry out many interesting projects, using the club as a clearing house for the various ideas suggested by the individual reading of the club members.

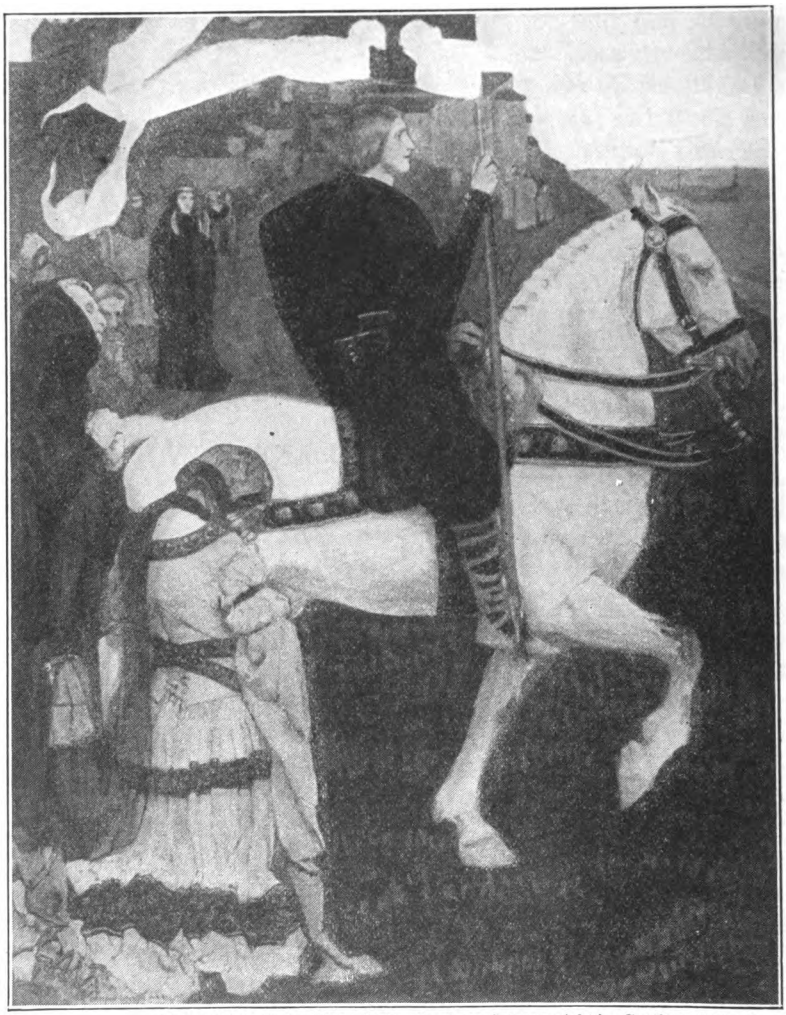
Some of the suggested problems that you will find in your progress through this book are: (a) Silent Reading—Making monthly reports showing by diagrams or otherwise comparisons of individual and class progress in silent reading; (b) Book Reviews—Reviewing a favorite book, giving title, author, time and scene of story, principal characters, and a brief outline of the story, together with readings of parts that will give your club members most pleasure; (c) Magazine Reading—Reporting monthly on current numbers of *The Junior Red Cross News, The Youth's Companion, School Life, The American Magazine, St. Nicholas, The National Geographic Magazine, The World's Work,* etc., recommending articles that you have found particularly interesting; (d) Newspaper Reading—Reporting current news and on the departments of local newspapers, showing the place of general news, of editorials, society news, sports, the joke column, cartoons, and advertisements, calling attention to the use of *headlines* and *leads,* and adding interest by showing examples of old newspapers and of widely-read current newspapers; (e) Contemporary Writers —Reading from their works, comparing their writings in theme and treatment with those of earlier writers, preparing a program for Contemporary Writers Day, and reporting any interesting newspaper or magazine references to them; (f) Collections—Making a collection of pictures, cartoons, advertisements, newspaper and magazine references, humorous sayings, songs, and phonograph records that illustrate particular selections; (g) Dramatization—Planning and presenting scenes from *A Christmas Carol,* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and from other selections; (h) Public Readings—Readings for entertainment, lyrics, ballads, passages from dramas and short stories, using the club as an audience; (i) Good Citizenship—Making a list of suggestions you find in this book that help you to be a good citizen, and preparing a good citizenship (Americanization) program; (j) Conservation and Thrift—Making a list of measures taken to conserve public health, to protect wild birds and animals, to preserve forests, and to encourage thrift; (k) Excursions—Taking a trip through the library with the teacher or librarian, locating the various departments, learning to use the card catalogue, the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature,* and dictionaries and encyclopedias.

PART II

ADVENTURES—OLD AND NEW

Great deeds cannot die;
They with sun and moon renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them.

—Tennyson.



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SIR GALAHAD

AN INTRODUCTION

The basis of all literature is adventure. A cookbook is not literature, because it merely sets down certain rules for the preparation of food. Of course, a boy who knows nothing about cooking may try to apply the rules for making a chocolate cake, and in the process may have a very exciting adventure, but the cookbook itself does not contain adventure; it is not literature.

Adventure is an experience out of the ordinary. It need not be thrilling in the sense that an escape from a wild beast or from a fire or from a treacherous bit of water may be thrilling. When Rupert Brooke became aware of the marvelous beauty of the pine-trees against the sky, and of the effect of this vision upon his sadness and despair, that was an adventure. When Wordsworth heard the lark far above him and fell to wondering about the singer and found in it a symbol of the right life, a union of aspiration and faithfulness to humble duties, that was an adventure.

The records of these adventures give us literature. The necessary element is imagination. If the poet's imagination had been asleep, he never would have given us that poem about the pine-trees and the sky. Even daily life is full of adventure, if the imagination is active. Imagination implies a zest for life. People who are intensely interested in life, in every form of life, have no lack of adventure. Life is not dull and prosy; it is filled with the spice of imagination.

In this section of your book you will find stories and poems which deal with adventures in the usual sense of the word—a thrilling or exciting experience. Some of them, such as the "Incident of the French Camp," are based on real happenings. The poet did not himself pass through the adventures; someone told him about them. Through his imagination, he was able to picture the scenes so vividly that he seemed to be present. Through his power of expression he has been able to picture them so vividly

as to make it seem that we are present. In the poem called "The Highwayman" the poet has read an old legend to such purpose that he can make of it a dramatic and thrilling story. It is the same with Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Sire de Maletroit's Door." Thus stories of adventure may be based on an actual happening or on an old legend about an event that took place many years before the story was written.

A third type of story of adventure is purely imaginary: the events which it narrates never actually took place. The writer sees these imaginary events so vividly, however, that they seem as real as if they were matters of historical fact. An example is "The Masque of the Red Death," by Edgar Allan Poe. In this story details enough are given to make it seem real, and there are incidents enough to constitute a simple plot. But the extraordinary effect of the story is due to the way in which, step by step, the sense of horror is intensified so that at the end it is almost overpowering. Notice the swiftness with which the setting of the story is sketched; the characteristics of the plague; the selfish isolation of the Prince; the curious but vividly described rooms in which the revel was held. Poe had never seen such a place, of course, but so vividly does his imagination work that it is hard to believe that the castle existed only in the mind of the writer. Then, one after another, come the descriptions of the masquers, of the effect of the striking of the clock, of the appearance of the strange figure clad like a blood-stained corpse, and the story of what happened to the castle and its inmates.

In all of these stories of adventures, then, the element of imagination enters. Whether it be a personal experience, or the narration of an event in the experience of others, or a legend of old time, or a purely imaginary story, the writer *sees* his story in action, just as if he were at the theater looking upon a story told through action. And he tells it to you in such a way that you, too, see it *in action,* as though you were at the theater by the author's side.

Now in this fact lies an important lesson. You must learn to *see* these stories; to visualize them as though they were little

dramas. Many people do not do this. You may hear someone telling a friend a story about an acquaintance: Mr. Smith did this or that, and then this or that happened, and probably Mr. Smith will do so and so. But these statements of what happened may not bring to your mind, or even to the mind of the one to whom they are related, any pictures. You may *know* the events of the story, the setting in which it took place, the names of the characters, without seeing these people in action, doing these things as though they were characters in a play.

You can train your mind to do this creative reading, so that your reading becomes as interesting as a play. Try to cultivate this power as you read the following selections by asking yourself, at each point in the story, how the persons of the story look and how they behave and what the scene is. Try to plan how you would paint them if you were an artist, or what the pictures would look like if you were to have them made for the moving picture show.

For your reading of stories of adventure is your own private moving picture show, if you wish to have it that way. Such reading is a never-ending source of delight.

ROMANCE

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty, piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and

there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell, the wind rose and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clew to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in the open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window-bars to the exploring hand startles the man like a touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand, when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoiter. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the

niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, it continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within, and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but

these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth; not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it; it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door, he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare, and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway.

To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway, and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as

phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras, and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors, one on each of three sides; all were similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Maletroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two; the hearth was innocent of fire; and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strong masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and mustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Maletroit hand was famous. It would

be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Maletroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Maletroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door—" he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people

look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only——"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of a prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Maletroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth, and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Maletroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now, the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too! Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that; but since she is in it, by our Lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you

to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Maletroit followed his example and limped toward the chapel door, and entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accouterment even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a

piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Maletroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said; "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you —have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Maletroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I

have borne, in peace and war, for more than threescore years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Maletroit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for, upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said, wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Maletroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that any one should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so

anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand in his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while.

"When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him; into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Maletroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

The Sire de Maletroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way, but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Maletroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she was as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person—at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Maletroit raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

Messire de Maletroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical

chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried; you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said; "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forget what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and, seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Maletroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he

imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccough of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France, but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered, with a smile. "Let me sit be-

side you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness—"very gallant—and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieus. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around

him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor as much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Maletroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For—— Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you

must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own; and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then illogically

enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis; and he pressed her fingers in his. She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all, do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension, for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Maletroit wished his new nephew a good-morning.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. *The Arabian Nights* was the first book to stir his imagination as a child, and from then on he lived in a world of adventure of his own making. What a great reader he was, and how he tried to write in his early years is shown by his own words written about his boyhood: "I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in." Stevenson prepared for the bar, but after a brief practice gave it up for literary work, and won fame as poet, novelist, essayist, and short-story writer. His *Treasure Island* is read by young and old as the best of all pirate stories—the greatest work of his story-telling art. His health was

always delicate, and he died in Samoa at the early age of forty-four. This story is taken from *New Arabian Nights.*

Note. This story has no unnecessary characters, incidents, or details. Everything aids in a swift movement toward the point of highest interest. Such a story is called a *short story.* In general a short story has an introduction, a main incident, a point of highest interest—the climax—toward which all the rest of the story tends, and a conclusion. The introduction gives the setting—the time and place, introduces the characters, and makes plain the situation at the opening of the development of the main incident.

Discussion. 1. What do you think of the opening sentences of this story? Do they make a good beginning, that is, do they arrest attention and arouse curiosity? 2. Notice, too, that in the second paragraph the author gives the time and place; can you tell why he did not give the setting first? 3. Where is the scene of this story laid? What tells you this? 4. How does the description of the night prepare the reader for mystery and adventure? 5. Is the description of the hero's wanderings through the dark, narrow streets necessary to the story? 6. In the third paragraph the author takes up the story and carries it forward until the hero is lost in the strange city. Then come in rapid succession the incidents that make up the development of the plot—all the things that happen leading up to the climax—the pursuit of the patrol of men-at-arms, the trap door of the castle, the unnatural demand of the cruel Sire de Maletroit. Can you tell why your interest kept up to the end of the story? 7. Show that each succeeding incident is more exciting than the one preceding it. 8. Tell briefly the main incident. 9. At what point in the story were you most surprised at the turn of events? Why? 10. When do you think the hero received the greatest surprise? 11. What is the point of highest interest, the climax, of the story? 12. Were you interested more in the characters or in the plot-action—"what was going to happen next and how it would end"? 13. What are we told about the hero's training and experience? 14. What do you learn of his character from the first part of the story? 15. What do you learn of his character from his behavior when a prisoner? 16. After the rush of the swift and exciting events of the story, with what feeling does the abrupt conclusion leave you? 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: intricate; threading; debouched; tangible; affronted; acquiescence; impromptu; groom; poltroon; fiefs; illogically. 18. *Pronounce:* Sire de Maletroit; Denis de Beaulieu; chasm; memorable; inexplicable; formidable; prefaced; salle; obeisance. 19. *Class readings:* read aloud to the class the description of the Sire de Maletroit, p. 109, l. 23, to p. 110, l. 11; the dialogue between Denis and the Sire de Maletroit, omitting all except the conversation (two pupils), p. 110, l. 14, to p. 112, l. 16; the maiden's story, p. 115, l. 28, to p. 116, l. 26. 20. *Library reading: Treasure Island,* Stevenson. An interesting social exercise may be had by dividing the class into groups, each reporting upon one unit of the story. (See (b) on p. 98.)

THE HIGHWAYMAN

ALFRED NOYES

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor;
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard;
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm after a prize tonight;
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burned like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!);
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A redcoat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord; they drank his ale instead;
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say:

Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding—riding—
The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath;
Then her finger moved in the moonlight;
Her musket shattered the moonlight;
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway;
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred Noyes (1880—), an English poet, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford University, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. As soon as his college days were over he devoted himself to literature, contributing to many English magazines. During the World War he wrote many stirring poems, one of the best of which, "Kilmeny," is found in *Junior High School Literature,* Book One. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes was in the United States, lecturing and teaching literature at Princeton University.

Discussion. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? At what time? How can you tell? 2. How did people travel at that time? 3. How do you think the highwayman expected to get his "prize"? 4. Whom does he mean when he says, "If they press me sharply"? 5. What are we to imagine that Tim, the ostler, did? 6. How does the poet's description of the ostler affect you? 7. How does the poet want you to feel toward Tim? 8. What did the troopers expect the highwayman to do? 9. How was he warned? 10. Why did he not remain in hiding after his escape? 11. Which is more terrible, the death of the girl or the death of the highwayman? Why? 12. Does it seem fitting that the highwayman should meet a violent death? Why? 13. What comparisons are made in the first stanza? Which of these can you picture most clearly? 14. How does the poet suggest the movement of the horse? How does he suggest the movement of the troopers? 15. What is added to the story by the last two stanzas of the poem? 16. *Class reading:* Read aloud in class "Kilmeny," "Search-Lights," and other narrative poems by Noyes. 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: plaiting; harry; casement; looping. 18. *Pronounce:* moor; claret; rapier; blanched.

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented; the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Even in his childhood he loved nothing better than to wander through Scotland, looking up castles and ruins and listening to the stories connected with them as told by the old people of the villages. He became familiar with all the ballads and legends of his locality, and these, with Bishop Percy's collection of ballads, which he read later, exerted a strong influence on his life. He loved the history and romance of Scotland and made them known to all the world through his poems and novels.

In his metrical romance, *Marmion,* Scott represents Lady Heron as singing the ballad, "Lochinvar," to the accompaniment of the harp.

Discussion. 1. What geographical references tell you that the scene of this story is laid in Scotland? 2. What names mentioned do you recognize as Scotch names? 3. Read a line from the first stanza which sums up the character of Lochinvar. 4. Read a line from the second stanza which gives the character of the bridegroom. 5. Read a line from the third stanza which adds to the picture of the bridegroom given in the second stanza. 6. How is the reader affected by the contrast between the two men? 7. Read the question asked by the bride's father. Why was his hand on his sword as he asked it? 8. What impression did Lochinvar give the bride's father by his answer? 9. Is this answer worthy of as brave a man as we are told Lochinvar was? 10. Describe the picture the sixth stanza makes you see. 11. What did Lochinvar accomplish by means of the dance? 12. What were we told in the first stanza that explains Lochinvar's escape? 13. Who are mentioned as the pursuers? 14. What do you know of the geography of the region which would make the fourth line of the last stanza possible? 15. What do you know of the methods of travel and communication before 1800 which makes this possible? 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Border; brake; measure; bar; galliard; croup; scaur. 17. *Pronounce*: Lochinvar; dauntless; gallant.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellowmen. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts.

They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding-doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the Prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with

the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the Prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There were some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête;* and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani.* There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—

and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight, rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet

of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 92.

Discussion. Poe was a leader in the development of the short story. In "The Masque of the Red Death," a typical short story, he aims to make a single, vivid effect. To get this he planned a story of four parts: an introduction (paragraphs 1 and 2) that suggests the effect he wished to produce; a main incident (paragraphs 3-12) that develops the suggested effect; a powerful climax (paragraph 13) that indelibly impresses this effect on the reader; and a conclusion (paragraph 14)—all these to include no unnecessary character, incident, or detail. Poe aims to suggest from the beginning a *fear* that shall increase until it ends in a climax of awful terror.

Poe chose as the cause of the terror, the fear of death by a plague; can you tell why the fear of the plague was so great? Poe desired to describe a more terrible plague than any of which he had ever read—it should be a *red* death; to whom would the thought of this death, which no one could prevent, be most terrible? Justify his choice of a Prince for the principal character. A masque is a revel in which all wear masks; whose revel did this prove to be? Is this what the title suggests?

The introduction gives the situation at the beginning of the main incident and introduces all the characters but one; tell in a few words what this situation is. How many characters are mentioned by name? How many are described? How do the thousand friends that are only figures add to

the effect of terror? Coming directly after the description of the awful plague, what effect upon you has the statement, "But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious"? What is really suggested by the fact that they welded the gate? By the determination to let the "external world take care of itself"? By the thought that it was "folly to think or grieve"? What was the Prince's real object in providing "all the appliances of pleasure"? Does the introduction leave you confident that "security was within"? From this beginning would you expect the ending to be happy or tragic?

Notice how Poe develops the main incident: Prince Prospero entertains his friends at a masked ball, to which comes an intruder masked as a victim of the Red Death. Prospero, enraged, commands that the intruder be unmasked. At what stage in the progress of the pestilence was this ball given? Do you think such a revelry at such a time showed a "happy and dauntless and sagacious" mind? Try to make a mental picture of the scene Poe has so wonderfully described. Make a list of the adjectives Poe uses to aid him in picturing it, such as "novel," "gaudy," etc. As you read this description of the rooms, the color, and the fantastic moving figures, do you feel it to be a joyful scene? Poe uses this description of the ball to aid him in making the reader feel this terror; what three means does he use to produce this effect?

Show that Poe has prepared in the introduction for the use of color as one of these means. With what color was their fear associated? How was this color used in the seventh room, and what effect did it have upon the dancers?

Poe wished to suggest still more subtly the fear of the Red Death that filled every heart; could he have chosen anything more suited to this purpose than the "clock of ebony," with its stroke "of so peculiar a note" that the whole gay company had to stop to hear the striking of each hour? What was the reason that this particular sound so disconcerted the dancers? What made the thought of passing time so terrible to them?

Where is the first hint given of the approach of the masked figure that is so terrible? At what hour did the "new presence" come? With what does superstition associate this hour? How does Poe show us the falseness of Prospero's claim to be considered "happy and dauntless and sagacious"? In what way did Prospero betray the fear he really felt? What was the one thing about this figure that could not be endured?

Poe, in approaching the climax, creates suspense by describing the masked figure's slow progress through each room. Notice how well the slow movement of the narrative here imitates this "solemn and measured step"; what causes this "nameless awe"? Note the final rush toward the climax—the prince's rage, his pursuit, and threatening dagger, the stranger's sudden stand, Prospero's death, and (full climax) the seizure of the terrible figure and the "unutterable horror."

Poe's swift conclusion of the story shows his wonderful art. Having reached the climax, the full effect of horror, a sentence gives the result: "and now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death." Point out some of the sure touches with which Poe makes this conclusion more terrible, such for example as "the deaths, one by one." Has Poe secured the effect at which he aimed? Has he pictured Prospero's character in such a way as to make you feel this terrible ending certain to come, and not unjust? Fear of so terrible a plague is natural; what was there in the nature of Prospero's fear that takes away our sympathy? Tell briefly a story you have heard or read of someone who did not run away from peril but gave his life that others might be saved. Is such a death terrible or is it beautiful?

Look up in the Glossary the meaning of: avatar; sagacious; depopulated; bizarre; depended; perforce; grotesque; decorum; habiliments; mummer; tangible. *Pronounce:* eccentric; august; courtiers; ballet; suite; tapestries; disconcert; fête; piquancy; robust; illimitable. *Class readings:* Read aloud the paragraphs of the introduction, trying to suggest Poe's purpose in writing them; the paragraphs that contain the development of the main incident, trying to suggest by your reading what Poe has so powerfully suggested in his story—the terrible fear under all the seeming gayety, and its final outburst; the paragraph that gives the climax, striving to suggest by your reading the increasing fear and final horror; selected sentences that exemplify Poe's imaginative and poetic style, such as in the descriptions of the clock and of the dancers, and in the last paragraph, particularly the last sentence; selected descriptions that give you the most vivid picture, noting especially the sentence in it that is most poetically expressed; examples showing the careful selection of words especially fitted to express the thought.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

(Two-Minute Talks)

1. A great plague of which I know or once read. 2. The Black Death in the fourteenth century. (Use *encyclopedias* or other library sources.) 3. How Poe created a plague more horrible than any of which he or anyone had ever read—a *Red* Death. 4. Contrast the behavior of Prospero with that of Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas who fought yellow fever in Panama and who rescued Cuba from disease. (Use *Reader's Guide* to find material.) 5. Father Damien and his work among the lepers on the Pacific island of Molokai. (Use *encyclopedias* or other library sources.) 6. Experiences of Dr. Wilfred C. Grenfell as a medical missionary, from his autobiography, *A Labrador Doctor. (Who's Who in America* will tell you simple facts of the author's life.)

THE RAVEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore;
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore?"
This I whispered; and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly
shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming;
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 92.

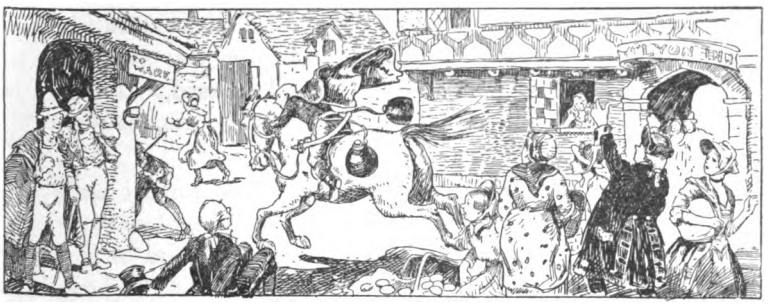
Note. In his essay "The Philosophy of Composition" Poe gives an interesting account of the steps he followed in writing "The Raven."

Discussion. 1. Do you think this poem was written to tell a story or to give expression to feeling? 2. Tell the incidents of the story contained in the poem. 3. What does the poet say he had hoped to find in his books that December night? 4. What sound aroused him? 5. What reasons can you give for the terror which seized him at the sound? 6. Why does the raven seem to bring more gloom and sorrow into the room? 7. What do you think the "never flitting" raven symbolizes or represents? 8. What other poems have you read that show Poe's love of the mysterious and terrible? 9. Have you ever enjoyed reading something you could not understand? Did you enjoy it because your imagination was excited or because you liked the sound of the words? 10. Read stanzas of this poem that you like although you cannot explain them. Can you tell why you like them? 11. Find examples of alliteration in the poem. 12. Find words that give or suggest the sound described. 13. What lines in the first stanza rime? What are the end words of these lines? 14. What lines in the second stanza rime? What are the end words of these lines? 15. Study each stanza to find the lines that rime and the end words in each. 16. What have you learned about these end words? 17. What rime do you find in the first line of the first stanza? In the third line? 18. Find a word in the fourth line that rimes with the last word in the third line. 19. Study each stanza in this way to find the rimes in the lines. 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: surcease; beguiling; craven; divining; censer; Aidenn. 21. *Pronounce:* obeisance; decorum; placid; ominous; respite. 22. *Class reading:* "Annabel Lee," Poe.

Phrases

little relevancy bore, **143**, 22
stock and store, **144**, 8
one burden bore, **144**, 10
balm in Gilead, **145**, 5

NARRATIVES IN VERSE



ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound,
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more;
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below;
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room;
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the livelong day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
He was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He sat his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;

But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three,

Until he came bold Robin to see;
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood;
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time;
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head.
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The old folk ballads, of which this one is an excellent example, have all come down to us from the far-off past. Such ballads are not the work of any one author, but like the stories of King Arthur, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds and honors. Often they were made by the people, not by professional singers, and were expressions of the folk love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is that it is "a tale telling itself in song." This means that a ballad always tells a story; that it has no known author, having been composed by several people or by a community and then handed down orally, not in writing, from generation to generation; and finally, that it is sung, not recited. In this way such folk ballads as "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," were transmitted for generations, in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature*, that is, something written. When the invention of the printing press made it possible to put these old ballads into permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women who knew them, and printed. Thus they have become a precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, and the standards, superstitions, and beliefs of distant times, and thrilling us with their stirring stories. The beauty of these old ballads lies in the stories they tell, and in their directness and simplicity. They are almost wholly without literary ornament; their language is the language of the people, not of the court.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some are in imitation of the old ballads, using the old ballad meter and riming system, and employing old-fashioned words and expressions, to add to the effect. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring subjects, with battle, adventure, etc. But while the true old ballad holds the attention upon the story only, the modern ballads often introduce descriptions of the characters.

At the time Britain was conquered and overrun by the Normans, the English archers excelled those of all other nations in the use of the long bow. Very severe forest laws were introduced by the Normans, and soon many

brave archers were obliged to flee to the woods to save themselves from the terrible punishments which were inflicted on all who broke these laws. Knowing the forests well, it was not difficult for them to find safe hiding places. Among all these archers, none was more famous than Robin Hood, who lived in Sherwood Forest, in Nottingham. Robin Hood's courage, his skill in archery, his kindness, and his charity have made him the hero of many songs and stories. Many of the Robin Hood ballads are very old, and the authors are not known.

Discussion. 1. Does this poem express feeling or tell a story? Which does a ballad do? 2. In what words did Robin Hood explain to Little John that he was ill? In Robin Hood's time bleeding was tried as a remedy for many forms of illness. 3. What very good reason did Robin Hood have for going to his cousin instead of to a stranger? 4. How was he received by the cousin? 5. What shows that Robin Hood trusted his cousin even after she had left him alone to die? 6. How did he call Little John? 7. What did the sound of the horn tell Little John? 8. Contrast Little John with Robin Hood's cousin. 9. Read the words in which Robin Hood answered his friend's plea for revenge. 10. How did Robin Hood choose the spot for his grave? 11. Does the grave described seem a fitting one for Robin Hood? Why? 12. Ballads, such as this, were sung when people rested after toil or battle. What good do you think this ballad did? Will it help you? How? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: broom; win; ring; dree; meet. *Class reading:* Listen while a good reader reads the folk ballad "Sir Patrick Spens."

JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied—" I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin—"That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,

He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;

For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

When straight he came, with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John—"It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;

He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Cowper (1731-1800) was born at Great Berkhamstead, England. He attended Westminster School and later was admitted to the bar. He wrote a number of long poems, of which *The Task* is probably the best known. "John Gilpin" is undoubtedly his most popular short poem. Cowper suffered greatly from melancholy, and one day when he was feeling depressed, a friend told him the story of John Gilpin. He was so much amused that he determined to share his enjoyment with others, and the next day he wrote the ballad.

Discussion. 1. Describe a series of pictures that would tell this story; where in your series would you place the picture on page 147? 2. Which situation would make the funniest picture? 3. How does the poet's language add to the humor of the poem? 4. Read stanzas in which the humor is furnished entirely by the poet's manner of telling something. 5. What references show that this is not a very modern poem? 6. What do you think was the poet's purpose in writing this ballad? 7. Have you read any other poems that amuse and entertain you as this ballad does? 8. Can you name an American poet who has written humorous poems? 9. What good does such a poem as this do? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: trainband; calender; agog; trice; gambols; guise; pin; bootless; posting. *Pronounce:* chaise; comely.

Phrases

of credit and renown, **152**, 2
neck or nought, **155**, 7
running such a rig, **155**, 10
he carries weight, **155**, 25

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was the Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt, his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore;
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking, without guide, his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends;
Sheer the precipice descends;
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., authorized publishers of Longfellow's works.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
  Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
  Sings a bird before it flies:

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
  Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
  O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein;
Soft as woman's hair thy mane;
  Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
  Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
  Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
  Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook;
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment, like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), one of the greatest of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of his classmates. While in college Longfellow developed a strong love for foreign languages and also showed marked ability in verse making. He spent three years in Europe and upon his return became professor of modern languages at Bowdoin.

Outre-Mer, his first book, is in prose, and gives an account of his life in Europe. From Bowdoin, Longfellow went to Harvard to teach, but in 1854 he gave up his college work and devoted himself to the writing of poetry. By his many translations from foreign tongues Longfellow has greatly enriched our literature; but in his own poems he remained thoroughly and genuinely American. The titles, "poet of culture," "poet of peace, of the home, and history," and "the children's poet," which have been bestowed upon him show the nature of his work and the esteem in which he is held. Longfellow has received great attention and praise from the lovers of poetry in England as well as in America, and after his death his bust was placed in the "Poet's Corner" in Westminster Abbey, where stand memorials to Shakespeare and others who have won imperishable fame.

Discussion. 1. Describe in your own words Roushan Beg's perilous position before the leap. 2. What do you think had brought him to this peril? 3. Read lines that tell how he gained his wealth. 4. Read lines that show his love for his horse. 5. What shows Kyrat's intelligence? 6. To what does the poet compare the leap of the horse? 7. To what does he compare the movement of the horse over the abyss? 8. Does the credit for this leap belong to the horse or to the rider? Why? 9. To whom did the watching Arab give the credit? 10. How would the bearing of Roushan Beg after the leap influence the Arab? 11. Describe the appearance of Kyrat. 12. Compare Coaly-Bay with Kyrat; what likenesses do you find? Would you call this poem a ballad? Why? 13. What other ballad written by Longfellow have you read? What other story of a famous ride, written by Longfellow, do you find in this book? 14. *Class reading:* "Muléykeh," Browning. 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: fourscore; livery; housings; verge. *Pronounce:* Roushan; khan; chasm; forehead.

Phrases

son of the road, **161**, 4
reach the dust-cloud, **161**, 9
into the air's embrace, **162**, 29
vision of life and death, **163**, 20

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest;
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride; never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 80.

Note. "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" is without historical basis. The ride occurred only in the poet's imagination.

Discussion. 1. What do you think the poet imagined the good news was? 2. Why do you think three riders started to carry this news? 3. How does the beginning of the poem give you the impression of haste? 4. At what time did the messengers start? 5. How is the passing of time noted by the riders? 6. When did the rider see his horse for the first time during the ride? Why had he not seen him before? 7. Would the news which you imagined the messengers were carrying require such haste as is described in the poem? 8. Which stanza gives the most vivid impression of haste? Which gives the impression of endurance? Which is the expression of desperation? 9. To whom does the rider give the credit for carrying the message? To whom do you give it? Why? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: abreast; slacker; butting; peer. 11. *Pronounce:* Ghent; Aix; pique.

Phrases

aye and anon, **166, 1**
stay spur, **166, 3**
laughed a pitiless laugh, **166, 11**
by common consent, **166, 31**

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice e'er you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshall's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eyes flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eyes flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 80.

Discussion. 1. This story is based on fact; who is represented as telling the story? 2. What does the expression, "we French," tell you about the speaker? 3. Where was Napoleon at the time Ratisbon was "stormed"? 4. Describe in your own words the position in which he stood. 5. What were Napoleon's thoughts as he stood on the mound? 6. Why is his sentence not finished? 7. What would Napoleon think when he saw a horse galloping toward him? 8. At what was he surprised? 9. What lines make us feel his shock of horror? 10. What was the boy's message? 11. Had he reason for his "smiling joy"? 12. Why does the poet repeat the words, "The chief's eye flashed"? What did the flashing of the eye show? 13. What different thought caused his eye to soften? 14. To what does the poet compare the softening of Napoleon's eye? 15. Why does the thought of the eagle seem appropriate in connection with Napoleon? 16. Who is the hero of this story? 17. What thought gave him power to smile in his terrible pain? 18. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: oppressive; flag-bird; vans. 19. *Pronounce:* Ratisbon; Lannes.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

(Two-Minute Talks)

1. A true war incident, preferably of the World War. 2. Imagine the situation which led up to the telling of this incident of the French camp, and describe the soldier who tells it. 3. Tell in your own words the story he told. 4. A story illustrating devotion to a leader and a cause. 5. A description of Napoleon's personal appearance.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again;
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears,

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife—
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 342.

Historical Note. The famous battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815. In it the French army, commanded by Napoleon, the military genius of the age, was defeated by the English forces under Wellington, who had "gained a hundred fights nor ever lost an English gun." On the evening of June 15, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the English officers were present, by Wellington's request, in order to conceal the near approach of battle. The next day there was a preliminary engagement at Quatre Bras. Byron's account is taken from his long poem, *Childe Harold.*

Discussion. 1. What event had called together the beauty and chivalry of Brussels? 2. What comparison is used by the poet to show what a happy occasion this was? 3. What sound is contrasted with the sound of a marriage bell? 4. Who asks the question with which the second stanza opens? How is the question answered? 5. How are we told that the sound was heard again? Read the words which tell that the sound is recognized. 6. Who first heard the sound of the cannon? How does the poet explain his quickness of hearing? 7. How had the father of the Duke of Brunswick died? 8. Which stanza describes the breaking up of the happy company and the partings? 9. Which describes the movement of the troops? 10. What was the effect upon the citizens? 11. Which stanza describes the effect of the Scotch martial music? 12. What time may be called the "noon of night"? 13. How does Byron describe the passage of the troops through the forest? 14. What does he say would happen before night? 15. How does the poet sum up the events of twenty-four hours? 16. What are the thunder clouds which close over the battlefield? 17. Which do you think is the most beautiful stanza? 18. What part in the World War did the scene of the battle of Waterloo play? 19. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: beauty; chivalry; quell; Albyn; Saxon; inanimate; pent. 20. *Pronounce:* niche; Lochiel.

Phrases

let joy be unconfined, **170**, 3
Brunswick's fated chieftain, **170**, 11
Mutual eyes, **170**, 26
"Cameron's Gathering," **171**, **5**

THE ASSAULT HEROIC

ROBERT GRAVES

Down in the mud I lay,
Tired out by my long day . . .
Five sleepless days and nights . . .
Dream-snatched, and set me where
The dungeon of Despair
Looms over Desolate Sea,
Frowning and threatening me
With aspect high and steep—
A most malignant keep.
My foes that lay within
Shouted and made a din,
Hooted and grinned and cried:
"Today we've killed your pride;
Today your ardor ends.
We've murdered all your friends:
We've undermined by stealth
Your happiness and your health.
We've taken away your hope;
Now you may droop and mope
To misery and to death."
But with my spear of Faith,
Stout as my oaken rafter,
With my round shield of laughter,
With my sharp, tongue-like sword
That speaks a bitter word,
I stood beneath the wall
And there defied them all.
The stones they cast I caught
And alchemized with thought
Into such lumps of gold
As dreaming misers hold.
The boiling oil they threw
Fell in a shower of dew.

Refreshing me; the spears
Flew harmless by my ears,
Struck quivering in the sod;
There, like the prophet's rod,
Put leaves out, took firm root,
And bore me instant fruit.
My foes were all astounded,
Dumbstricken, and confounded,
Gaping in a long row;
They dared not thrust nor throw.
Thus, then, I climbed a steep
Buttress and won the keep,
And laughed and proudly blew
My horn, *"Stand to! Stand to!*
Wake up, sir! Here's a new
Attack! Stand to! Stand to!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Graves is one of the group of young English soldier-poets. John Masefield says of him, "There is a gay young singer named Robert Graves who has written poetry about the war that will live." You will enjoy reading "The Dead Fox Hunter" and "It's a Queer Time," from his earlier book, *Over the Brazier*; also "The Escape" and "The Shivering Beggar" from his later volume, *Fairies and Fusileers*, from which "The Assault Heroic" is taken. *The Literary Digest*, November 16, 1918, contains eight of his best-known poems.

Discussion. 1. Where does the poet picture himself at the opening of the poem? 2. Where is he at the conclusion? 3. What is the name of the castle or fortress which he assaulted and took? 4. What chance of victory does the hero seem to have when you first see him? 5. How did his foes taunt him? What was his answer? 6. With what weapons did he fight? 7. What did he do with the stones which his enemies threw at him? 8. How did the boiling oil affect him? 9. What happened to the spears thrown at him? 10. Explain the reference to Aaron's rod. 11. What effect did the failure of their attack have upon the foes in the castle of Despair? 12. How did the hero use the opportunity thus given? 13. In what great story is Giant Despair pictured as taking men prisoners and throwing them into dungeons? 14. At what time in Washington's life was he obliged to fight against despair? 15. At what time do you

think the Pilgrims had their fiercest fight with despair? 16. Name a hero, of whom you have read or heard, who was "where the dungeon of Despair looms over Desolate Sea," but who assaulted and took the fortress. 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: looms; malignant; keep; undermined; alchemized; rod. *Pronounce:* gaping.

A BALLAD OF JOHN SILVER

JOHN MASEFIELD

We were schooner-rigged and rakish, with a long and lissome hull,
And we flew the pretty colors of the cross-bones and the skull;
We'd a big black Jolly Roger flapping grimly at the fore,
And we sailed the Spanish Water in the happy days of yore.

We'd a long brass gun amidship, like a well-conducted ship;
We had each a brace of pistols and a cutlass at the hip;
It's a point which tells against us, and a fact to be deplored,
But we chased the goodly merchant-men and laid their ships aboard.

Then the dead men fouled the scuppers, and the wounded filled the chains,
And the paint-work all was spatter-dashed with other people's brains;
She was boarded, she was looted, she was scuttled till she sank,
And the pale survivors left us by the medium of the plank.

Oh! then it was (while standing by the taffrail on the poop)
We could hear the drowning folk lament the absent chicken-coop;
Then, having washed the blood away, we'd little else to do
Than to dance a quiet hornpipe as the old salts taught us to.
Oh! the fiddle on the fo'c's'le, and the slapping naked soles,
And the genial "Down the middle, Jake, and curtsey when she rolls!"

With the silver seas around us and the pale moon overhead,
And the look-out not a-looking and his pipe-bowl glowing red.

Ah! the pig-tailed, quidding pirates and the pretty pranks we played
All have since been put a stop to by the naughty Board of Trade;
The schooners and the merry crews are laid away to rest,
A little south the sunset in the Islands of the Blest.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Masefield is an English poet who was very active during the World War. He made a close study of the campaign on the Gallipoli Peninsula, having served there and in France in connection with the Red Cross work. In 1916 the poet lectured in America, arousing great interest in his poetry.

Discussion. 1. To whom does "We" refer? 2. What do the skull and cross-bones signify? 3. What was the black Jolly Roger? 4. What body of water was known as the Spanish Water, or Spanish Main? 5. In what words does the speaker describe the days in which the events narrated in the story occurred? 6. How was the ship armored? 7. How were the sailors armed? For what purpose? 8. What did they do to the merchant ships? What did they do to the crews? 9. How did the pirates amuse themselves? 10. Mention several modern inventions which have forced the pirate to give up his business. 11. For what purpose do you think this poem was written? 12. In what pirate story suggested in this book for library reading do you find the character John Silver? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: lissome; brace; aboard; scuttled; salts. 14. *Pronounce:* rakish. 15. *Class reading:* "The Tarry Buccaneer," Masefield (in *Salt-Water Ballads).*

Phrases

fouled the scuppers, **175**, 9
filled the chains, **175**, 9
medium of the plank, **175**, 12
Board of Trade, **176**, 4
Islands of the Blest, **176**, 6

FLEURETTE

(*The Wounded Canadian Speaks*)

ROBERT W. SERVICE

My leg? It's off at the knee.
Do I miss it? Well, some. You see
I've had it since I was born;
And lately a devilish corn.
(I rather chuckle with glee
To think how I've fooled that corn).

But I'll hobble around all right.
It isn't that, it's my face.
Oh, I know I'm a hideous sight,
Hardly a thing in place.
Sort of gargoyle, you'd say.
Nurse won't give me a glass,
But I see the folks as they pass
Shudder and turn away;
Turn away in distress . . .
Mirror enough, I guess.
I'm gay! You bet I *am* gay;
But I wasn't a while ago.
If you'd seen me even today,
The darndest picture of woe,
With this Caliban mug of mine,
So ravaged and raw and red,
Turned to the wall—in fine
Wishing that I was dead . . .
What has happened since then,
Since I lay with my face to the wall,
The most despairing of men?
Listen! I'll tell you all.
That *poilu* across the way,
With the shrapnel wound on his head,

*From *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* by Robert W. Service; published by Barse and Hopkins.

Has a sister; she came today
To sit a while by his bed.
All morning I heard him fret:
"Oh, when will she come, Fleurette?"

Then sudden, a joyous cry;
The tripping of little feet;
The softest, tenderest sigh;
A voice so fresh and sweet;
Clear as a silver bell,
Fresh as the morning dews:
"C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel!
Mon frere, comme je suis heureuse!"

So over the blanket's rim
I raised my terrible face,
And I saw—how I envied him—
A girl of such delicate grace;
Sixteen, all laughter and love;
As gay as a linnet, and yet
As tenderly sweet as a dove:

Half woman, half child—Fleurette.
Then I turned to the wall again.
(I was awfully blue, you see),
And I thought with a bitter pain:
"Such visions are not for me."
So there like a log I lay,
All hidden, I thought from view,
When sudden I heard her say:
"Ah! Who is that *malheureux?*"
Then briefly I heard him tell
(However he came to know)
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell
Into the trench, and so
None of my men were hit,
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,
And he chattered, and there she sat;
And I fancied I heard her sigh—
But I wouldn't just swear to that.
And maybe she wasn't so bright,
Though she talked in a merry strain,
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,
Yet I saw her ever so plain:
Her dear little tilted nose,
Her delicate, dimpled chin,
Her mouth like a budding rose,
And the glistening pearls within;
Her eyes like the violet:
Such a rare little queen—Fleurette.

And at last when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her graceful and slim,
And she kissed him and kissed him, and, oh,
How I envied and envied him!

So when she was gone I said
In rather a dreary voice
To him of the opposite bed:
"Ah, friend, how you must rejoice!
But me, I'm a thing of dread.
For me nevermore the bliss,
The thrill of a woman's kiss."

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,
And a great light shone in her eyes.
And me! I could only stare,
I was taken so by surprise,
When gently she bent her head:
"May I kiss you, sergeant?" she said.
Then she kissed my burning lips,

With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I thrilled to the finger-tips,
And I hadn't even the power
To say: "God bless you, dear!"
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek,
And darn it! I couldn't speak.

And so she went sadly away,
And I know that my eyes were wet.
Ah, not to my dying day
Will I forget, forget!
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert W. Service (1874—), a modern Canadian poet, has been called "the Kipling of the Arctic World." His earlier poetry, which is full of the grandeur and the lure of the Yukon, where all men are as brothers, established his fame as a poet. His experiences overseas as an ambulance driver in France are set forth in *The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,* from which "Fleurette" is taken. This poem is considered by many of his admirers as his masterpiece. The humorous poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee," in *The Spell of the Yukon,* will give you a good idea of his pre-war poetry.

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. Why does he speak so lightly of the loss of his leg? 3. Why does the nurse refuse to give him a mirror? 4. Who was Caliban? 5. What comparison could there be between the soldier's face and Caliban's? 6. What did the French soldier tell his sister about the Canadian? What shows that she was impressed by the story? 7. What feeling must a story of self-sacrifice inspire? 8. What caused the great light that shone in the girl's eyes? 9. How did she show him that he was not "a thing of dread"? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: gargoyle; Caliban. 12. *Pronounce:* Fleurette; *poilu; malheureux.* 10. *Class reading:* "Grand Père" (another war poem), Service.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHARLES DICKENS

STAVE ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disurb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how

many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night in an easterly wind upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names; it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, or wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow,

and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them

to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded; becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation." "You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him, "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in

want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with

other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered; warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's

keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, Sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He

lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach and six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades; and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that; darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown,

which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaohs' daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as

if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular—for a shade." He was going to say "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention and keeping down his terror; for the Specter's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the Specter's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it

were only for a second, to divert the Vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the Spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the Phantom, taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful Apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the Specter raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?*"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a businesslike manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed," cried the Phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the Specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the Specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope

of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the Specter took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The Apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the Specter reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The specter after listen-

ing for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigue of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was that it was still very foggy and extremely cold and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order" and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself,

after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them; as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age;

and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out,

with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having willfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and night-cap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made toward the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it

had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor—"I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and by-ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the highroad, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-

surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood, by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him

right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish—" Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, toward the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered installments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time sending out a meager servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the school-

master good-by right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em —seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered; the lamps were trimmed; fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again

the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, ah, four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, hold hands with your partner; bow and curtsy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came up on his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both

poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words? No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed:

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place, a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief, but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price; in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush

immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne toward it the center of a flushed and boisterous group just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter. The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor and by one stair at a time up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed; "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed, and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and

was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think —as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music,

in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses; whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there

were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab, and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in

their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For, they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"*I* seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxu-

rious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled

Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but

when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven

you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then

told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches! well they knew it—in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead

of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth, on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed; though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the

land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death—it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own

nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at the same nephew with approving affability.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way—holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions—Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exeedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't

make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same; and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner, and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar, his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every

year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a Glee or Catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the

fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains; wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they were sharp girls, too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed quite right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye was not sharper than Scrooge; blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!' "

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost

had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children's Twelfth-night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends tonight."

"Tonight!" cried Scrooge.

"Tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shriveled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

THE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague, uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed. "I fear you more than

any Specter I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuffbox. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker;

"for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem, in a business point of view, that is, strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their greeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob,

his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clew he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he aroused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand and its situation in reference to himself that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupt fat, and sepulchers of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove made

of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frowzy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in, too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling; we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier one," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as *he* was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming

to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed, a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the Specter at his side.

O cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse

are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman or a child, to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting someone, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable

expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"—to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of the heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep tonight with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there

to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughter were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was so very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us so much as for

his kind way that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was—although he was a little, little child—we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before —though at a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of

time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced toward it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's course will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe. "Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down to a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here; I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather; I am as happy as an angel; I am as merry as a schoolboy; I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again and frisking round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the

window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right; it's all true; it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. It's a pleasure to talk to him. "Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, Sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear Sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Mr. Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear Sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched

the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob.

A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed

to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Dickens (1812-1870), the greatest writer of fiction who had appeared since Scott, was born at Portsmouth, England. When he was eleven years old the Dickens family moved to London, and the young boy began earning his own living. At nineteen he started his literary career as a reporter on a newspaper. Then, under the pen name, "Boz," he produced a series of sketches, "illustrative of everyday life and everyday people." These sketches and *The Pickwick Papers,* a masterpiece of humorous literature, which soon followed, made the author famous. From this time until his death Dickens enjoyed a popularity greater than that of any other living writer. Some of Dickens's novels were a direct aid to social reform. Daniel Webster said that he had done "more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament." From a literary standpoint, *A Tale of Two Cities,* a story of the time of the French Revolution, is considered by many Dickens's best novel.

Note. Read the story through silently at one sitting if possible. For testing your understanding of the story you may use, as an outline, the scenes given in the dramatization on page 262; or, you may make an outline, using the subtitles of the five Staves as topics. An interesting social exercise may be made by dividing the class into five groups, and assigning to each group one Stave of the story. Each group will prepare an outline and select one of its members to tell the substance of the Stave to the class, following the outline.

Discussion. Stave One. 1. What is the central idea or purpose of this story? 2. What does the author tell us about Scrooge's character

at the beginning of the story? 3. If Dickens had not told us anything before, what would we learn of Scrooge from his conversation with his nephew? 4. What would we learn from the visit of the gentleman who asked for a contribution? 5. What does his treatment of the carol singer tell us? 6. What does his treatment of his clerk tell us? 7. Has the author any reason for making the weather so unpleasant? 8. What reason do you think the author had for making Scrooge's rooms so gloomy? 9. What do we feel that Scrooge needs? 10. What is the author's plan for reforming him? 11. *Class readings:* description of Scrooge, page 182, line 19, to page 183, line 13; the nephew defending Christmas, page 185, lines 1 to 14; the clerk leaving the countinghouse, page 189, lines 3 to 26; description of Marley, page 193, lines 1 to 17; Marley and Scrooge, page 193, line 18, to page 198, line 20. 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: 'Change; palpable; Bedlam; Poor Law; Saint Dunstan; corporation; Belshazzar; Ward. 13. *Pronounce:* ironmongery; simile; **homage**; **Parliament**; inexplicable.

Stave Two. 1. Describe the Ghost of Christmas Past. 2. What did the Ghost say was its purpose in visiting Scrooge? 3. What did Christmas Past first show Scrooge? 4. How soon did Scrooge show that he was affected by what he saw? 5. What stories was the boy, Ebenezer Scrooge, reading? How do you know? 6. Of what did this vision of himself when a boy make Scrooge think? Of whom did the vision of his little sister remind Scrooge? 7. How did the vision of the happy Christmas Eve at Mr. Fezziwig's affect Scrooge? Of whom did this make him think? 8. Which of all the "shadows" made him feel most keenly what he had missed in life? 9. *Class readings:* description of the Spirit, page 201, line 33, to page 202, line 23; the Fezziwigs, page 208, line 24, to page 211, line 8; Scrooge and his former sweetheart, page 212, line 9, to page 214, line 1. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: ferret; visitation; supplication; remonstrated; Ali Baba; sweep; apprenticed; negus; aspirations; dowerless; pinioned; brigands. 11. *Pronounce:* opaque; vestige; jocund; Genii; gainsay; corroborated.

Stave Three. 1. Describe the Ghost of Christmas Present. 2. Describe its throne. 3. Where did it take Scrooge? Where did they make the longest stay? 4. Which of these visits did you enjoy most? Why? 5. What feelings were awakened in Scrooge by these sights? 6. What effect did the Spirit have upon those whom it visited? 7. Select passages that made you smile as you read them. 8. Give instances which show that the Cratchits were a contented family and pleased with each other. 9. Why did the Spirit show Ignorance and Want to Scrooge? 10. *Class readings*: the Cratchits, page 223, line 26, to page 229, line 20; at Scrooge's nephew's, page 231, line 36, to page 236, line 34. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: intervention; pitch-and-toss; brawn; twelfth-cakes; intricate; broad-girthed; squab; "bob"; threadbare; steeped; copper; cant; Baleful; moor; furze; capital; tucker; Catch; sidled; mulled. 12. *Pronounce:* manslaughter;

predicament; lolling; bedight; bow; whereat; elicited; almshouse.

Stave Four. 1. Describe the last of the Spirits. 2. What did this Spirit show Scrooge? 3. What was the "hidden purpose" of the Spirit in having Scrooge overhear the conversation of former business associates? 4. What was the effect upon Scrooge of seeing people carry away his goods and of listening to the dialogue of Joe, the laundress, the charwoman, and the undertaker's man? 5. What did the visit to Caroline's home and to Bob Cratchit's show Scrooge? 6. When the Spirit took him to the churchyard, why was Scrooge so anxious to know whether what he had seen were things that *will be* or that *may be*? 7. Did he receive any answer to his pleading? 8. What promises did he make? 9. Did Scrooge need the visit of this last Spirit? Why? 10. *Class readings:* thoughts on Death, page 246, line 31, to page 247, line 4; in the churchyard, page 252, line 14, to page 253, line 22. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: beetling; pent-house; charwoman; calling; screw; hoarding; hob; repleted; intercourse. 12. *Pronounce:* gills; disgorged; offal; sepulchers; flaunting; brooch; obscene; inexorable.

Stave Five. 1. What did Scrooge do to make sure that he was alive? 2. What tells you that he had really suffered in the night? 3. How did he express his joy at being alive? 4. Who received his first attention? 5. How do you account for the "wonderful happiness" at the nephew's? 6. How did Scrooge show that his repentance was real? 7. *Class readings:* Scrooge awakes, page 253, line 23, to page 256, line 37; Scrooge and the portly gentleman, page 257, lines 10 to 36; Scrooge and his nephew, page 258, lines 5 to 33; Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, page 259, lines 1 to 32. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Laocoön; piping; bishop; malady. 9. *Pronounce:* unanimity; feign; borough; abstinence.

Phrases

where to have him, **182**, 39
"came down" handsomely, **183**, 2
what the knowing ones . . . , **183**, 15
brewing on a large scale, **183**, 30
United States' security, **200**, 27
nothing loath, **207**, 21
celebrated herd . . . . . , **214**, 15
gentleman of the free . . . . , **217**, 14
a move or two, **217**, 15
the time-of-day, **217**, 16
brave in, **223**, 27
half-a-quartern of . . . . . , **226**, 28
of high mark, **229**, 12
loved her love, **235**, 22
be parties to, **238**, 14
what odds, **243**, 34
sow the world with, **247**, 4
merciless a creditor . . . . , **248**, 26
ends will change, **252**, 31
Total Abstinence Principle, **260**, 10

Suggestions for Theme Topics

1. Compare the condition of workers in this story with working conditions at the present time. 2. Compare the loyalty of Bob Cratchit to his employer with that of some modern worker of whom you have heard or

read. 3. In your study of Civics you have learned of laws which your state has enacted for the improvement of working conditions in industry; make a list of these and report upon them to the class. 4. Book reviews of Sweetser's *Ten Boys from Dickens* and *Ten Girls from Dickens,* assigning the characters to different pupils. 5. Class discussion of Browne's *Short Plays from Dickens.* 6. Make a report on Cruikshank's illustrations of Dickens's characters and of Arthur Rackham's illustrations for *A Christmas Carol,* showing the class some of these pictures.

Dramatization

Dickens called this story "A Christmas carol in prose"; how does its message compare with that of the original Christmas carol, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"? Why did Dickens divide the story into "staves" instead of chapters? After you have read *A Christmas Carol* through silently and have enjoyed the class readings and discussions, you will find pleasure in dramatizing it for a Christmas program. The conversation in the story will furnish you ideas for the dialogue. Use the words of Dickens whenever possible. The descriptions and the story itself offer suggestions for costumes and for acting. The scenes indicated below afford a large number of pupils an opportunity to take part; the different scenes may be assigned to groups and worked out independently of each other.

Act. I. Scrooge on Christmas Eve.
Scene 1. In Scrooge's countinghouse. A visit from the nephew.
Scene 2. In Scrooge's room. Appearance of Marley's ghost.

Act II. The Spirit of Christmas Past, showing Scrooge "shadows of the things that have been."
Scene 1. The school of Scrooge's childhood.
Scene 2. Christmas at the Fezziwigs'.

Act III. The Spirit of Christmas Present, showing Scrooge the universal happiness at Christmas time.
Scene 1. Christmas at Bob Cratchit's.
Scene 2. Christmas at the nephew's.

Act IV. The Spirit of Christmas Yet To Come, showing Scrooge the effect his death has upon those who knew him.
Scene 1. In Joe's shop.
Scene 2. In the churchyard.

Act V. Scrooge awakes transformed on Christmas morning.
Scene 1. In his room giving orders for Christmas cheer.
Scene 2. At his nephew's.
Scene 3. Next morning at the countinghouse.

A STORY TOLD THROUGH ACTION

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, duke of Athens
HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus
PHILOSTRATE, master of revels to Theseus
EGEUS, father to Hermia
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander
LYSANDER, betrothed to Hermia
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia
HELENA, in love with Demetrius
OBERON, King of the fairies
TITANIA, Queen of the fairies
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or Puck
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARDSEED, } FAIRIES
QUINCE, a carpenter
BOTTOM, a weaver
FLUTE, a bellows-mender,
SNOUT, a tinker,
SNUG, a joiner,
STARVELING, a tailor } presenting { PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, LION, MOONSHINE
Fairies attending their King and Queen
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta
SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it*

*See "How to Read This Play," p. 326.

ACT I

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *with others.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Philostrate*
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renownèd Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander—and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung

With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
Forever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius,
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along.
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia*
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.
Lys. Or else misgraffèd in respect of years—
Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
Her. If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
So quick bright things come to confusion.
It stands as an edict in destiny.
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
And she respects me as her only son.
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; oh, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
Oh, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seemed Athens as a paradise to me;
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell.
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
Tomorrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Hermia*
Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit*
Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where;
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night

Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[*Exit*

SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move strong; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far

And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, pray, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. "Thisne! Thisne! Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of

their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man—therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt*

ACT II

Scene I. *A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy *at one door and* Robin Goodfellow *at another*

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Robin. The King doth keep his revels here tonight;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Robin. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter the King of Fairies, OBERON, *at one door with his train; and the Queen,* TITANIA, *at another with hers*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairyland,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,

Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, hath sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every petty river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field;
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order,
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her train*
Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music?
Robin. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Robin. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love—
And yet a place of high respect with me—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valor flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go.
Hel. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo. [*Exit Dem.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Robin. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Robin. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

THE FAIRIES *sing*

1. *Fairy.* "You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

Cho. "Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good night, with lullaby."

1. *Fairy.* "Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense."

Cho. "Philomel, with melody," etc.

2. *Fairy.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies, Titania sleeps*

Enter OBERON *and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
[*They sleep*

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear!
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running*

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. Oh wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit*
Hel. Oh, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshall to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth; you do me wrong, good sooth you do.
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight. [*Exit*

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep*

Enter the clowns, QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, STOUT, *and* STARVELING

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must

be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I would request you," or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are"; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *behind*

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet"—

Quin. Odorous, odorous.

Bot. ——"odors savors sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit*

Robin. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is "never tire."

Flu. Oh—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head*

Bot. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling*

Robin. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed. What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout*

Re-enter QUINCE

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

"The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill"—

Tita. [*Awakening*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay"—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal sing again.
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtues, force perforce, doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays; the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue; bring him silently. [*Exeunt*

Scene II. *Another part of the wood*

Enter Oberon

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Robin Goodfellow

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Robin. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nole I fixèd on his head.
Anon his Thisby must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. That falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Robin. I took him sleeping—that is finished too—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Robin. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. Oh, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me too.
The sun is not so true unto the day
As he to me; would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the center creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.
Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur; thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
Oh, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood.
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down and sleeps*

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turned and not a false turned true.

Robin. Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind
And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Robin. I go, I go; look how I go.
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Robin. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. Oh, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love, I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—Oh, is all forgot?
All school days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 't is partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he'll [but]
Seem to break loose. Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?
Sweet love—
Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd medicine! O hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me;
Why, then, you left me—Oh, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia.
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone; who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. Oh, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again! Nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not.
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer, though, to run away. [*Exit*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit*
Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.
Robin. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night.
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Robin. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards. Damnèd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay.
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Robin. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am feared in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.
Robin. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Robin. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander, as following the voice*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

Dem. Lysander, speak again!
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Robin. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Robin. Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt*

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on.
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I;

I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark, uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! [*Lies down*
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps*

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW *and* DEMETRIUS

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Robin. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps*

Re-enter HELENA

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me away from mine own company. [*Lies down and sleeps*
Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad;
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes*]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *lying asleep*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, *and other Fairies attending* OBERON *behind, unseen*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick muskroses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?
Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Music. Tongs. Rural music

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt fairies*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee; how I dote on thee! [*They sleep*

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairyland.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen. [*Touching her eyes*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet Queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamored of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.
[*Music, still*
Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my Queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Robin. Fairy King, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt. Horns winded within*

. *Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and all his train*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is performed;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.

Despatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit an attendant*
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer to her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her. wake and start up

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.
I beg the law, the law upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as [is] the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia;
But like a sickness did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure that we're awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt lovers*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's Dream,

because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit*

SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he comes not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Enter SNUG

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your

beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away! [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Athens. The Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants*

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe.
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper*
The. [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We 'll none of that; that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labored in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service persisting.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiced accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet;
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets*

Enter QUINCE *for the Prologue*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord; it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter with a trumpet before them, PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Pyr. O grim-looked night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!
[*Wall holds up his fingers*
Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!
This. My love thou art, my love I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*
Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit*
The. Now is the moon used between the two neighbors.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon. Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane, but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh——

[*Thisbe runs off*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit*]

The. Well moused, Lion.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear;

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.
Come tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop. [*Stabs himself*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead;
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight. [*Exit Moonshine*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Re-enter THISBE

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan.
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue; [*Stabs herself*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. [*A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt*

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA *with their train*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance*
Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Robin. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That we have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now, to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. William Shakespeare (1564-1616), the greatest of English poets and one of the greatest of the world's poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England. At the age of twenty-two he moved to London, where for twenty-five years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later became a shareholder in a theater. He returned to Stratford in 1612, where he spent the last few years of his life.

Midsummer Night's Dream was written by Shakespeare to be played by actors upon a stage. Such a composition is called a *drama*. The ancient Greeks, as well as the Hindus and the Chinese, had their drama, which developed chiefly from their observance of religious rites. During the Middle Ages stories from the Bible were often presented in connection with church festivals, at first by the clergy and later by the trades-people. Here and there even in the old Biblical plays, a writer, or more likely an actor, would venture away from the story and put in little humorous scenes, to keep alive the interest. From these simple beginnings gradually developed the *comedy*—a form of drama intended to amuse.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, love for pageants and merry-making made theater-going the fashion, and the drama flourished. Strolling players roamed over England, theatrical companies were formed, and theaters were built. One of these, *The Globe*, a summer theater, was made especially famous by Shakespeare and his associates. The summer theaters were for daylight performances in the open air, with perhaps a roof over the stage or over the boxes and the galleries around the pit. Spectators were allowed to sit on the stage and mingle with the actors. The female characters in a play were taken by boys. There was only the rudest scenery, or none at all—a change of scene being indicated by printed signs. Because of this lack of scenery, actors were compelled to rely for their effects upon the lines and the acting. This is one of the reasons why the plays of Shakespeare have been read and played, studied and discussed, more than the works of any other writer. In addition, Shakespeare was a man with boundless understanding and sympathy, keen imagination, and a powerful mode of expression.

How to Read This Play. A good way to read *Midsummer Night's Dream* is to plunge right in and read on until the story absorbs your interest and you forget everything but the people in the play. The English of Shakespeare's time, when Elizabeth was Queen, will seem strange to you at first, but do not allow the Elizabethan phrases to take your attention away from the players and the play. You will catch their meaning as you read along, and get more and more into the spirit of the story. Since these phrases are not in common use today, it would hardly be worth your while to dwell upon them here. Because you are expected to read the comedy for the fun there is in it, and not as a study of words, the usual lists of words and phrases have been omitted under *Discussion*. However, you will

no doubt come upon words and phrases, the meaning of which you cannot sense from the context; such words you will find explained in the Glossary. "The play's the thing"—so give free rein to your imagination, and in your mind's eye see the characters act their parts upon the stage as you read scene after scene.

You will probably read most of the play silently, but certain speeches are well worth reading aloud in class, on account of their beauty of thought or language, or their fun. Many of these are noted in *Discussion* under the different Acts and scenes in which they occur.

Some of the scenes may be dramatized and, if played with spirit, will furnish good entertainment, particularly Act I, scene 2; Act III, scene 1; and part of Act V, scene 1.

Some of the lyrics in *Midsummer Night's Dream* have been set to music, notably "Over Hill, Over Dale" and Titania's lullaby. Mendelssohn's music for this play is especially beautiful. Interest and pleasure will be added to your reading of the drama by the use of phonograph records of the music which has been written for this play.

Discussion. Act I, *Scene 1.* The play opens with a scene in which Theseus and Hippolyta discuss their approaching marriage, which is only four days off; what does Theseus ask Philostrate to do for the wedding feast? (Theseus was one of the greatest of lengendary Greek heroes. He sailed with the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece, killed the Minotaur, and after conquering the Amazons, a nation of women warriors who lived in Asia Minor, married their queen, Hippolyta.) 2. In what words does Theseus refer to his victory over the Amazons? 3. What complaint did Hermia's father make to the Duke? 4. What was the Duke's decision? 5. How did Lysander plan to find safety for Hermia and himself? 6. To whom was their plan told? 7. What pretty custom that "does observance" to May has come down to us? 8. What is the story of the Queen of Carthage and the false Trojan? 9. What Greek gods and goddesses are referred to in this scene? 10. Which of the characters in this scene do you like best? Why? 11. *Class readings:* Theseus to Hippolyta, page 265, lines 16 to 19; Egeus to Theseus, page 265, line 22, to page 266, line 15; Lysander to Egeus, page 267, line 33, to page 268, line 7; Lysander to Hermia, page 269, lines 17 to 29; Hermia to Helena, page 271, lines 3 to 12. *Scene 2.* 1. Notice how the change to prose makes the conversation of the trades-people seem matter-of-fact and without imagination; how does this affect the comedy of the play? 2. For whose pleasure is the play to be given? 3. What is the name of the play? 4. Who are the men who plan to give the play? 5. What qualifications have they for this work? 6. What do you think of their preparations? 7. What chance is there that the play will be a success? 8. Who is most prominent among the actors? Why? 9. Ercles, or Hercules, was the hero of many plays before Shakespeare wrote. Why do you think Bottom wanted to act the part of Hercules?

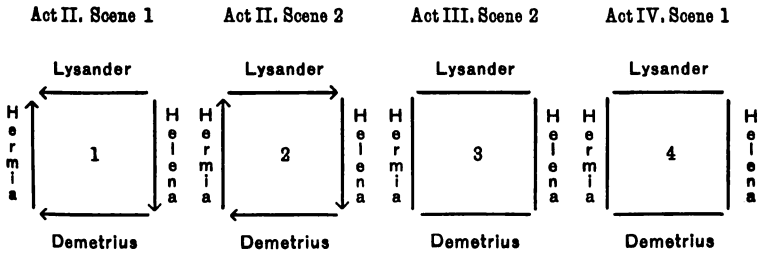
10. What part of this scene seems most ridiculous? 11. Is a "lamentable comedy" possible? 12. What do you think Shakespeare had seen or heard that caused him to write this scene of the players?

Act. II. *Scene 1.* 1. Notice how the meter adds lightness and delicacy to the fairies' speech; what do we learn from the conversation between the fairy and Robin? 2. What is the cause of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania? 3. What does Titania say has happened as a result of the quarrel between Oberon and herself? 4. What flower does Oberon send Robin to find? What magic was in this flower? 5. By what means does Oberon expect to gain possession of the boy? 6. What does Oberon tell Robin to do with the juice of the flower? 7. What does he hope to accomplish by this means? 8. What is the myth of Apollo and Daphne? 9. What does Oberon say he will do with the flower and what does he command Robin to do? 10. Who is the Athenian youth that Oberon asks Robin to find? 11 *Class readings:* Fairies' song, page 274, line 27, to page 275, line 7; Robin to a fairy, page 275, lines 10 to 23; Oberon and Robin, page 278, line 26 to page 279, line 23; Oberon to Robin, page 281, lines 6 to 25. *Scene 2.* 1. What does Oberon do? 2. Who is the Athenian youth that Robin finds? 3. What does Robin do? 4. How do Demetrius and Helena happen to be in the wood? 5. What happens when Lysander awakes? 6. How does Helena regard Lysander's suit? 7. What was Hermia's dream? 8. *Class readings:* Fairies' song, page 282, lines 5 to 20; Oberon squeezing flower on Titania's eyelids, page 282, line 23, to page 283, line 4; Robin throwing charm on Lysander's eyes, page 283, lines 13 to 30.

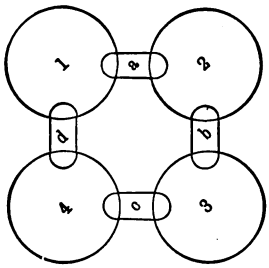
Act III. *Scene 1.* 1. How do the men rehearsing for the play show their lack of imagination? 2. How does their lack of humor show? 3. What do you think is the funniest part of the rehearsal? 4. Whom does Puck (Robin) refer to as "hempen homespuns"? 5. What trick does he play upon Bottom? 6. How does Titania show the effect of the magic flower juice? 7. Notice the contrast between Bottom's matter-of-fact prose speech and the fairies' tripping verse. 8. *Class readings:* Puck (Robin) to Bottom, page 288, lines 27 to 32; Titania, Bottom, and Fairies, page 289, line 21, to page 291, line 19. *Scene 2.* 1. What words show Puck's (Robin's) opinion of Bottom? 2. Of what does Hermia accuse Demetrius? 3. How does Oberon attempt to set right the mistake made by Puck (Robin)? What is the result? 4. How does Helena interpret the actions of Demetrius, Lysander, and Hermia? 5. How does the King of the fairies again show his good-will to mortals? 6. What does Puck do to Lysander? 7. What part of the night's work do you think Puck would most enjoy? 8. *Class readings:* Puck (Robin) to Oberon, page 291, line 25, to page 292, line 24; Oberon casting spell upon Demetrius, page 294, lines 21 to 28; Helena and Hermia, page 297, line 10, to page 298, line 25; Helena to Hermia, page 300, lines 20 to 31; Oberon to Puck, page 302, lines 1 to 24; Puck, squeezing juice on Lysander's eyes, page 305, lines 4 to 19.

Act IV. *Scene 1.* 1. How does Oberon release Titania from the spell of the magic flower? 2. What feeling does she have for Bottom when she wakes? 3. How do the fairy King and Queen plan to celebrate their reconciliation? 4. For what purpose have Theseus and Hippolyta come out so early? 5. What confession does Lysander make to the Duke? 6. What confession does Demetrius make? 7. What decision does Theseus render? 8. What are Bottom's thoughts when he wakes? 9. *Class readings:* Oberon, releasing the fairy Queen from the spell, page 307, lines 3 to 33; Oberon, Puck, and Titania, page 308, lines 8 to 25; Theseus, Lysander, Egeus, and Demetrius, page 310, line 1, to page 311, line 9; Bottom's awaking, page 311, line 23, to page 312, line 3. *Scene 2. Class reading:* Bottom's advice to the actors, page 313, lines 1 to 10.

Act V. *Scene 1.* 1. How does Theseus regard the stories of the strange doings of the night? 2. Who is the Helen to whose beauty he refers? 3. How does Philostrate explain that a play may be brief and yet be tedious? 4. How does he explain the "tragical mirth"? 5. In what words does he tell that this is the first intellectual effort of the players? 6. For what purpose does he say they have prepared it? 7. In what beautiful words does Theseus explain why the performance will be pleasing to him? 8. How does he explain to Hippolyta that they must show their courtesy and appreciation by taking the will for the deed? 9. What do the remarks of the auditors add to this scene of the play? *Scene 2.* 1. For what purpose have the fairies come to the palace? 2. How does the poet make you feel the lightness of the fairies' movements? 3. To whom do the four lovers owe their peace and happiness? 4. Was Oberon seeking their happiness or his own at first? 5. Why does the appearance of the fairies for the closing scene of the play seem so fitting? 6. *Class readings:* "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains," page 312, line 28, to page 313, line 8; Theseus's appreciation, page 315, lines 28 to 31, and page 316, lines 2 to 18; Quince's Prologue, page 316, lines 21 to 30; Puck's epilogue, page 324, lines 1 to 20.



The diagrams on page 329 will help to make clear the changing attitudes of Lysander and Demetrius in their affections for Hermia and Helena. The arrows in 1 and 2 indicate the direction of the lovers' affections in Act II, scenes 1 and 2, respectively. Copy these four diagrams on the blackboard and indicate by similar use of arrows the directions of the lovers' affections in 3, from your reading of Act III, scene 2, and in 4, from your reading of Act. IV, scene 1. Notice that in 1 both Lysander and Demetrius are in love with Hermia; what does 3 reveal? How do you account for the apparent steadfastness of Hermia and Helena?



In *Midsummer Night's Dream* there are four story-plots woven skillfully together into a single unit. In the diagram at the left the circles represent the four story-plots, and the ellipses the connecting links between the plots. In the diagram, 1 represents the story of Theseus and Hippolyta; 2, the story of the lovers; 3, the story of the fairies; and 4, the story of the trades-people. Copy this diagram on the blackboard, and write in each circle the names of the characters in the story represented by the circle. Egeus's complaint to Theseus against Hermia, shown in the diagram by *a*, is the connecting link between story-plot 1 and 2; Robin and the magic juice of the flower form the link connecting story-plots 2 and 3, shown in the diagram by *b*. What is the link connecting story-plots 3 and 4? Story-plots 4 and 1? Notice how cleverly the characters of all the story-plots are brought together in the last scene of the play.

A REVIEW

In the Introduction, page 101, you learned that the basis of all literature is adventure, and that adventures treated with imagination give us literature.

You have read in Part II stories and poems that deal with adventures in the usual sense of the word—a thrilling or exciting experience. Robert W. Service in "Fleurette" tells of an event such as he himself might have witnessed; what other selections in this group are based upon a real happening that the writer himself experienced or about which he had heard or read?

Still other stories of adventure are based not upon actual happenings but upon legends which the poet or story-teller pictures so vividly that the events related seem to us to have happened just as the writer describes them. Sir Walter Scott took an incident from an old border-ballad and gave us the poem "Lochinvar." What other poem or story in Part II seemed to you to be based upon a legend?

Then you read a third type of adventure story in which the events are purely imaginary, but the poet sees these incidents so vividly and through his power of expression makes them seem so real that as we read, we, too, are able to see them. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare gave free rein to his imagination; what other stories in Part II narrate events that never actually happened?

To be able to visualize what you read is a source of great enjoyment; your imagination is a power of the mind well worth training. Which selections of Part II were you able to visualize most clearly? Discuss in class the advantages and disadvantages of "our private moving picture show," described on page 103, as compared with a regular "movie."

What did you learn in Part II about ballads? Which ballads would you select as best suited for a public reading? What did

you learn about the short story that will increase your pleasure in reading short stories? What library reading have you done in connection with Part II? What progress have you made in the use of the library catalogue and the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature?* Which book review gave you the most pleasure? Which one gave you the most interesting information? What did you learn about public health from book reviews? Which oral discussion suggested by "Theme Topics" in Part II was most helpful in information? Which one was made interesting by illustrative material, such as pictures, sketches, and objects?

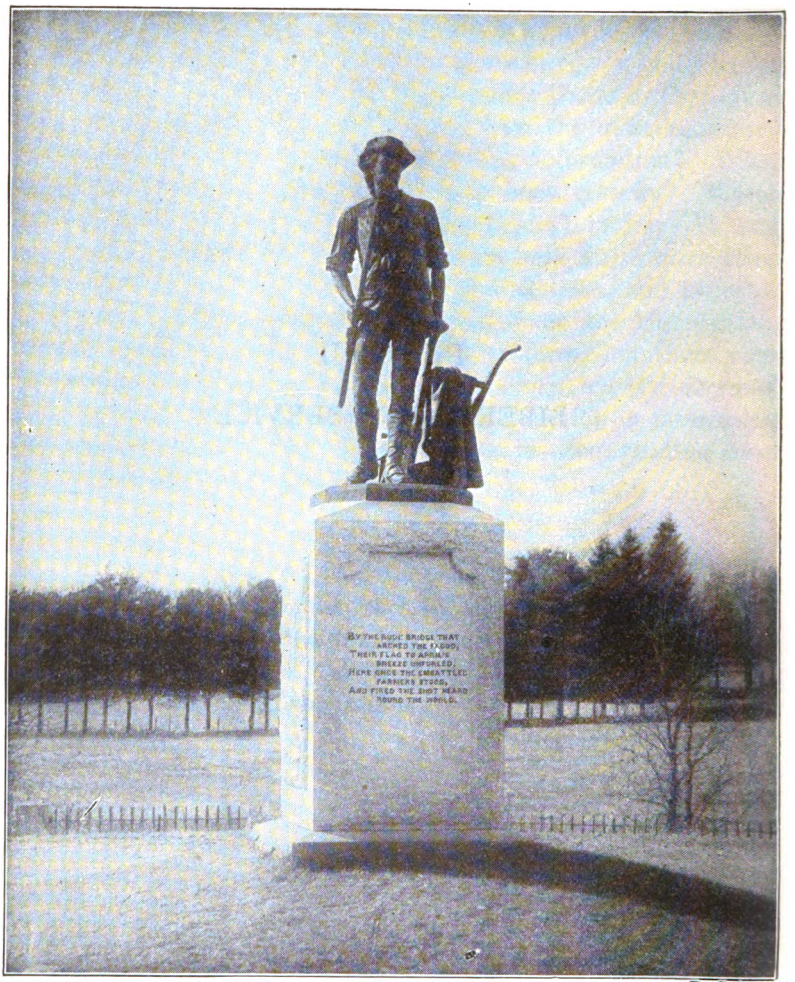
What interesting facts did you learn about the Elizabethan drama and about comedy? How did this information affect your dramatization of scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream?* What material did you find in Part II suitable for an interesting Christmas entertainment? What progress in silent reading have you made since you began this book?

PART III

LIBERTY AND SERVICE

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

—Katherine Lee Bates.



D. C. French

THE MINUTEMAN OF CONCORD

AN INTRODUCTION

The two characteristics of literature that have been emphasized in the introductions to Parts I and II, and in your study of the selections, have been *thought* and *imagination.* Literature, we have found, is not just a matter of fine-sounding language, nor is it just dreamy, visionary imaginings of unreal scenes. It is based on fact and observation, but it treats fact and observation by means of imagination, so that a clear light surrounds what is seen and thought. In one of the poems that you have read, Shelley says that the skylark is

> Like a poet hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Now it is with the last two lines in this stanza that we shall deal in the paragraphs that follow. Read them once more and ask yourself their meaning—

> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

This introduces a third characteristic of literature. We go to great literature as a source of thought; we go to it for its appeal to our imagination; we go also because it expresses our deepest ideals, our hopes and fears for ourselves and our fellows and our country.

Perhaps you have sometimes felt the thrill that goes through one in the presence of a noble action or of a deep emotion. Someone may have shown strength of character in a crisis, or may have done a big and generous thing, and you say, "He is a *man.*" Or the sight of the flag or of our soldiers returning from war has

thrilled you with love of our country. Or someone has said something that has set you on fire with ambition to do things—to be a great lawyer or doctor or manufacturer, or to travel to the farthest lands, or to build a great business. These ideals of life and religion, impulses to patriotic service, ambition to make your life count—all take you out of your usual self, enlarge your vision, awaken the best traits of your character. You could sing for joy. If you could express in words your feelings, you would be a poet, for out of sincere and deep emotion poetry is born.

Among all the emotions that men feel in their best moments, none are deeper and more filled with good than those connected with love of country and of those ideals of service and coöperation without which no country, in these times, can long endure. The growth, through many centuries, of this spirit of self-government is the most important fact in modern history. There are three ways in which this spirit has taken form: the feeling that men have a right to direct their own affairs; the knowledge that free government implies not absolute liberty of each one to do as he likes, but submission to rules and restrictions that men place on themselves of their own free will; and the sense of human brotherhood. The recognition of these three ideals has been of slow growth. Sometimes one has been stressed at the expense of others. Sometimes one of them, such as the idea of human brotherhood, has been held to apply to one country, our own, and not to our relation to men of other countries. But there have been great moments in the history of the nations when vast multitudes of men have been swept by powerful emotions drawing them out of themselves and on to some new advance toward freedom. Out of these emotions, at these dramatic moments in history, have come poems and prose that have helped to move men to sympathy with hopes and fears before unheeded.

It is, then, with literature as a means of expressing the loftiest ideals of liberty and service that the selections in this part of our book have to do. There are three groups. In the first are some records of the growth of the spirit of freedom. A hundred years ago, Greece, the survivor of the ancient nation

that contributed so much to human civilization in far distant centuries when all the rest of the world was the abode of barbarism and ignorance, was struggling for freedom from the cruel Turks. Many of the governments of Europe—kings, and emperors, not republics—wished to keep matters as they were. But in a poem like Byron's "Isles of Greece" we get some idea of how the spirit of freedom was gaining strength and how the struggles of the Greeks were hailed with sympathy in other parts of Europe. Years later, Italy was passing through the same crisis. Kings and emperors had divided Italy into small districts to keep down the spirit of freedom. But they could not stem the tide. It took about fifty years for Italy to win her freedom, but at last freedom was won. Browning's poem about the Italian patriot in England tells you something of the way in which this was accomplished, and the mighty spirit that moved men so that free government made another great step in advance. And then follow poems showing how England has stood for freedom, and how Englishmen in America, at a time when England was governed by a tyrannical king, cast off the yoke, and how in the last few years men everywhere responded to another call to overthrow a government that sought to extend its tyranny.

One of these topics is so important that the next section in our book is devoted exclusively to it. In all the progress of the idea and the method of free government, England and America have had a part. Free government is the crowning achievement of the English-speaking peoples, and it has spread to other peoples from their example. The section called "England and America" will enable you to see some of the steps in this progress—how liberal Englishmen recognized that the American Revolution was a war not against English people and English ideals, but against a government that was devoted to the enslavement of England itself as well as her colonies. It will also show some of the principles on which our government is founded.

In the last section the story is completed. First the *passionate desire for liberty,* growing up in Greece, in Italy, in England, and in America in times past, and once more blazing forth in the crisis of the World War. That is the first section of this part

of our book. Next, the *idea of free government*—that is, the idea of a government, which always means restraint, holding in check the spirit of liberty that unrestrained would mean anarchy. Free government means "a liberty connected with order." And lastly the *spirit of service,* of brotherhood, of coöperation of all for the good of all, without which no free government can endure.

There is no more important subject than this for you to study. It is something to be *studied,* that you may know that free government is not merely or even mainly a mode of electing presidents and legislatures. It is something for you to *see in imagination,* that you may realize what it has cost and through how many centuries it has developed, and that you may know, also, that we must guard it and carry it on farther in each generation. And it is something that you must *feel,* the expression of ideals and emotions that will so control you that you will swear to do your part to preserve what men have won of the right to rule themselves. For unless this study and imagination and feeling pass into action, unless you are willing to take the lessons of service that the selections in the last part of this group teach you as a motive force in your own life, tyranny in one form or another will build on the selfishness of men grown cold to the ideals of liberty and service, and free government will be no more. Which God forbid! The responsibility rests on you, you boys and girls who are now preparing not merely for happy lives and successful lives in free America, but for carrying on the great tradition of liberty and service.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

THE ISLES OF GREECE

LORD BYRON

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;

For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more.
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords.
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think you he meant them for a slave?

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) was born in London. He was educated at Harrow, a famous English school, and at Cambridge University. He began to write at an early age, and before he was twenty had published a small volume of poems. Byron's poetry was greatly admired in his lifetime, and he remains in the first rank of English poets. His best known long poems, *Childe Harold, Don Juan, Manfred,* and *The Bride of Abydos,* were translated into most of the European languages and had a great influence on the literature of the continent. These romantic tales brought to his countrymen the life of "the gorgeous East." He wrote some passionate short poems on liberty. When the Greeks revolted against Turkey, Byron went to their aid, but died at Missolonghi, in Greece, before he had an opportunity to engage in battle.

Discussion. 1. "The Isles of Greece" (from *Don Juan,* Canto III) represents a Greek poet contrasting ancient and modern Greece; what object do you think Byron hoped to gain by bringing the glories of the past so vividly before the modern Greek? 2. Does it seem to you that a Greek poet would have sung in this manner, or is this rather an English poet's idea of how a Greek poet might have sung? 3. What line in the first stanza expresses a thought that a Greek poet would hardly admit? 4. Explain the references to Greek poetry in Sappho, Delos, Phœbus, Scian muse, Teian muse. 5. What country's poems may the poet have had in mind when he said: "sounds which echo further west than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest'"? 6. The picture in the fourth stanza of King Xerxes watching the battle of Salamis may have been suggested to Byron by these lines from the Greek poet Aeschylus:

> "Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw
> This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
> Commanding the wide sea, o'erlooked the hosts."

7. What "arts of war" do the names Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylae suggest? 8. What "ignoble call" does the poet imply the modern Greek would answer? 9. Explain the references to Cadmus and to Miltiades. 10. Wherein lies the hope of modern Greece? 11. What event in Byron's life makes you know he felt the position of Greece keenly? (It is interesting to note that in December, 1823, Daniel Webster introduced a resolution in Congress which is believed to be the first official expression favorable to the independence of Greece uttered by any of the governments of Christendom.) 12. What is said in the Introduction, page 336, of Greece and her struggle against the Turk? 13. The music of the poem makes it a pleasure to read it aloud; notice how naturally the emphasis of the rhythm accents the important words. 14. Beautiful phrases like "hero's harp" and "lover's lute" add to the music; find other examples of alliteration. 15.

What do you know about Greece's part in the World War that tells you how that country regards freedom at the present time? 16. *Class reading*: "Marco Bozzaris," Halleck. (Marco Bozzaris, the leader of the Greek revolution, was killed August 20, 1823, in an attack upon the Turks near Missolonghi. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain.") 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Marathon; Salamis; voiceless; lay; degenerate; fettered; Thermopylæ; Cadmus. *Pronounce*: Phœbus; dearth; bacchanal; Chersonese

Phrases

eternal summer, **339**, 5
but all .... is set, **339**, 6
place of birth alone is mute, **339**, 10
Pyrrhic dance, **341**, 7
Pyrrhic phalanx, **341**, 8
swan-like, let me sing and die, **341**, 28

Suggestions for Theme Topics

(Two-Minute Talks)

1. The Battle of Salamis. 2. Miltiades and the Battle of Marathon. 3 The Pass of Thermopylæ. (Use encyclopedias and other library sources.)

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

ROBERT BROWNING

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea;
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her bloodhounds through the countryside,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fireflies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love;
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased, at night
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,

Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich, our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance; she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath; they disappeared;
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;

I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us; the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch;
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes;

I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew."
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me; she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the seashore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red, wet throat distill
In blood through these two hands. And next
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,

Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt; what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about;
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 80.

Historical Note. The French army under Napoleon was defeated in the "Battle of the Nations," and in 1814 surrendered. After the fall of Napoleon, representatives from Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia met in Vienna. The president of the Congress of Vienna, as this meeting was called, was the Austrian diplomat, Prince Metternich, who for the next fifteen years was the leading statesman of Europe. This congress, following the example of former diplomatic assemblies, was a scramble for territory and power. In general, the right of the strongest prevailed, and territories were distributed among the powers with no consideration for the feelings of their inhabitants. Austria received back its old Lombard possessions, but in 1859 they were ceded to Victor Emanuel, and three years later became a part of the new kingdom of Italy. It was against the Austrian rule and for Italian control in Lombardy that the Italian, the subject of this poem, fought.

Discussion. 1. Read the poem through thoughtfully and then test your reading ability by the following questions: (a) What do you know about the man who is speaking? (b) What is the name of the part of Italy in which he lived? (c) What country is in power? (d) Where are the sympathies of the speaker? (e) Describe his hiding-place. (f) How long was he there? (g) What happened on the third day? (h) What had he planned to tell the girl when she returned? (i) Why did he change his mind "at first sight of her eyes"? (j) What was his request? (k) What did she do? (l) How was he relieved? (m) How did he reward her? (n) What were his three wishes? (o) Where was he when he made these wishes? 2. Browning wrote this poem after his visit to Italy in 1844; what interesting event do you know concerning Lombardy that occurred about this time? 3. Explain the meaning of "It was for Italy I feared"; what might the reader naturally have thought? 4. What chance did the Italian take when he threw the glove? 5. Find lines which express qualities that you admire in the girl. 6. Which lines make you suspect that her lover favors the Austrians? 7. How do you account for the Italian's feelings toward Metternich? 8. In the Introduction, page 336, you read, "free government implies not absolute liberty of each one to do as he likes, but submission to rules and restrictions that men place on themselves of their own free will"; how does this compare with the thought expressed in line 14, page 347? 9. Tell the story of Charles as you guess it from the hints in the poem. 10. Find beautiful lines in which the Italian expresses his love for Italy. 11. Tell what you know of Italy's part in the World War. 12. *Library reading:* "On the Monument Erected to Mazzini at Genoa," Swinburne. 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: instant; aqueduct; crypt; devised; duomo; Tenebrae; confessional; conferred; opine; premature. 14. *Pronounce:* recess; Metternich; Paduan.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said "Good night," and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war—
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the monlight flowing over all

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side;
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

The hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 163.

Discussion. 1. Read the poem through thoughtfully and be able to tell the story from this outline: (a) Understanding as to signals between Paul Revere and his friend; (b) The friend in Boston; (c) Paul Revere on the Charlestown-side of the river; (d) The ride. 2. What was Paul Revere's message? 3. Find the lines that describe the churchyard. 4. How does Longfellow make you feel the hurry of the rider? 5. What to you is the most expressive line in the poem? 6. How does the story "in the books you have read" of the battle of Lexington compare with the story in the poem? 7. Discuss Longfellow's prophecy at the end of the poem in the light of the World War. 8. How does the statement found in the Introduction, page 335, of the effect of noble deeds apply to "Paul Revere's Ride"? 9. Draw a map showing the relative positions of Boston, Charlestown, Medford, Lexington, Concord. 10. Find "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in the library copy of Longfellow's *Poems;* who told this tale? 11. Your Reading Club may enjoy a "Tales of a Wayside Inn" program, each member preparing part of a program similar to this: (a) The Wayside Inn (described in the first Preface); (b) The company of six guests (described in the first Preface); (c) The landlord; (d) Report of Tales read by different club-members, as "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Challenge of Thor," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "The Legend Beautiful," "Emma and Eginhard"; (e) The Prefaces; (f) The Interludes; (g) The Finales. Or, you may present in dramatized form a scene from the living room of the inn, each guest in turn reading or reciting his tale. 12. Describe a series of pictures that would tell the story of this famous historic ride; where in your series would you place the picture on page 339? 13. *Class reading*: "The Reveille," Harte; "A Troop of the Guard," Hagedorn (in *The Home Book of Verse*). 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: grenadier; impetuous; spectral; tranquil; emerge; preface; interlude. 15. *Pronounce:* alder; finale.

Phrases

night encampment on the hill, **350**, 13

from tent to tent, **350**, 17

fate of a nation, **351**, 13

night-wind of the Past, **352**, 25

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit! that made those freemen dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 71.

Historical Note. Emerson wrote this poem to celebrate the completion of the monument which marks the spot on which the battle of Concord was fought, April 19, 1775. (See page 334.) This hymn was sung at the celebration, April 19, 1836.

Discussion. 1. In what sense was the shot "heard round the world"? 2. What did this battle mean to the world? 3. For what purpose does the poet say this "votive stone" is set? 4. How does this poem help memory "to redeem the deed"? 5. In what different ways does "memory redeem the deeds" of the World War heroes? 6. Why do we observe Memorial Day? 7. In the prayer in the last stanza the poet tells us to whom the shaft is raised; which of these is greater, the "freemen" or the "Spirit"? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: arched; unfurled; embattled.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH*

ALAN SEEGER

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year;
And I to my pledged word am true—
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*From *Poems*, by Alan Seeger; copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who greatly admired French art and literature. In 1912 he went to Paris to study and write. He was visiting in London when the World War broke out, but returned to Paris immediately and joined the Foreign Legion to fight for France. This poem was written from the trenches during the winter, while Seeger was waiting for the renewal of active warfare in the spring. The poet took part in the battle of Champagne and was killed in action, July, 1916, in the attack on the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. During the war he formed a great friendship with an Egyptian, Rif Baer, who thus describes his last charge: "After the first bound forward, we lay flat on the ground. I caught sight of Seeger and made a sign to him with my hand. He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the cornfields. He was the tallest man in his section. His head was erect, and pride was in his eye. I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw my friend."

Discussion. 1. Notice how the beautiful descriptions of nature, contrasted with the grim determination to keep the rendezvous, emphasize the joy of life and of living, and make the keeping of the pledge the more heroic; find lines that are sharply contrasted. 2. What effect is produced by making each stanza longer than the preceding one? 3. What other soldier-poets have you learned to know in this book? Do you know of any others? 4. *Library reading:* poems by the same author (in *Poems*). 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: barricade; quench; scarred; flaming. *Pronounce:* rendezvous.

ROUGE BOUQUET

JOYCE KILMER

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick,
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime;
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.

For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free,
And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor;
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair,
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,

A delicate cloud of bugle-notes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are;
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918), born in New Brunswick, N. J., crowded much into the brief thirty-two years of his life. Before he was twenty-two he had been graduated from Rutgers College and Columbia University. He was literary critic for the *New York Times* and the *Literary Digest*. His life was a particularly happy one both in his chosen field of work and in his home with his wife and four children. Joyce Kilmer was soldier as well as poet, like David of old, of whom it is said, he "smote now his harp and now the hostile horde." When war was declared, he was among the first to enlist and insisted upon going as a private. "Naturally I'm expecting to go, being of appropriate age and sex," he wrote to a friend. After serving nearly a year, he died in the eager carrying out of a particularly dangerous piece of work. When the men of his own "Sixty-ninth" found him, his attitude was so like his keen, living self that they did not at first think him dead, for he lay as if scouting, seeking out the hidden battery which he was trying to locate. He lies buried on the trampled hillside where he fell, close to the river Ourcq. "Rouge Bouquet" was written in a dugout, and the poet called it "probably the best verse I have written."

Discussion. 1. Where did these fighting men meet death? 2. How does the refrain resemble "taps"? 3. What picture do these lines give you: "St. Michael's sword darts through the air and touches the aureole on his hair"? 4. Notice how painstakingly the poet worked out exactly the same rimingscheme in the two stanzas; what interesting fact do you note in the twenty-second line of each stanza? 5. What part of "taps" do these lines imitate? 6. *Class reading:* "Main Street," "Roofs," "The Snowman in the Yard," "Trees," "To a Blackbird and His Mate Who Died in the Spring," "Dave Lilly," Joyce Kilmer, in *Poems, Essays, and Letters,* Vol. I. *The Bookman,* October, 1918, has a portrait of Joyce Kilmer; try to get a copy to show your classmates. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: aureole; Patrick; Brigid; Columkill; Gael. 8. *Pronounce:* Rouge Bouquet; stalwart.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

EDMUND BURKE

England's hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation—the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith—wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have;

the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia; but, until you become lost to all feelings of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the true Act of Navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of English communion that gives all their life to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England?

Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? That it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? Or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edmund Burke (1729-1797), the orator, was one of the outspoken friends of America in the English Parliament during the Revolutionary period. He was born in Dublin and studied law in London. In 1766 he entered Parliament and won immediate fame by his speech against

the Stamp Act. In his speeches on American affairs he always sought to secure for America a treatment based upon justice and a spirit of conciliation. He understood the principles of government so well and stated them so clearly that his speeches are read with profit today. This selection is taken from his speech *On Conciliation with America.*

Discussion. 1. Since 1776 England's policy toward her colonies such as Canada and Australia has followed the principles laid down by Burke; read lines that express some of these principles. 2. Find lines that express Canada's and Australia's attitude toward England today. 3. What, according to Burke, form the great securities for England's commerce? 4. What does Burke say it is that raises revenue and armies for a government? 5. He defines a government of the people as "the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution"; how does Lincoln define it in his Gettysburg speech? 6. *Class reading:* "England to America," Montague (in *Current Opinion,* March, 1920); "To America," Austin; "America to Great Britain," Allston (in *The Home Book of Verse*). 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: allegiance; cohesion; dissolution; sovereign; sanctuary; common; contexture; pervades; invigorates; vivifies; stake; rabble; conciliation. 8. *Pronounce:* affidavits; sufferances; minutest.

SPEECH AGAINST WAR WITH THE COLONIES

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has returned from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your

efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms, never! never! never!

My Lords, no man wishes for the due dependence of America on this country more than I do. To preserve it, and not confirm that state of independence into which your measures hitherto have driven them, is the object which we ought to unite in attaining. The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. But contending for independency and total disconnection from England, as an Englishman, I cannot wish them success. America derived assistance and protection from us; and we reaped from her the most important advantages. She was, indeed, the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the nursery and basis of our naval power. It is our duty, therefore, my lords, if we wish to save our country, most seriously to endeavor the recovery of these most beneficial subjects; and in this perilous crisis, perhaps the present moment may be the only one in which we can hope for success. Let us wisely take advantage of every possible moment of reconciliation. Besides, the natural disposition of America herself still leans toward England; to the old habits of connection and mutual interest that united both countries.

America is not in that state of desperate and contemptible rebellion which this country has been deluded to believe. It is not a wild and lawless banditti, who, having nothing to lose, might hope to snatch something from public convulsions. Many of their leaders and great men have a great stake in this great contest. The gentleman who conducts their armies, I am told, has an estate of four or five thousand pounds a year; and when I consider these things, I cannot but lament the inconsiderate violence of our penal acts, our declaration of treason and rebellion, with all the fatal effects of attainder and confiscation.

You cannot conciliate America by your present measures. You cannot subdue her by your present or by any measures.

What, then, can you do? You cannot conquer; you cannot gain. My Lords, the time demands the language of truth. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights and honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let them walk off; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy punishment will overtake them.

My Lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the complication of calamities, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Let us now stop short. This is the crisis. . . . .

Is it possible, can it be believed, that ministers are yet blind to this impending destruction? I did hope, that instead of this false and empty vanity, this over-weening pride, ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late, repentance, have endeavored to redeem them. But, my Lords, since they had neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun these oppressive calamities—since not even severe experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of Parliament must interpose. I shall therefore, my Lords, propose to you an amendment to recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries.

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Pitt (1708-1778) was called "The Great Commoner" because of his constant effort to make the British Parliament more completely representative of English public opinion. "When the resolution [The Stamp Act] was taken to tax America, I was ill and in bed," he said, "but if I could have endured to be carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind friend to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it." He openly rejoiced when he learned that the Americans had called a Congress to provide for action against the tax; and he continued his fight against it until the Act was finally repealed. Years afterwards, when the Revolution was on, Pitt still worked for conciliation. This selection is taken from his "Address to the Throne" delivered in November, 1777, the last speech but one before his death.

Discussion. 1. When Pitt says, "You cannot conquer America," he is judging Americans by himself; what is his assertion? 2. To whom does he refer when he speaks of "hirelings?" 3. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: appointed; distant; shambles; mercenary; deluded; attainder; impending; over-weening; cessation. 4. *Pronounce:* impotent; banditti; penal; impracticable; crisis; imminent.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

a'—all
is there—is there a man
gowd—gold

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind.
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might;
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

birkie—conceited fellow
ca'd—called
wha—who
coof—fool
aboon—above
guid—good
mauna fa'—may not claim
gree—prize

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Burns (1759-1796), who was born near Ayr, Scotland, was one of the best loved song-writers. From his early youth he worked hard on his father's small, unproductive farm and later he struggled with an unsuccessful farm of his own. Though his short life was filled with poverty and hardship, he saw the beauty in common things, and his heart was full of sympathy. These qualities are well illustrated by the familiar poems, "To a Mountain Daisy," and "To a Mouse." He was a strong believer in equal rights for everyone. He felt no envy of those who were accounted great, but gloried in the privilege of being independent. His poem, "For A' That and A' That," expresses the same idea of equality that we find in the Declaration of Independence.

Discussion. 1. The first two lines are contracted; what is left out? 2. What does Burns call the person "that hangs his head" because of "honest poverty"? 3. Explain the comparison of a person to a coin in lines 7, 8, page 364. 4. How may we help to realize the poet's prayer expressed in the last stanza? 5. Learn this stanza by heart and recite it with the same faith that you think Burns had. 6. *Library reading:* "A Consecration," Masefield (in *Collected Poems*). 7. *Pronounce:* guinea; marquis.

LIBERTY AND UNION

(FROM FAREWELL ADDRESS)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made. . . .

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity

at home and your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

But it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.

This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitution of Government; but the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. And remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the

customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. . . . .

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . . .

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. . . . .

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the

usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. George Washington (1732-1799) took the oath of office as first President of the United States in 1789, having been unanimously chosen, under the new Constitution, to fill that office. He was reëlected, and served until 1797. Though urged to accept the nomination for a third term, he declined, and retired from public life to his home in Mount Vernon. In his "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," he impresses upon the nation the political maxims which he regarded as fundamental and which had governed the policy of his administration. In Washington's day the Atlantic was a barrier between the old world and the new, and America was practically isolated; but the steamship, the cable, and the wireless have annihilated distance, and whether we wish it or not, we are a part of world-affairs.

Discussion. 1. Picture to yourself our country in Washington's time with reference to the extent of territory, the cities, and the means of transportation and communication; why is our unity of government even more remarkable today than it was in 1797? 2. What means of changing the Constitution have we? 3. What changes have been made by amendments? 4. What obligation does the right to make the laws bring with it? 5. Read again lines 1 to 15, p. 368. 6. What are the "pillars of human happiness" according to Washington? 7. Find a paragraph which suggests that Washington might favor a Department of Education in our Government. Why is education so necessary in a democracy? 8. How were we guided in the World War "by an exalted justice"? 9. Discuss our relation to Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. 10. How do you think the American people have profited by this address? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: apprise; covertly; insidiously; alienate; efficacious; acquiescence; facility; hypothesis; usurpation; subvert; felicity; species; inveterate; antipathies; impostures. 12. *Pronounce:* address; artifices; essay; precedent; amicable; solicitude.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington that, having been intrusted in revolutionary times with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory.

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One-half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon scepter, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed among that nation which was America's first ally. The King was the state, the King was the country, the King was all. There was one King, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned, and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power; all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion

on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "King's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the King!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free States may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Daniel Webster (1782-1852) stands out as America's foremost orator. His eloquence, his clear thinking, and the force of his personality made him equally great whether answering an opponent in the Senate, or delivering less passionate orations on anniversary occasions. He was the champion of the national idea and of complete union, and therefore bitterly opposed Calhoun. His service in the Senate, representing not only the people of Massachusetts but all who believed with him in "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and his service as Secretary of State in President Tyler's cabinet, make him one of America's greatest statesmen.

Discussion. 1. This selection is from an address, "The Character of Washington," delivered at a public dinner in Washington on February 22, 1832, the centennial birthday of George Washington; why was a discussion of the American experiment especially appropriate on this occasion? 2. How does Daniel Webster in the first paragraph define this experiment? 3. What great test has this experiment undergone since Webster's day? 4. In the second paragraph he reviews the situation in Europe at the time of

Washington; what was the situation with reference to political liberty? 5. What change in France within the century does Webster note? 6. Find in the last paragraph lines that you think aptly express America's situation in the world today. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: conception; subjection; void; efficiency; stable. 8. *Pronounce:* ally; benignity

Phrases

various communions of our Christian faith, **371**, 12
delegated power, **371**, 16
glorious Revolution, **371**, 23
feudal or military principle, **371**, 25
Bourbon scepter, **371**, 26
face of the earth, **372**, 8
prostrates principalities, **372**, 13
contemplation of theorists, **372**, 19

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known.
My palace is the people's hall;
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Besides the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor;
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;

I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the same county as Salem, the birthplace of Hawthorne. The old farm home in which Whittier lived as a child was built by the poet's great-great-grandfather, and is still standing. His family were Quakers, sturdy of character as of stature. Whittier's boyhood was that of a typical New England farm boy, used to hard work, no luxuries, and few pleasures. Unlike Lowell and Longfellow, he did not go to college, but worked his way through an academy. As a boy his one book was the family Bible. When the district schoolmaster lent him a copy of Burns's *Poems*, his interest in poetry was awakened and he began writing verses of his own. Whittier is often compared with Burns in the simple homeliness of his style, his patriotism, his fiery indignation at wrong, and his sympathy with the humble and the oppressed. He is considered one of the greatest American poets.

Discussion. 1. Notice the points of resemblance between this poem and "For A' That and A' That." 2. What sentence in the Declaration of Independence does this poem help make clear? 3. What are some of the "griefs that seek redress" and "rights to need my vote" at present time? 4. What progress along these lines has been made by legislation since Whittier's time? 5. Why is it so important in a democracy that there be no "slackers" among the citizens who have the qualifications to vote? 6. In some communities voters are "tagged" at the polls in order to make those who have not voted conspicuous and ashamed; what is the situation in an ideal community? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: peer; pedant; Mammon; clouted. 8. *Pronounce:* sleekest; pretense; redress.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born on a farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky. When he was seven years old, the Lincoln family moved to Indiana, and in 1830 to Illinois. Lincoln's boyhood was full of hardships and privation. He was able to attend school only a few months altogether, but he had a small number of good books, which he read again and again. By hard struggles he educated himself, became a lawyer, a member of Congress, and in 1860 was elected President. He was assassinated by an actor named Booth, April 14, 1865. There are many memorials to Lincoln: the farm where he was born was presented to the nation in 1916; the Abraham Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., stands in Potomac Park, near the shore of the Potomac River; there is a beautiful monument in Springfield, Illinois, where he is buried; a national highway crossing the continent from east to west has been named the Lincoln Highway; one of the most famous statues of Lincoln is the one made by Saint Gaudens, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Lincoln was asked to be present and to say a few words at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863. Contrary to his prediction, the world has "noted and remembered" what he said on that occasion. Like all his writings, the address shows intense thought and feeling expressed in simple words. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration of the day, wrote to Mr. Lincoln, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Discussion. 1. In a speech delivered in Independence Hall in 1861, just before he became President, Mr. Lincoln said, "I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. . . . It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope, to the world, for all future time." What is the sentence in the Declaration of Indpendence to which Lincoln refers? 2. What sentiment in the poem, "In Flanders Fields," is similar to one expressed by Lincoln in the last paragraph? 3. What punctuation would help to bring out the meaning that a government of the people is a government by and for the people? 4. Draw from the library and bring to class "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," *Century Magazine,* February, 1894; note Lincoln's handwriting and compare the three versions of the address, Lincoln's first draft, the Associated Press report, and Lincoln's revised autograph copy. 5. Is there anything in this address that you can apply to the World War? 6. *Library reading*: Mary R. S. Andrews's "The Perfect Tribute"; Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WOODROW WILSON

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned

behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him,

an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man

who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of his own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), twenty-eighth President of the United States, was a native of Virginia. He was educated at Princeton University and later became president of that institution. He was for some years a teacher of history, and he has written many books on history and government, which are models of good English. In 1911 he became Governor of New Jersey, and in 1913 he entered upon his duties as President of the United States, serving throughout the difficult period of the World War.

This address was delivered September 4, 1916, by Mr. Wilson when the Lincoln birthplace farm at Hodgensville, Kentucky, was presented to the nation and accepted by the War Department. By popular subscription the log cabin itself was enclosed in an imposing granite memorial building.

Discussion. 1. How did this occasion demonstrate "the vigor of democracy"? 2. Discuss "Genius is no snob." 3. What sentence in the second paragraph describes Lincoln? What do you think of this sentence as an example of saying much in a few words? 4. What are some of the "mysteries of democracy" which Lincoln's life expressed? 5. How do your school and other democratic institutions help you "to make the most of every gift and power you possess"? 6. What other men of humble origin, like Lincoln, served the nation in high places? 7. How does Mr. Wilson explain his feeling that Lincoln was "permanently at home nowhere"? 8. What is the "test of every American"? 9. In what way were Washington and Lincoln typical Americans? 10. Mr. Wilson says, "I have read many biographies of Lincoln"; have you read Nicolay's *Boys' Life of Lincoln?* 11. What is the best intimate story about Lincoln that you know? 12. Why does Mr. Wilson feel that Lincoln was "a lonely spirit"? 13. In what way might "this cabin" keep alive the hopes of mankind even better than "constitution, doctrines of right, and codes of liberty"? 14. What is your opinion of people who are willing to enjoy the privileges but are not willing to share the duties of the society to which they belong? 15. What is expected of "real democrats"? 16. Which sentence best visualizes for you the occasion—the cabin and the crowds listening to the President? 17. Be prepared to read to the class a sentence selected because it seemed especially significant to you. 18. See *Collier's,* September 9, 1916, for an illustrated description of the acceptance of the memorial. 19. *Library reading: He Knew Lincoln,* Tarbell. 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: significant; memorial; shrine; democracy; aristocracy; caste; fealty; vital; catholic; manner; consummation; depict; brooding; familiars; communing; vestal; transmute. *Pronounce:* haunts; dominant; validity; benignant; reassurance; permeating; sovereign.

SERVICE

YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER IV

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world. Why?

Because the world is sick to death of war, and the world kings favor war and democracies abhor war, and because the United States is the most powerful democracy in the world, and because, when Europe's present leaders are dead, you girls and boys of ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, will be governing the United States, and therefore, if you wish, leading the world! Be clear about this. The world looks to you in hope because you are the logical heirs of the present generation of leaders. If you have the gumption and the go, the knowledge, the vision, and the largeness of heart to accept that inheritance, you will have it in your power to determine the course of the world's history for centuries to come!

The world asks you to think. It doesn't ask you to stand on a street corner and wave the flag; it doesn't ask you to enlist.

The world asks you to sit down and think about your country.

Democracy isn't a success, Young America. Not yet. But it isn't a failure, either. Not yet. It's just a gorgeous experiment, that you and I and Tom and Mary and Jane and Betty and Larry and Jack and Susan and Bill could make a success that would shake the world, if we'd only make up our minds to take democracy as seriously as we take, say, baseball—or crêpe de Chine.

We know what America stands for; we know what America is. Golden girls and boys, have you ever thought what America might be?

We're wasteful—look at our forests, look at the youth in our slums!

We're materialistic—look at the faces in our cities, look how hard we are to arouse in defense of a principle, look how quickly, after our moment of exaltation and sacrifice, we drop back into the sordid round of getting and spending!

We're improvident, blindly careless of everything beyond the present hour—we never prepare!

As citizens we are indifferent—we will endure in our government every form of extravagance, inefficiency, and corruption conceivable rather than jump into the midst of the mess and help to clean it up.

"We know all these things," you say, a little wearily. "But what can we do?"

You? You can do everything. Your elders are busy, and many of them are stodgy; and they are accustomed to waste and corruption and muddling, and many are afraid of change, any change, and resent as an imposition any attempt to make them think. Thinking is more laborious than digging trenches after you're forty, especially when you're out of training; and many of our elders are. But you, Young America, are not. Thinking to you isn't a chore; it is an adventure! Your minds are like a fresh horse, crazy to take six bars. You are the hope of the world, because you have enthusiasm and ginger, because you feel, and you haven't yet forgotten how to think.

What can you do?

You know what the men and women of your country did to

defend American principles abroad. Let it be your part to find out what your city, your state, your nation are doing for the welfare of their citizens and the upholding of American principles at home.

You can do more. You must do more. You, the girls and boys of America, must create a new standard of values for your generation. For a century, men the world over, but especially here in our United States, have bowed to material success as to the greatest god they knew. We have exalted the man with money as we have exalted no other type in American life. We have praised his virtues and ignored his vices, we have listened to him as we never would to a saint in glory, when he told us the stages of his progress toward success; we have pointed to him as a shining example of the best to which a youth might aspire. He who has dollars, we said, has success; he who has not dollars, has not success. It is the first duty of man to be successful, we said. Therefore, get dollars!

The youth of America has obeyed that insistent mandate, generation after generation; and in countless hearts, aspirations for something higher than dollar-chasing have been sternly crushed in order that the golden quest should be unimpeded; and men have made unbelievable fortunes; and the glamour of their achievement has made other men everywhere a little greedier, a little more ruthless, a little more jealous of their own, a little more envious of others, impatient of law, intolerant of opposition, scornful of all things that cannot be clutched with hands.

We have been taught that success can be written only in figures; and a few men have gathered in the dollars of the many, and, in consequence, we have slums and child labor and strikes and starvation and bomb outrages and the rumblings of revolution. No reform that social theorists can devise can sweep those offspring of our god, Success, for long out of our national life. As long as the gathering of dollars is regarded as the highest form of victorious effort, we shall have inequality, injustice, bitterness, and class strife. If we are ever to be free of them, we must have a new standard of success. We must learn that success

consists not in what we have but in what we are, not in what we hold in our pockets but in what we hold in our heads and our hearts, not in our skill to buy low and sell high, but in our ability greatly to dream, to build, to battle, to kindle, to serve.

Young America, it must be your business in these years to raise this new standard before the eyes of your fellow-citizens, your aim to give them a new ideal of what constitutes success; for without such a new standard, without such a new ideal, all that you do for citizenship and democracy will be only a stop-gap that will hold the floods of corruption back here or there for a year or for ten years only to release them at last in increased volume.

Our present ideal of success is based on selfish, individualistic enterprise and greed.

How can that harmonize with democracy, whose essence is service?

The answer is simple. It cannot harmonize with it; it never has, it never will. In every village, town, and state, greed and selfish enterprise—the qualities that make for "success" as we know it—are the inveterate enemies of democratic institutions

If you want dollars above all, do not talk of citizenship and democracy.

But if you want democracy above all, know that success in life lies not in the accumulation of unnecessary bonds and houses, but in service, in knowledge, and in the appreciation of beauty.

If you want honestly to help your country, set about now to give her a notion of what makes real success.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hermann Hagedorn (1882—), a native of New York and a graduate of Harvard University, is an author and social worker. He taught English at Harvard for several years. He has written a number of books and plays; his shorter articles and poems appear from time to time in the current magazines. His enthusiasm for Theodore Roosevelt and for those basic principles for which Roosevelt's name is the symbol made him an active worker in the Roosevelt Memorial Association. This selection is taken from his book for American boys and girls, *You Are the Hope of the World.*

Discussion. 1. Why do you think boys and girls take "base-ball or crêpe de Chine" more seriously than the "gorgeous experiment" of democracy? Read what Webster says about this experiment, p. 371, lines 7 to 19. 2. What practical training in taking active part in a democracy does your school offer? 3. How do boys and girls respond when responsibility for order in the halls or care of equipment, for instance, is placed upon them? 4. In your opinion, what does America stand for? 5. Which of the shortcomings listed by the author have you noticed in your community? 6. What effort are you or your school making to remedy some of these things? You may find suggestions for community improvements in *The Delineator* for March, 1920. 7. Mr. Hagedorn seems hard on the "elders"; what purpose may he have in his remarks? 8. What are the standards of success in your school and community? 9. What characters in history or in your circle of acquaintances do you know who have had other aspirations than dollars? 10. What is the new standard of success? 11. How can boys and girls put into practice in school these high ideals—"greatly to dream, to build, to battle, to kindle, to serve"? 12. What can you do, because you love American democracy, to make these ideals the standards by which the popularity of boys and girls in your school is judged? 13. *Library reading:* other chapters of *You Are the Hope of the World;* "Scum of the Earth," Schauffler (in *New Voices*). 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: materialistic; sordid; corruption; stodgy; mandate. 15. *Pronounce:* abhor; exaltation; individualistic.

Phrases

world kings, **382**, 3
standard of values, **384**, 6
golden quest, **384**, 21
social theorists, **384**, 32

Suggestions for Theme Topics

1. A school experiment in self-government. 2. Things in my school that tend to make pupils social, that is, to develop in them a spirit of coöperation (team work) and service (helpfulness to others). 3. How a school by its organization and discipline may help to realize a true democracy. 4. A report on the George Junior Republic (*The Junior Republic,* George). 5. How a school composed of many nationalities mirrors our republic. 6. How the presence of different nationalities in a school helps the students to become more intelligent, more sympathetic, more tolerant, and more democratic. 7. Book reviews of *The Promised Land,* Antin; *How the Other Half Lives,* Riis; *From Alien to Citizen,* Steiner.

THE HERITAGE OF NOBLE LIVES

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Americans who stand highest on the list of the world's worthies are Washington, who fought to found the country which he afterwards governed, and Lincoln, who saved it through the blood of the best and bravest in the land; Washington, the soldier and statesman, the man of cool head, dauntless heart, and iron will, the greatest of good men and the best of great men; and Lincoln, sad, patient, kindly Lincoln, who for four years toiled and suffered for the people, and when his work was done, laid down his life that the flag which had been rent in sunder might once more be made whole and without a seam.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the material effects of the careers of Washington and of Lincoln upon the United States. Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities, drifting toward the type of government prevalent in Spanish America. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won; and even if, as is possible, we had kept it, both the struggle by which it was kept and the results of this struggle would have been so different that the effect upon our national history could not have failed to be profound.

Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and of Lincoln. Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of mere material prosperity.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves; for we inherit also the fact of the freeing of them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual result of the deed when done. The bells that rang at the passage of the Emancipation Proclamation still ring in Whittier's ode; and as men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for humankind their hearts shall ever throb as they cannot over the greatest industrial success or over any victory won at a less cost than ours.

In the same way that we are the better for the deeds of our mighty men who have served the nation well, so we are the worse for the deeds and the words of those who have striven to bring evil on the land. We have examples enough and to spare that tend to evil; nevertheless, for our good fortune, the men who have most impressed themselves upon the thought of the nation have left behind them careers the influence of which must tell for good. The unscrupulous speculator who rises to enormous wealth by swindling his neighbor; the capitalist who oppresses the workingman; the agitator who wrongs the workingman yet more deeply by trying to teach him to rely, not upon himself, but partly upon the charity of individuals or of the state and partly upon mob violence; the man in public life who is a demagogue or corrupt, and the newspaper writer who fails to attack him because of his corruption, or who slanderously assails him when he is honest; the political leader who, cursed by some obliquity of moral or mental vision, seeks to produce sectional or social strife—all these, though important in their day, have hitherto failed to leave any lasting impress upon the life of the nation.

The men who have profoundly influenced the growth of our national character have been in most cases precisely those men whose influence was for the best and was strongly felt as antagonistic to the worst tendency of the age. The great writers, who have written in prose or verse, have done much for us. The great

orators whose burning words on behalf of liberty, of union, of honest government, have rung through our legislative halls, have done even more. Most of all has been done by the men who have spoken to us through deeds and not words, or whose words have gathered their especial charm and significance because they came from men who did speak in deeds. A nation's greatness lies in its possibility of achievement in the present, and nothing helps it more than the consciousness of achievement in the past.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in New York City. As a boy he was of frail physique, but overcame this handicap by systematic exercise and outdoor life. Roosevelt was graduated from Harvard University in 1880, was elected to the Legislature of New York the same year, and served three terms. In 1884 ill-health led him to go to the far West, where for two years he lived the life of a cowboy. Returning to New York in 1886, Roosevelt wrote in four volumes the history of the development of the great West, *The Winning of the West.* In 1897 President McKinley appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Navy; this position he gave up to enter the Spanish-American war. He raised a regiment of volunteer cavalry in the West, called "Rough Riders," of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1898 he was elected Governor of New York, and in 1900 Vice-President of the United States. Upon the death of McKinley a few months later, Roosevelt became President, and in 1904 he was elected to the Presidency. He was always a vigorous American, basing his theory of politics on honesty, courage, hard work, and fair play. This selection is taken from his book, *American Ideals and Other Essays.*

Discussion. 1. Give the topic of each paragraph. 2. Arrange these topics in the form of an outline, and listen while six pupils give the substance of the selection, each giving the thought of one paragraph in his own words. 3. Give another title to the selection. 4. Why is the influence of men who speak in deeds greater than that of those who speak only in words? 5. In what ways have the lives of Washington and Lincoln influenced the nation? 6. Listen while a good reader reads Whittier's "Laus Deo." 7. *Library reading: The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt,* Hagedorn. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: worthies; sunder; jangling; prevalent; unscrupulous; demagogue; consciousness. 9. *Pronounce:* dauntless; incalculable; obliquity.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

I suppose very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement—

"NOLAN. Died on board U. S. corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Con-

struction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo,* determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses,* and it was rumored that he had

an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of courts-martial on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heavens knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he always had been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy—

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown

up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them —certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid,* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807)

"Sir—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD,

"For the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospects of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites; I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not

published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespere before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the

fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,

> This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?—
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment, a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom

spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren,* or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never

heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentleman and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a

godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after,

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him

—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree—that Commodore said,

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said,

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said,

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took pos-

session of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old *Essex* Porter, not this *Essex*. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours, from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and

that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of *Deuteronomy,* I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to

understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience's sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understand that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, *"Ah, non Palmas,"* and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Moun-

tains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say—"Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat

up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato,* involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the

George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously—"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay—he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say—

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his

self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant,* a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "if you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday

morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop. Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake,* and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard,* and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old

Kentucky. And do you think, he asked me who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it, of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, of inventions, and books, and literature, of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent; yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with

a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me: 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

'In Memory of
'PHILIP NOLAN,
'Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), a native of Boston and a grand-nephew of the Revolutionary patriot, Nathan Hale, was a clergyman and author. His best-known work is *The Man Without a Country,* which he wrote during the Civil War in order to arouse patriotism at that critical period in our history. Though he says, "My hero is a purely imaginary character," Philip Nolan seemed as real to the author as he does to us who read the story, for Dr. Hale tells us, "My own tears blotted the paper of the original manuscript." To make the narrative seem the real account of a naval officer, the author intended to have it published under the name, "Lieutenant Fred Ingham," the officer who is speaking in the story; but through some error the author's name appeared.

Note. Read the story through silently at one sitting, if possible, and without interruption; time yourself and compare your reading speed with that of your classmates. Test your ability in rapid silent reading by seeing how much of the story you can tell from this outline: 1. Philip Nolan, the gay officer—(a) his early life, (b) his affection for Aaron Burr, (c) the court-martial, (d) the sentence, (e) instructions for carrying out the sentence. 2. Philip Nolan, the man without a country—(a) methodical life for over fifty years on some twenty cruises (uniform; mess; books and newspapers; scrapbooks; love for Natural History; health; nursing), (b) reading from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* (c) the ball on board the *Warren,* (d) the frigate-duel, (e) the slave ship, (f) Nolan's last hours.

Discussion. 1. As you read the story through, what single great impression did it make upon you? 2. Select four especially strong passages to be read aloud in class; which is the finest passage of all? 3. Note the change in the character of Nolan through each successive incident; tell what each incident impressed upon him; how did your feeling toward him change? 4. The author used many names and events to give the narrative the appearance of fact; what are some of the allusions? 5. Can you name any stories and poems written during the World War with a purpose similar to the one that prompted this story? 6. Show that "The Man Without a Country" is a typical short story. 7. *Library reading:* "The Colors," Andrews (in *Old Glory); A Son of the Revolution,* Brooks. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: corvette; seduce; court-martial; Clarences; cavalierly; ravelins; *patois;* voluble; barracoon. 9. *Pronounce:* archives; Orleans; etiquette; insignia; braggadocio; *contretemps;* Linnaeus.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

(Two-Minute Talks)

1. What it means to be a patriot. 2. Our country: the debt I owe it; how I can repay that debt. 3. The part Philip Nolan might have played in his country's development. 4. The true story of a patriot. 5. A true story from American history.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
November 21, 1864.

MRS. BIXBY,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 376.

Discussion. 1. Of what fine qualities in President Lincoln does this letter give evidence? 2. The Italian patriot (page 346) says, "This faith was shown to Italy, our mother; she uses my hand and blesses thee." How do these words apply similarly to Lincoln? 3. Memorize these words from Lincoln's second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." 4. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: beguile; bereavement. 5. *Pronounce:* adjutant; sacrifice.

YUSSOUF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food—
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at Whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born; sleep in peace!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) came of an old and influential New England family. Born in an atmosphere of learning in Cambridge, he enjoyed every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means, and convenient opportunity could offer. Besides the facilities of the college near by, his father's library was one of the richest in the whole country. It is not strange, then, that he became one of the most scholarly Americans of his time. After leaving college he became deeply interested in political issues, and was thus stirred to his first serious efforts in literature. In 1848 appeared his *Vision of Sir Launfal,* a narrative poem with a beautiful meaning. Few patriotic poems surpass his *Commemoration Ode.* Besides his poetical works, he wrote many books of travel and essays about literature. He succeeded Longfellow in his professorship at Harvard, and was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Discussion. 1. Where do you think the scene of this poem is laid? Give the reason for your answer. 2. What do you know of the habits of people who live in tents? 3. What virtues would men living in this way most admire? Why? 4. How do you think Yussouf had won his title of "The Good"? 5. To what does the stranger compare himself? 6. What does the bending of the bow signify? 7. To what tribes does the stranger refer? 8. What did the stranger expect? What more than he expected did Yussouf do? How did this affect the stranger? 9. What was the struggle going on in the stranger's mind and heart that is called "self-conquest"? 10. What emotions made the stranger's face "grand"? 11. Read the words in which he reveals himself to Yussouf. 12. What do you suppose Yussouf's "one black thought" had been? 13. How did he avenge his son? 14. When does Yussouf show himself most noble? 15. Which lines in the last stanza are addressed to the stranger and which to the dead son? 16. Into which two lines is the thought of the poem condensed? 17. How does this thought compare with that of "The Bugle Song," page 87? 18. *Class reading:* "The Shepherd of King Admetus"; "The Finding of the Lyre," Lowell.

IF

RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on the turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on";
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
YOURS is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rudyard Kipling (1865—) was born in Bombay, India, of British parents. He was sent to England to be educated, but returned to India at the age of seventeen to work as a journalist. Very soon he began to write tales of the life about him, as well as poems dealing with British civil officials and soldiers in India. By the time he was twenty-four he had won fame with his *Plain Tales from the Hills* and other short stories; and when he published *Barrack Room Ballads,* in 1892, he was widely recognized as a great poet. From 1892 to 1896 he lived in the United States. Perhaps he is best known to boys and girls as the author of the *Jungle Books.* He is a master of the art of telling stories, either in prose or verse. His ballads about the British soldier, "Tommy Atkins," and his experiences on the frontiers of civilization, have a ring and a movement that suggest the old days when the ballad-maker was a man of action, living the adventures that he celebrated in song.

Discussion. 1. Which of these "If's" seems to you especially difficult to practice? 2. Notice how in the first two examples the conditions are made doubly difficult by the additions, "and blaming it on you" and "But make allowance for their doubting, too." 3. What is better than looking good and talking wise? 4. What does Kipling imply should be the aim of dreaming and of thinking? 5. How does he regard Triumph and Disaster? Can you cite an instance where victory proved disastrous, or one where disaster was turned into triumph? 6. Which "If" embodies advice especially good for athletes? 7. Which one makes a fine motto when a difficult task is before you that you must see through to the end? 8. How might "loving friends" hurt one? 9. Which "If" suggests making good use of one's time? 10. Is the reward worth striving for? 11. *Library reading: The Iron Trail.* Beach. (Compare the hero with that of Kipling's "If.")

A DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

CARDINAL NEWMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him; and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes; never takes unfair advantage; never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments; or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries; and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and

resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents; he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Henry Newman (1801-1890), a distinguished clergyman, was born in London. He was graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and became noted as a scholar and a preacher. He is well-known as the author of the familiar hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which he wrote while on a voyage in the Mediterranean Sea. He was made a Cardinal in 1879. This selection is from his book, *The Idea of a University.*

Discussion. 1. Make a list of five suggestions learned from Cardinal Newman which you resolve to put into practice, choosing the ones that apply especially to you; keep the list before you and check up on yourself. (Like means were used by Washington and Franklin to improve their conduct.) 2. What undesirable qualities does he mention that you have perhaps discovered in yourself—or in others—and that you have determined to make war against? 3. What useful hints have you learned for making and preserving friendships, and for the treatment of enemies? 4. What examples of fine behavior have you witnessed in school today? 5. Memorize and apply Tennyson's lines about manners:

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

6. Have you observed in your school social-affairs that everyone has a good time when all the boys and girls "have eyes on all the company," instead of separating into cliques? 7. What does this selection add to your idea of *service?* 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: initiative; allusions; retort; insinuate; indolent; candor; indulgence. 9. *Pronounce:* affronted; irreparable; adversary; opponents.

ABSOLUTION

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

The anguish of the earth absolves our eyes
Till beauty shines in all that we can see.
War is our scourge; yet war has made us wise,
And, fighting for our freedom, we are free.

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe
And loss of things desired—all these must pass.
We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes the grass.

There was an hour when we were loath to part
From life we longed to share no less than others.
Now, having claimed this heritage of heart,
What need we more, my comrades and my brothers?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Siegfried Sassoon (1886—), Robert Graves, and Robert Nichols form a trio of young English soldier-poets whose verses picture vividly their experiences in the World War. Sassoon's poetry is marked by the absence of all feeling of hate or anger. *The Old Huntsman* reflects his early love for the chase and was greatly admired by his fellow-soldiers in France. *Counter-Attack,* with an introduction by his good friend, Robert Nichols, was written to help end war forever. Sassoon was a member of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and served in France and in Palestine.

Discussion. 1. Shakespeare said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; what has the poet won out of the anguish of war? 2. Because of his experience what value does he place upon time? 3. Which lines do you think especially beautiful? 4. *Library reading:* A description of Sassoon by Robert Nichols in the *Review of Reviews,* March, 1919. 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: absolution.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(In Springfield, Illinois)

VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state,
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top hat, and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Worker's Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Vachel Lindsay (1879—) is one of America's best known modern poets. He has recited his poems in many cities of the United States and in many of its bypaths. In the summer of 1912 he walked from Illinois to New Mexico, distributing his rimes and speaking in behalf of the "gospel of beauty." *A Handy Guide for Beggars* is his story of a similar journey through Georgia, and in it he tells how everywhere, like the minstrels of old, he received hospitality in exchange for his songs. His poetry breathes a spirit of human brotherhood that reminds one of Lincoln and Emerson and Walt Whitman. *General William Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems, The Congo and Other Poems,* and *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* are titles of his collections of poetry. The poet's home is in Springfield, Illinois, the former home and the burial-place of Abraham Lincoln.

Discussion. 1. Abraham Lincoln typifies the life and yearnings of the common people, and for this reason he has appealed to the poets who help interpret life for us; what poets have made Lincoln the subject of poems? 2. Why does the poet feel that Lincoln cannot "sleep upon the hill"? 3. What will bring rest to him again? 4. What is being done today to bring about the "spirit-dawn"? 5. What answer would you like to make to the poet's question? 6. What do you think of the description of Lincoln as an example of the author's ability to draw a graphic word-picture? How do you think his art-study is helpful to him? 7. What lines do you like especially well? 8. Another modern poet, Arthur Guiterman, in "He Leads Us Still," has also expressed the idea that Lincoln's spirit lives today. The poem closes—

"He leads us still! O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun.
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here truth must triumph, honor must prevail;
The nation Lincoln died for cannot fail."

CLOSE UP THE RANKS!

EDWARD SIMS VAN ZILE

Gently Death came and bent to him asleep;
His spirit passed, and, lo, his lovers weep,
But not for him, for him the unafraid—
In tears, we ask, "Who'll lead the great crusade?

"Who'll hearten us to carry on the war
For those ideals our fathers battled for;
To give our hearts to one dear flag alone
The flag he loved whose splendid soul has flown?"

With his last breath he gave a clarion cry:
"They only serve who do not fear to die;
He only lives who's worthy of our dead!
Beware the peril of the seed that's spread

"By them who'll reap a harvest of despair,
By them whose dreams unstable are as air;
By them who see the rainbow in the sky,
But not the storm that threatens by and by."

Our leader rests, his voice forever still;
But let us vow to do our leader's will!
Close up the ranks! Our Captain is not dead!
His soul shall live, and by his soul we're led;

Led forward fighting for the real, the true
Not turned aside by what the dreamers do.
If he could speak he would not have us weep;
But souls awake whose Captain lies asleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edward Sims Van Zile (1863—), a native of Troy, New York, is an editorial writer and author. He is editor of *Current Literature.*

Discussion. 1. What thought in "Close Up the Ranks" is similar to that expressed in "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" and in "He Leads Us Still"? 2. What ideals that Roosevelt stood for are expressed in this poem? 3. What is the significance of the title? 4. *Library reading:* In the *Review of Reviews* for July, 1919, there is a collection of poems written on the death of Theodore Roosevelt, among them "Great-Heart," by Kipling, who is an admirer of Roosevelt. Be prepared to read to the class the poem in this collection that appeals most strongly to you.

A REVIEW

In your study of history you have learned something of the growth of the spirit of freedom throughout the world. You have traced its development with particular interest in the history of our own country from the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth to our participation in the World War. You have discovered, perhaps, that *history,* dealing with a record of facts, appeals to your understanding, while *literature,* taking the facts of history as a basis and treating them with imagination, appeals particularly to your feelings. What are the different historic facts that form the basis of the various poems found in the group called "The Spirit of Freedom"? Compare the poet's treatment of Paul Revere's ride with the historian's treatment, as found in your history textbooks. Discuss in class which method of treatment, the literary or the historic, is the more likely to inspire noble conduct. The love of freedom was a strong conviction, not an idle sentiment, to the poets represented in this group; which of them sacrificed their lives to maintain this principle? Give the circumstances in each case. Read again pages 335, 336, and tell how the thoughts apply to the poems in this group. What have you learned about contemporary poetry from studying the poems in Part III? What patriotic lyric is quoted in *The Man Without a Country?* What lyrics inspired by the World War do you find in Part III?

Every nation has its heroes who have worked and striven that the common people might have greater opportunities for development and happiness. If we could read the languages of other nations, we should doubtless be thrilled by what their writers tell of their freedom-loving heroes. However, to the English-speaking peoples the credit must be given for developing a system of government that reflects the common will of all the people. While other nations have made progress in self-government,

America is looked upon as the great experiment in free government; this implies not absolute liberty of each one to do as he likes, but submission to rules and restrictions that men place on themselves for the good of all. In the group of selections called "England and America" you learned of the relationship between these two nations, and of America's place in the world. How did Burke and Pitt regard the American colonists? What did you learn from Washington of America's place in the world? From Webster? In what were the ideas of the British poet Burns and the American poet Whittier alike? What famous definition of our government did Abraham Lincoln make? America is called the land of opportunity; how does Woodrow Wilson show that Abraham Lincoln's life demonstrates the truth of this?

But even the best system of government cannot succeed unless men everywhere feel the bond of human brotherhood and are willing to work for the common welfare. Hermann Hagedorn calls the boys and girls of America "the hope of the world"; do you think he expects too much from them or do you think they are ready to take up responsibility? What can you do in your home and school and neighborhood to help put into practice the "glorious experiment of democracy"? Dr. Holmes speaks of "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights." "All fact-collectors," he says, "who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight." Where in this classification do those persons belong who have the ability, as Mr. Hagedorn says, "greatly to dream, to build, to battle, to kindle, to serve"? How do you think "A Code of Morals," Hutchins (in *American Magazine*, April, 1918), may be used to help American boys and girls realize the ideals of good citizenship? How was Yussouf's feeling for the brotherhood of man tested? What short story in Part III was written to arouse the spirit of patriotism? Under what circumstances was it written? How did your speed in reading this story silently compare with that of your classmates? With the eighth grade standard?

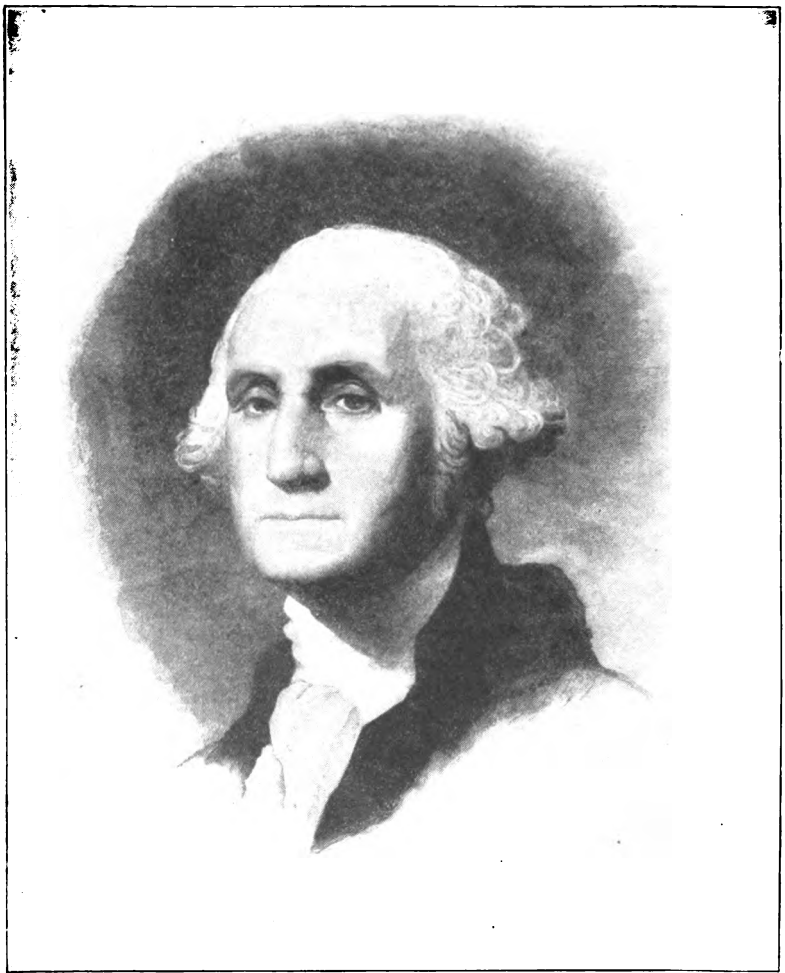
What fine expression of his feeling for a great service did Lincoln make? Which oral discussion suggested by "theme topics" in Part III was so stimulating that it resulted in a class activity? Plan a Service or Good Citizenship program from material found in this book, with the help of the library and the music department. American boys and girls have daily opportunities to render *individual* service; what opportunities for *organized* service does The Junior Red Cross offer? The Camp Fire Girls? The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts? What part does your school take in these national organizations? Discuss in class (two-minute talks) the purposes of each of these organizations as expressed in their laws, pledges, mottoes, and emblems. Read again the last paragraph of the Introduction, page 338, and think how you, as an individual and as a member of one or more of these national organizations, may help to carry on the great tradition of liberty and service.

PART IV

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

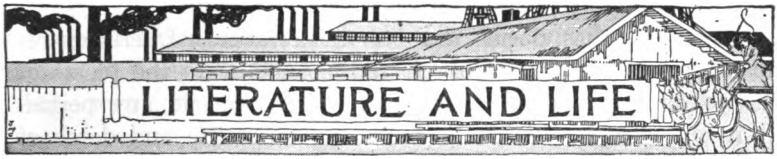
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

—Angela Morgan.



Gilbert Stuart

GEORGE WASHINGTON



AN INTRODUCTION

From one point of view, literature knows neither place nor time. The succession of the seasons, the relation of men to the forces of nature, the mysteries of life and death, are the same to all peoples and in all times. Plato wrote in ancient Greece about love, justice, and ideal government, and what he wrote has direct application to our thought more than twenty centuries after his death. Shakespeare wrote dramas for his countrymen three hundred and more years ago; we still see his plays performed in our theaters, study them in our schools, read them in our homes; while they have been translated into other languages and have become a part of the literature of a dozen peoples. English daffodils were lovely in the seventeenth century, and an English poet named Robert Herrick wrote some lovely lines about them. Daffodils were lovely a century ago, and an English poet named William Wordsworth made them also the subject of a song. Both of these poems we read here in America when the first spring flowers come, and find them as fresh and new as the flowers themselves. Through translations, great novels and poems and dramas at first written in German, French, Russian, and other foreign languages have become part of English literature. Literature knows no bounds of nationality or of the centuries. It has an immortality of continuing life here on earth, and speaks to us, if we so desire, as if it had been written, in our language, the day before yesterday.

But in another sense, literature is a form of the history of a race and of a definite period of time. Men do certain things, make and unmake governments, win prosperity for their nations, or watch their nations sink into decay. The record of these achievements and failures is set down in history. But we find the reasons for these deeds not in the chronicles of events but

in letters, speeches, poems, dramas—in literature. Literature reveals the soul of a people. It shows what were the ideals of justice, brotherhood, love, religion, government, in any period. It is one thing to know the facts about the life and deeds of Napoleon; it is another thing to find out what the career of Napoleon meant, and for this we often find a poem more full of meaning than a historical chronicle. It is one thing to know the facts about the Boston Tea Party: the date, the men who took part, the value of the tea destroyed. But to understand why men who were law-abiding and loyal to constituted government should have done these things we need to read poems and speeches and pamphlets of that period. Thomas Paine, a writer, not a soldier, expressed in burning words the spirit that filled American patriots with courage during the darkest hours of the Revolution, and Washington ordered that some things he wrote should be read at the head of every company of soldiers, saying that such words were of more value for inspiring courage in the hearts of discouraged men than the addition of a regiment to their forces. "We hold these truths to be self-evident"—do you remember where these words occur, and what follows? "Rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Now compare with these words the verses written by a Scottish plowboy, Robert Burns—"A man's a man for a' that." The poem shows clearly the thoughts that were moving men's minds at that Revolutionary period, in Great Britain as well as in America, so that the poem becomes a way of understanding the soul of a past time.

Literature, then, has a twofold province: one that has nothing to do with space and time; the other presenting a form of history of a people. From the one point of view you have your fairy tales, which belong to no one language or century but to the children of every race and color. You have Ulysses, a Greek hero of ancient times, and Beowulf, a hero of the early Germanic tribes along the North sea, whose story was first written down in English, though in a language that we hardly recognize as English today. Both of these you add to your group of heroes who are independent of time and nationality. You have Shakespeare's lovely fairy play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* written in England more than

three centuries ago; but the world to which the fairy drama leads you is of no special place or time—it comes into being, as by a magic wand, whenever you take your book and give yourself up to its power.

On the other hand, you read in your history about the period of American colonization, and you find in literature poems and stories that help you to realize what were the hardships, the manner of life, the types of manhood and womanhood that produced the colonies. You have your history of the Revolution; you may fill in the records of men and battles by reading what literature offers you. A history account of Concord and Lexington finds fuller meaning when you read Emerson's poem about the Concord Monument and Whittier's poem about Lexington. You read about the great westward movement, by which the millions of acres in the Louisiana Purchase were populated (the date and the price paid and the seller and the constitutional questions involved you study in your history, along with the dates of the admission of Missouri and Kansas as members of the sisterhood of states); and you also read Cooper's stories of Indian life, or Parkman's stories of Oregon, or Longfellow's story of Hiawatha, or Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and many, many others, and the historical facts take on new meaning. And you look out at America today, busy and prosperous, and you find in stories of American workers a means for understanding the scenes in which you will soon be an actor—a farmer, or a mechanic, or a governor, or a captain of industry in the America of tomorrow.

In this section of your book some materials are given for acquiring an understanding of what America means and how her present grows out of the past. These are only examples of a sort of study that you may carry as far as you wish. There is no lack of material. It will help you understand America, so that you may give loyal service to America when you grow up. And then, when you are older, you may study England, or France, or any other great people in this way, so that you may know their ideals and what they have added to civilization! So doing, wars shall cease; for we do not hate people when we know their best instincts and desires; and the instincts and desires of a people are recorded in their songs, their stories, their expression of the meaning of life.

PIONEER AMERICA

COLUMBUS*

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know

*Permission to print granted by Harr Wagner Publishing Co., publishers of Joaquin Miller's poems.

Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword;
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in Wabash District, Indiana, in 1841. When about thirteen he went to the Willamette Valley, Oregon, to live. Later he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced in Canyon City. He wrote a defense of the Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta, and adopted his first name as a pseudonym. After traveling in Europe, he published his first volume of poems, *Songs of the Sierras.*

Discussion. 1. Do you like the way this poem begins? 2. Why did not the poet begin at the beginning of the voyage? 3. What are the Gates of Hercules? 4. To whom did the mate expect to repeat what Columbus said? 5. How had a crew been secured for this voyage? 6. How did the men stand the test of the voyage? 7. What report of them did the mate give to Columbus? 8. What did he want Columbus to do if they should "sight naught but seas at dawn"? 9. What made the mate think that God had gone from those seas? 10. When did the events narrated in the fourth stanza take place? 11. What is the last question asked by the mate? How did

Columbus answer the question? 12. What thought does the "leaping sword" give you? 13. Does the description of Columbus with which the last stanza opens seem in contrast with the "leaping sword"? 14. What did Columbus see that night? 15. What did that light tell him? 16. What does the poet mean when he says "It grew"? 17. What is the "star-lit flag"? 18. What lesson did he teach that world? 19. How has the poet made us feel the wonder, the triumph, and the thankfulness of Columbus when the light appeared? 20. Why does the poet stop at this point? 21. Find in the Glossary: very; blanched; dread. 22. *Pronounce:* Joaquin.

Phrases

gray Azores, **436**, 1
Gates of Hercules, **436**, 2
ghosts of shores, **436**, 3
ghastly wan, **436**, 10
sight nought, **436**, 14
Time's burst of dawn, **437**, 19

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

(CHAPTER III)

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

—Bryant.

Leaving the unsuspecting Heyward and his confiding companions to penetrate still deeper into a forest that contained such treacherous inmates, we must use an author's privilege and shift the scene a few miles to the westward of the place where we have last seen them.

On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense

heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds and rested in the atmosphere. Still, that breathing silence which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men, the occasional and lazy tap of a woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear from the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accouterments of a native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter, though sunburned and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from a European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume that crossed his crown and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in his girdle, while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full-formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared yet to have weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been

shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his underdress which appeared below the hunting-frock was a pair of buckskin leggings that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his personal accouterments, though a rifle of great length, which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them was the most dangerous of all firearms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. Notwithstanding the symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but at the moment at which he is introduced it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty.

"Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingachgook," he said, speaking in the tongue which was known to all the natives whc formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomac, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader, endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities, both of the individual and of the language. "Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river, fought the people of the country, and took the land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them by yours; then let God judge the matter between us, and friends spare their words!"

"My fathers fought with the naked red man!" returned the Indian sternly, in the same language. "Is there no difference, Hawkeye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior and the leaden bullet with which you kill?"

"There is reason in an Indian, though nature has made him with a red skin!" said the white man, shaking his head like one on whom such an appeal to his justice was not thrown away. For a moment he appeared to be conscious of having the worst of

the argument; then, rallying again, he answered the objection of his antagonist in the best manner his limited information would allow: "I am no scholar, and I care not who knows it; but judging from what I have seen, at deer chases and squirrel hunts, of the sparks below, I should think a rifle in the hands of their grandfathers was not so dangerous as a hickory bow and a good flint-head might be, if drawn with Indian judgment, and sent by an Indian eye."

"You have the story told by your fathers," returned the other, coldly waving his hand. "What say your old men? Do they tell the young warriors that the pale-faces met the red men, painted for war and armed with the stone hatchet and wooden gun?"

"I am not a prejudiced man, nor one who vaunts himself on his natural privileges, though the worst enemy I have on earth, and he is an Iroquois, daren't deny that I am genuine white," the scout replied, surveying, with secret satisfaction, the faded color of his bony and sinewy hand; "and I am willing to own that my people have many ways of which, as an honest man, I can't approve. It is one of their customs to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to the face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man who is too conscientious to misspend his days among the women in learning the names of black marks, may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them. For myself, I conclude the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with the rifle, which must have been handed down from generation to generation, as our holy commandments tell us all good and evil gifts are bestowed; though I should be loath to answer for other people in such a matter. But every story has its two sides; so I ask you, Chingachgook, what passed, according to the traditions of the red men, when our fathers first met?"

A silence of a minute succeeded, during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawkeye, and your ear shall drink no lie. 'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done." He hesitated a single instant, and bending a cautious glance toward his companion, he continued, in a manner that was divided between interrogation and assertion, "Does not this stream at our feet run toward the summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows upward?"

"It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in both these matters," said the white man; "for I have been there and have seen them; though why water, which is so sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an alteration for which I have never been able to account."

"And the current?" demanded the Indian, who expected his reply with that sort of interest that a man feels in the confirmation of testimony at which he marvels even while he respects it; "the fathers of Chingachgook have not lied!"

"The Holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest thing in nature. They call this up-stream current the tide, which is a thing soon explained, and clear enough. Six hours the waters run in, and six hours they run out, and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the sea than in the river, they run in, until the river gets to be highest, and then it runs out again."

"The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, run downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian, stretching the limb horizontally before him, "and then they run no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mystery of the tides; "and I grant that it is true on the small scale, and where the land is level. But everything depends on what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale, the 'arth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lakes may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to spread water over a great tract, like the sea, where the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a

mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment!"

If unsatisfied by the philosophy of his companion, the Indian was far too dignified to betray his unbelief. He listened like one who was convinced, and resumed his narrative in his former solemn manner.

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reached the big river. There we fought the Alligewi, till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream, to a river twenty suns' journey toward the summer. The land we had taken like warriors, we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lakes; we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused; "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men around them. Then, Hawkeye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion only by permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones which render his language, as spoken at times, so very musical, "then Hawkeye, we were one people, and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshiped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph!"

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?" demanded the white. "But you are a just man, for an Indian; and, as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed

man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers!"

"Graves bring solemn feelings over the mind," returned the scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion; "and they often aid a man in his good intentions; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied, to bleach in the woods, or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since?"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers!—fallen, one by one: so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will no longer be any of the blood of the sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here!" said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones, near his elbow; "who speaks to Uncas?"

The white loosened his knife in his leathern sheath, and made an involuntary movement of the hand toward his rifle, at this sudden interruption; but the Indian sat composed, and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father, nor was any question asked, or reply given, for several minutes; each appearing to await the moment when he might speak, without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly toward his son, and demanded,

"Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their moccasins in these woods?"

"I have been on their trail," replied the young Indian, "and know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands; but they lie hid, like cowards."

"The thieves are out-lying for scalps and plunder!" said the white man, whom we shall call Hawkeye, after the manner of his companions. "That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel!"

"'Tis enough!" returned the father, glancing his eye toward the setting sun; "they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawkeye, let us eat tonight, and show the Maquas that we are men tomorrow."

"I am as ready to do the one as the other; but to fight the Iroquois 'tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat 'tis necessary to get the game—talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season, moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas," he continued in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learned to be watchful, "I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampum, that I take him atwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left."

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian, springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father. "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creatur', he can't tell where the rest of him should be!"

Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying,

"Hawkeye! will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow, Uncas, or we may kill a deer for them thieves, the Iroquois, to eat."

The instant the father seconded this intimation by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat, when bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout, laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

"By the Lord, there is a drove of them!" exclaimed the scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation; "If they come within range of a bullet I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but one deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "I hear the sounds of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter and are following on his trail!"

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat on the log with his former composure. "Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

"That will I, and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do I hear the sounds of man or beast; 'tis strange that an Indian should understand white sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has

no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the redskins long enough to be suspected! Ha! there goes something like the cracking of a dry stick, too—now I hear the bushes move —yes, yes, there is a trampling that I mistook for the falls—and —but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), an American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey. He left college to enter the navy, and his experiences there led to his writing of sea tales. He will always be best known, however, as the author of Indian stories and the creator of Natty Bumppo, the brave pioneer, scout, and Indian fighter, who is the central character in his series of novels called *Leather-Stocking Tales.* The name Hawkeye was given the scout by the Indians, and is used in *The Last of the Mohicans,* Cooper's greatest novel. The Mohicans were a tribe of Algonquin Indians who lived in Connecticut and eastern New York.

Discussion. 1. Describe in your own words the scene with which the selection opens. 2. Of what were the two men talking? 3. What do you learn of the Indian's pride? 4. How did he look upon the coming of the white men? 5. How had the Mohicans gained their lands? 6. Why did the Indian think their warfare with other red men was more justifiable than the warfare of the white men with the Indians? What was the scout's answer to this? 7. How had the Indian learned the history of his forefathers? 8. How is the story of the past preserved for us? 9. What was the condition of the Mohicans when the white men came? 10. What is meant by "fire water"? Who gave it to the Indians? What was the result? 11. In what words did the Indian tell that his home was in the forest? 12. What reason had the scout for thinking that his bones would lie unburied? 13. By whom did the scout think that the Maquas or Iroquois were employed? 14. Whom was Montcalm fighting? 15. Why did the Indian prevent Hawkeye from firing at the deer? 16. What sounds did the Indians hear that the white man could not hear? 17. What admirable qualities does Hawkeye show in this story? 18. What do you most admire in the Indian? 19. The quotation at the beginning of this selection is from Bryant's "An Indian at the Burial-Place of His Fathers"; be prepared to read the entire poem to the class. 20. *Library reading:* Read the other chapters of this book and report upon them in class, following this outline:

Munro, the English commander of Fort William Henry, is surrounded by the French army under Montcalm, who is aided by the Hurons—also called Mingoes in the story. Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, escorted

by Lieutenant Duncan Heyward and an Indian guide, Magua, are trying to go from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Fort William Henry on Lake George to join their father. However, the guide Magua proves to be a hostile Huron. Fortunately, the party falls in with the friendly Hawkeye, a white scout, and two Indians, Uncas and his father, Chingachgook, who are the last of the Mohicans.

(a) Hawkeye concealing the party in the cave from the Hurons (chapters 1-6).

(b) The Hurons attacking the cave (chapters 7, 8).

(c) The capture of the girls and Duncan (chapters 9-11).

(d) The rescue by Hawkeye and the Mohicans (chapter 12).

(e) The safe arrival at Fort William Henry (chapters 13, 14).

(f) The surrender of the Fort to Montcalm and the massacre of the English by the Hurons (chapters 15-17).

(g) Hawkeye and the Mohicans with Munro and Duncan in search of the missing girls (chapters 18-21).

(h) The end of the trail in the camp of the Hurons (chapter 22).

(i) In the camp of the Hurons—Alice and Uncas rescued by Duncan and Hawkeye; the party seeking safety with the neighboring Delawares where Cora has already been sent by the Hurons (chapters 23-26).

(j) Magua's pursuit with his warriors (chapters 27, 28).

(k) The law of the woods. The justice of the Delawares (chapters 29, 30).

(l) The battle between the Delawares and the Hurons. Fate of Uncas and Cora (chapters 31-33).

21. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: canopy; indurated; wampum; sagamore; intimation. *Pronounce:* accouterments; attenuated; gutteral; Mohicans.

Phrases

shift the scene, **438, 3**
without guile, **440, 15**
salt lake, **440, 26**
vaunts himself, **441, 13**
from generation to generation, **441, 28**

SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYL

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"

Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew:
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal; we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave.
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosened drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air; no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,

Beyond the circle of our hearth
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became;
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed;
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,

Whispered the old rhyme: *"Under the tree,*
When the fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow;
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn;
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read;
Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade;
No voice is heard, no sign is made;
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old;
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told;
Or stammered from our schoolbook lore
"The chief of Gambia's golden shore."
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clamshell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or ran the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook; knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew;
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down;
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay;
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And sober tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewel's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,

And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies;
And foul or fair could well divine
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meaning clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride

The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got;
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold;
The bitter wind unheeded blew;
From ripening corn the pigeons flew;
The partridge drummed i' the wood; the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.

For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay;
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon:
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,

Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are:
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face,
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds

'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainéd thought and lore of book.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentered, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,

The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout,
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward, wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,

And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,

Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tossed,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled;
Then toiled again the cavalcade

O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low-drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot;
At every house a new recruit;
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snowballs' compliments,
And reading in each missive tossed
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief, autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on; a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er;
Read and reread our little store

Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had),
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed;
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears—
Life greatens in these later years;
The century's aloe flowers today!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography,** see page 374.

Discussion. 1. Into what parts may this poem be divided? 2. How does the description of the sun "that brief December day" prepare you for what is to follow? 3. Of what was the appearance of the sun a "mute prophecy"? 4. What is the difference between a portent and a threat? 5. What told the coming of the storm? 6. What does the poet mention as being the "nightly chores" at his home? 7. What does the word "meanwhile" tell you as to the time at which they did these chores? 8. Read the lines which tell of the beginning of the snow-storm. 9. In what connection is the word "swarm" commonly used? What picture does it give you of the snowflakes? 10. How does the addition of the word "whirl-dance" change the picture you had made? 11. What other words does the poet use to describe the crossing and re-crossing of the snow? 12. Read two lines which tell the changes the snow made in the appearance of familiar objects. 13. Why was the making of a path a necessity? 14. Where is the story of Aladdin told? What were his lamp's "supernal powers"? 15. How does the poet make us feel the solitude of the farmhouse? 16. Try to give in your own words the picture of the moonlight on the snow. 17. Try to give in your own words the picture of the hearth. 18. Of whom did the circle gathered around the fire consist? 19. Which members of the family are not described in the poem? Why? 20. Select the lines which please you most in each description. 21. How did the family amuse themselves? 22. Who told the stories? 23. Of what did their library consist? 24. Who are meant by the "heathen Nine"? 25. Can you explain how Elwood's Muse may be called a stranger to the "heathen Nine"? 26. What put the household again in touch with the outside world? 27. Of what did they read in the paper? 28. What was printed in the "corner for the rustic Muse"? 29. What is meant by the "hue and cry"? 30. Read lines which tell the effect of the news upon the snow-bound family. 31. Of what are cypress trees a symbol? 32. What do the stars shining through the cypress trees symbolize? 33. What is the voice which bids

the dreamer leave his dreams? 34. What is meant by "Truce of God"? 35. Why does the poet compare the pictures he has shown with Flemish pictures. 36. *Class readings:* Each pupil may select one of the following class readings for special preparation. Study your particular assignment, using all the helps available until you yourself can visualize the scene and enable your classmates to get a vivid picture from your reading. The signs of the storm, p. 449, ll. 1-18; the chores, p. 449, ll. 19-30; the storm, p. 450, ll. 1-35; making a path the first morning, p. 450, l. 36, to p. 451, l. 25; a day of isolation, p. 451, l. 26, to p. 452, l. 6; the brook, p. 452, ll. 7-12; the rosy warmth of the fire, p. 452, l. 13, to p. 453, l. 3; the dead white of the moonlight, p. 453, ll. 4-15; the hearth, p. 453, ll. 16-35; the poet's love for his family, and his faith, p. 454, ll. 1-37; the father, p. 455, ll. 5-36; the mother, p. 456, l. 1, to p. 457, l. 14; the uncle, p. 457, l. 15, to p. 458, l. 20; the aunt, p. 458 l. 21, to p. 459, l. 12; the elder sister, p. 459, ll. 13-26; the youngest, p. 459, l. 27, to p. 460, l. 37; the schoolmaster, p. 461, l. 1, to p. 462, l. 10; the guest, p. 462, l. 11, to p. 464, l. 17; the mother's evening prayer, p. 464, l. 30, to p. 465, l. 5; sleep, p. 465, ll. 6-20; breaking the path the second morning, p. 465, l. 21, to p. 466, l. 30; the library of Whittier's childhood, p. 466, l. 31, to p. 467, l. 9; the village paper, p. 467, ll. 10-37; memory, p. 468, ll. 1-25; the poet to the reader, p. 468, ll. 26-36; the reader's thanks to the poet, p. 469, ll. 1-9. 37. Learn by heart the lines you like particularly well. 38. *Library reading: The Life of a Pioneer,* Shaw; *A Son of the Middle Border,* Garland. 39. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: idyl; waning; portent, bows; querulous; spherule; pellicle; meteor; sweep; buskins; Amun; knoll; clean-winged; couchant; conscious; cypress-trees; palimpsest. 40. *Pronounce:* stanchion; geometric; supernal; harem; silhouette; Memphremagog; St. François; gundalow; Cochecho; lyceum; mirage; cavalcade; vendue.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

1. A sketch of the life of Whittier. 2. A description of the storm. 3. A description of the scene the morning after the storm. 4. Character sketches of the chief personages. 5. A description of the room in which the family gathered for the evening. 6. How the evening was spent. 7. Imagine the exterior of the farmhouse and its surroundings, using the hints given in the poem. 8. Contrast a modern farmhouse with which you are familiar with the Whittier house pictured in the poem. 9. Contrast the opportunities for education in rural districts in Whittier's boyhood days with those of the present time. 10. Discuss the influence that the schoolmaster might exert on such a household as Whittier describes, illustrating from Whittier's own life. 11. Modes of coöperation in country life in early days, giving the necessity for it. 12. The most interesting person about the Whittier fireside. 13. Describe the scene about the fireside as the mother "Told how the Indian hordes came down." 14. The historical value of the poem. 15. The poetic value of the poem.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province,

just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or

trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took

place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He

was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face,

and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twitter-

ing among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none of whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found

the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills,

was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planted himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and

gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself —I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipi-

tation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor —Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter

Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to

comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end! he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Washington Irving (1783-1859), "the father of American Literature" and "the first American humorist," was born in New York City in the year in which the treaty of peace which ended the Revolutionary War was signed. In his boyhood he rambled over the city of New York, making excursions into the country, along the banks of the Hudson and over the Kaatskills. During these rambles he collected a great store of legends and tales which he later reproduced with inimitable humor in

a number of short stories and a long book called *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* one of the choicest pieces of burlesque in our literature. This and *The Sketch Book,* published ten years later, not only made Irving famous at home and in England, but proved that America was to take her place in literature among the nations of the world. *The Alhambra* and *The Life and Voyages of Columbus* were written after Irving's visit to Spain. His last work was *The Life of George Washington,* a tribute to the great man for whom he had been named.

Discussion. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. What is the time? 3. Into what three parts does the story naturally divide? 4. Describe the hero of the story. 5. Where were the idle men of the village in the habit of meeting? 6. How were these meetings frequently broken up? 7. Where did Rip Van Winkle go to escape from his home? 8. Describe in your own words what he saw from his resting place high up in the mountain. 9. What was the time of day? 10. How does the mention of the shadows and solitude prepare you for what is to follow? 11. What does Wolf's behavior when Rip's name is called lead you to expect? 12. Why were you surprised at the appearance of the person who called to Rip? 13. Why did the author picture the players in old Dutch dress? 14. Describe Rip's awakening. 15. What difficulties did he meet in trying to return home by the way he had ascended the mountain? 16. What strange sights did he see when he entered the village? 17. How was the sign on the inn changed? 18. What does this tell you? 19. What questions did the "tavern politicians" ask Rip? 20. How did he establish his identity? 21. What legend corroborated Rip's story of the strange men on the mountain? 22. How is the interest of the story increased by the particular period which the author chose for Rip's sleep? 23. How much do the appearance and character of Rip's daughter add to the pleasure given by the story? 24. What do you think of the description of Rip's son? Why is this description given? 25. Is this story intended to thrill the reader or to amuse him? Try to give reasons for your answer. 26. Read the few words in which Irving describes Rip Van Winkle's feelings on hearing his name called and seeing the behavior of his dog. How do you think Hawthorne would have described these feelings? Try to think how Poe would have described them. 27. *Library reading:* Other stories from *The Sketch Book.* 28. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: descried; obsequious; shrew; patrimonial; junto; virago; alacrity; amphitheater; visage; flagon; roisterer; impenetrable; connubial; metamorphosed; austere; tory; corroborated; Half-Moon; ditto; evinced. 29. *Pronounce:* termagant; insuperable; rubicund; patriarch; vehemently; august; alternative; unfrequented; gesture; disputatious; phlegm; refugee; draught.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forest old; and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents; and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest; and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded; and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.

There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm; and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows;
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth; and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" she was called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the icebound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watchdog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hobnailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend; and tonight may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing, Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the windowpanes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table;
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver;
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothespress
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant,
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sting of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger;
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees; and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill; and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad, ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen;
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father

Smoldered the fire on the hearth; on the board stood the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers,
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn;
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm; and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,
"Gabriel! be of good cheer; for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye; and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-maid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded;
Rose no smoke from the roofs; and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes full of tears to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head; and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, and its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones;
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its bank, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur:
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles—a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoofs on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her.
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers;
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off —indistinct —as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered:
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountain of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dovecots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only today he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away tomorrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without; and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the ax are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.
But the brave Brasil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors.
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlight meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his campfire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on that city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn;
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,
Meek in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor you always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood:
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them:
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 163.

Historical Note. The conflict for supremacy between the French and the English is a part of the early history of Nova Scotia, which was called Acadie by the French. The Acadians were essentially French in their blood and in their sympathies, though the English were from time to time in authority over the country. At one time the English demanded an oath of allegiance from the Acadians. This they refused to take unless it should be so modified as to exempt them from bearing arms against France. It was finally decided to remove the Acadians from the country, scattering them throughout the colonies in such a way as to prevent their concerted action in attempting to return to their homes. Accordingly, they were driven on board the English transports, and three thousand of them were sent out of the country. In the confusion incident to their

removal, families and friends were separated, in many cases never to meet again.

It is interesting to note that a bronze statue of "Evangeline" was unveiled on July 29, 1920, at Grand Pré, Nova Scotia. The statue represents Evangeline about to leave her native land, her face turned slightly backward in a sorrowful manner The statue was cast in France and then shipped to America, the sculptor being Henri Herbert, a French-Canadian. The park in which the statue stands overlooks the famous dyked lands of Acadia. At the ceremonies the honor of unveiling the statue was accorded to Lady Burnham, the wife of the proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph.

Discussion. 1. Into what parts is the poem divided? 2. With what does Part the First deal? Part the Second? 3. What purpose do the introductory lines tc Part the First serve? 4. What is a primeval forest? 5. Who were the Druids? 6. What custom of the Druids caused the poet to think of them in connection with the forest? 7. What may have given rise to the comparison of the trees to harpers? 8. What tells us that the mood of the ocean is in sympathy with the melancholy of the forest? 9. To what are the lives of the farmers compared? 10. By what "shadows of earth" may their lives have been darkened? 11. How could their lives reflect an "image of heaven"? 12. Upon whom does the poet call to listen to his story? *Part the First.* I. 1. What does Longfellow mean when he speaks of vast meadows giving the village its name? 2. Why does the poet call envy "the vice of republics"? 3. In what sense was the richest in Acadie poor? 4. Find lines that describe Evangeline's father. 5. Find lines that describe Evangeline. 6. How has the "craft of the smith" been regarded from earliest times? How can you account for this? II. 1. What do we call that "beautiful season" which the Acadians called the "Summer of All Saints"? 2. What pictures make up the evening scene? III. 1. How was the betrothal celebrated? 2. What forebodings were expressed? IV. 1. What proclamation was made at the church? 2. How was it received by the Acadians? 3. How did Evangeline try to help the women and children? V. 1. What happened when the time came for entering the boats? 2. What was done to the homes that the Acadians had left? 3. What caused the death of Evangeline's father? *Part the Second.* 1. 1. Where did the Acadians land? 2. What did the exiles do in the strange land? 3. Read the words with which the priest comforted Evangeline. 4. How does the poet say he will follow Evangeline's footsteps? II. 1. Who accompanied Evangeline and the priest on their journey down the Mississippi? 2. What thought sustained Evangeline on this voyage? 3. What vision came to her? III. 1. Describe the meeting with Basil. 2. Find lines in which Basil contrasts his new home with the old. 3. Why was it that Evangeline's party failed to see Gabriel's boat? IV. 1. Where did Evangeline seek for Gabriel as the years passed? 2. How did her appearance change as time passed? V. 1. What had her life of sorrow taught

her? 2. What did her loving heart lead her to do? 3. Where did her work as a Sister of Mercy take her? 4. How had the priest's words come true? 5. What tells us that rich and poor alike died from the pestilence? 6. What helped Evangeline to recognize Gabriel? 7. What reasons for thankfulness did she have? 8. What words of the good priest may have come to her mind at this time? 9. Have you seen *Evangeline* in motion pictures? How did the film-story differ from the poem-story? If you are interested, send for *Motion Pictures Bulletin, No. 82,* Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (I, i) ethereal; wains; mutation; (ii) regent; glebe; notary; (iii) Loup-garou; irascible; congealed; parties; dower; (iv) jocund; vibrant; dissonant; convened; solstice; imprecations; ambrosial; (v) refluent; kelp; leaguer; unperturbed; gleeds; oblivious; (II, i) inarticulate; shards; devious; (ii) wimpling; peradventure; multitudinous; pendulous; oblivion; (iii) hilarious; ci-divant; domains; accordant; inundate; oracular; (iv) incantation; susurrus; swarded; cloisters; mendicant; asphodel; wold; (v) abnegation; diffused; assiduous. 11. *Pronounce:* prelude; (I, i) hearth; heirloom; exquisite; seraglio; (iii) warier; embrasure; (iv) sonorous; clement; mien; contrition; (II, i) savanna; (ii) tenebrous; demoniac; buoy; (iii) Upharsin; (iv) implacable; taciturn; anchorite; coureur-des-bois; subtle; (v) presaged.

Phrases

reign of the Henries, **489**, 15
envy, the vice of republics, **490**, 10
penitent Peter, **491**, 25
held in repute, **492**, 19
ripened thought into action, **493**, 13
sign of the Scorpion, **493**, 20
birds of passage, **493**, 21
plane-tree the Persian adorned, **494**, 13
night of the contract, **497**, 21
solstice of summer, **504**, 7
sworn them allegiance, **504**, 21
tocsin's alarum, **505**, 3
Ave Maria, **505**, 21
patriarchal demeanor, **523**, 16
Foolish Virgin, **526**, 25
Fata Morgana, **528**, 18
dews of nepenthe, **532**, 22
like the Hebrew, **537**, 6

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

At nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, or partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that bleak verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds, or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam.

As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness—on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weatherbeaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Dr. Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment—and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice, had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were sup-

posed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial-vault of his dead progenitors rummaging their moldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's, Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it, as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedi-

tion, fully forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle, gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who, doubtless, is as wise as any graybeard of the company—here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bearskin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it—that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The

pursuit alone is my strength—the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead, on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted lifetime back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Dr. Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the luster of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world, in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, "for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the evil one.

Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it; my soul shall drink its radiance—it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!"

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think!" ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—"to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, the escutcheons, that hang around

the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the de Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing, as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then, how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with the spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *rerum*

natura. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man, one whit less an ass than myself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious, too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points of heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke, from visions of unearthly radiance, to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she in haste. "The strange folk

are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cool pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrightened from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her, and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage, and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again that moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great

Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold the green earth again, more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists creeping gradually up the mountain concealed its lonely peak and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart!—we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upward they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their

attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light, as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now, these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropt his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth, there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a

medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

Matthew saw that she was faint, and, kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly-cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest!" cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast, "we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride; "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!"

Out of the hollow of their hands they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the Spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Dr. Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his labora-

tory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the willful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, toward the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noon-

tide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was a master of the short story as a means for interpreting character, particularly the character of the Puritan founders of New England. Some of his legends of colonial times portray the stern methods of Governor Endicott, or tell a humorous story of the Pine-Tree Shillings, or recount the weird story of the old gray champion who defied Governor Andros. But besides these legends he wrote stories, visions of life in which one can scarcely draw the line between reality and illusion; stories of lovers who sought vainly for happiness; stories of a great stone face on the mountain side, and what it signified. Somewhat longer than these tales—*Twice-Told Tales* he called them, from which "The Great Carbuncle" is taken—are his romances, such as *The Scarlet Letter, Mosses from an Old Manse,* and *The House of the Seven Gables.* Besides his longer romances he popularized New England history in the form of stories. *Grandfather's Chair* is one such collection of stories.

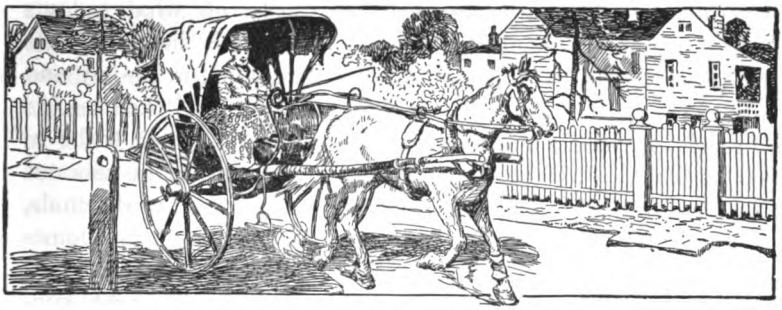
Discussion. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. In what kind of shelter did the adventurers pass the night? 3. For what purpose had each come to the mountain-side? 4. What shows that the adventurers were high up on the mountain? 5. What made them feel friendly as the night advanced? 6. Why was the name "Seeker" given to one of the men? How was he clothed? What reason can you give for his dress? 7. What are the chief characteristics of each of the adventurers? 8. Why did Matthew and Hannah seem out of place in this company? 9. Of what did the adventurers talk as they sat together? 10. How did the Indian tradition account for lack of success in the search? 11. What use did each hope to make of the stone, if found? 12. How do these plans agree with the characters of the persons as already described? 13. Did any of these adventurers plan to help or benefit others by means of the stone? 14. What does Hawthorne wish to show in his description of Dr. Cacaphodel? 15. Who is the Great Mogul? 16. Is the purpose of Matthew and Hannah in seeking the stone really the same as that of Lord de Vere? 17. What is a cynic? If the Cynic believed there was no carbuncle, why did he

continue the search? What happened immediately after the Cynic had explained his object in coming to the mountain? 18. Why did not Matthew and Hannah give up the search? Why were they permitted to see the beauty of the stone and then return to their home? 19. What effect had the sight of the stone upon the Cynic? 20. Show how the end of each person in the company was in keeping with his character. 21. *Library reading:* "May-Pole of Merry Mount"; "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"; and other stories from *Twice-Told Tales.* 22. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: inordinate; alchemy; prodigious; progenitors; sanguine; sagacity; potentates; dross; escutcheons; obsequious; ineffable; conjugal; tremulously; cairn; acclivity; impenetrable. 23. *Pronounce:* hospitable; mien; allay; philosophic; incalculable; project; interstices.

Phrases

whimsical fraternity, **543**, 24
wits had been set agog, **543**, 25
reducing it to its first elements, **545**, 17
folio volume, **545**, 23
ethereal luster, **546**, 19
in *rerum natura,* **547**, 37
Persian idolater, **554**, 21
illumination of St. Peter's Church **554**, 22
great fire of London. **554**, 23

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF LIGHTER VEIN



NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

MARK TWAIN

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, which so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, and weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what today's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime." Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, a perfect grand review, but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm. Every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires; which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and

green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known by his pen name, "Mark Twain," is America's greatest humorous writer. He was born in the village of Florida, Missouri, and at the age of four years moved with his parents to the town of Hannibal, where he later became a printer and then a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. His next venture was in a mining camp, and although he found only a very small amount of gold, his experiences in the West furnish the basis of some of his most popular stories. As a newspaper reporter he chose the pen name, Mark Twain, an old river expression, meaning the mark that registers two (twain) fathoms of water. He traveled through Europe and the Holy Land, paying his expenses by means of a series of letters describing his trip, written for a San Francisco newspaper. Mark Twain was for a time part owner and associate editor of the *Buffalo Express,* but the investment was not profitable and he spent much of his time on the lecture platform. His most popular books are: *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Roughing It, The Innocents Abroad,* and *The Prince and the Pauper.*

Discussion. 1. What do you know to be true of the New England climate? What has the author done to this well-known fact to produce the humor of this selection? 2. Who is meant by "Old Probabilities"? 3. In what way does the weather forecast for New England, as outlined by the author, differ from forecasts you read in the daily papers? 4. Why does the author predict earthquakes for New England? 5. In what part of the selection do you think the writer is in earnest? 6. Find the lines that describe the effect of the sun upon the ice-covered trees. 7. What does this description tell you about the author's powers of observation? 8. For what does he say this beautiful sight atones? 9. *Library reading: Huckleberry Finn,* Mark Twain; *The Boy's Life of Mark Twain,* Paine. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Centennial; vagaries.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside.
His shop was just upon the bank; his boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim.
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave a handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's steps, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell the pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 94.

Discussion. 1. What is the purpose of a ballad? What is the poet's purpose in telling this story? Does he expect you to believe it? 2. What is the story of Leander and the Hellespont? 3. What expression used by the oysterman makes his resolve to swim across the river ludicrous instead of heroic? 4. To what does the poet compare the pale face of the girl with the hair falling around it? 5. To what might he have compared it if he had wished to rouse your sympathy? 6. What other ballads have you read? 7. *Library reading:* "The Broomstick Train"; "The September Gale," and prose selections by Holmes, "My Hunt After the Captain"; "The Physiology of Walking"; "The Three Johns" from Chapter III of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.* 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of metamorphosed.

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

O. HENRY

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down south, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a town-lot scheme in Western Illinois. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping

project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers' Budget*. So it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

That boy put up a fight like a welterweight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He lay down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be

burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoiter."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek, no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home

body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed today. Tonight we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind a war whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like one a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout today."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside

and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquake, fire, and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

"Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

"We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight tonight at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger tonight at half-past eight

o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

"The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

"If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

"If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them, no further communication will be attempted.

"Two Desperate Men.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me, or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that come in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour

I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized."

"But he's gone,"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence post, slips

a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern, and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

"Two Desperate Men.

"Gentlemen: I received your letter today by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

"Very respectfully,

"Ebenezer Dorset."

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I, "of all the impudent—"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Sidney Porter (1862-1910), better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. As a child he read widely and showed a natural gift for sketching. While a mere boy, he went to Texas where he spent two years on a sheep ranch. He became a reporter for the *Daily Post* of Houston, Texas, and later wrote extensively for the leading magazines. In 1902 he went to New York City to live; and from that time on he devoted himself almost exclusively to short-story writing. O. Henry holds a prominent place among the world's great short-story writers. Among his well known books are *Whirligigs,* from which this story is taken, *Heart of the West,* portraying life in Texas, and *The Four Million.* His stories are drawn from real situations, and they picture the various types found in American life. They are noted for the surprises that characterize their endings, and for their human sympathy.

Discussion. 1. Show that this is a typical short story. 2. What is the climax? 3. Can you think of an outcome that would furnish greater surprise than Dorset's counter-proposal? 4. Find examples of comic exaggeration. 5. Compare the plan or structure of this story with that of Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death." 6. Tell the substance of the story, first making an outline to guide you. (See the outline plan for testing silent reading, page 35.) 7. *Library reading:* Other stories from *Whirligigs.*

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking, still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down,* but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")

He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown.
—"Fur," said the Deacon, " 't's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain, is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips;
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, the Earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the —Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground.
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

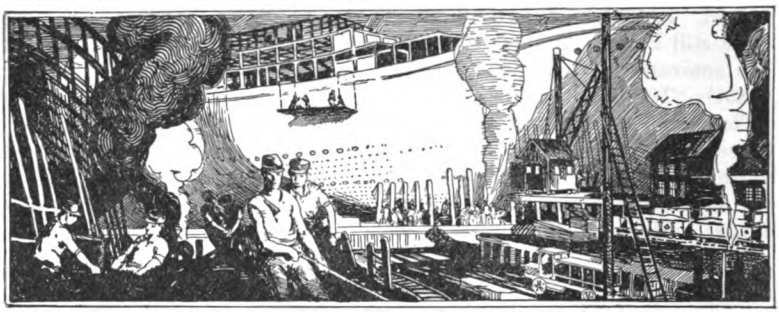
NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography,** see page 94.

Discussion. 1. What is a chaise? 2. Explain the allusion to Lisbon. 3. What is meant by "Braddock's army"? 4. Of what besides chaises is the second line of the third stanza true? 5. What did the deacon determine to do? 6. Find the words that tell how the deacon thought this could be done. 7. What woods were used in making the chaise? 8. Find the lines in which the poet tells us the only things that keep their youth. 9. What happened on the morning of the hundredth year of the "shay"? 10. Explain the "logic" of the chaise going "to pieces all at once." 11. Have you ever heard of a carriage or coach lasting one hundred years? 12. Is it the thought of the chaise lasting one hundred years that is funny, or is it the thought of it going to pieces "all at once" that is funny? 13.

Did you ever hear of such a thing's happening? Do you think the poet ever heard of such a thing? 14. Read lines in which the humor is furnished by the poet's manner of telling the fact. 15. Suggestions for a Holmes program. Holmes was a member of the famous Harvard class of 1829, which held annual reunions as long as any of its members were able to attend. In 1889, at the sixtieth anniversary, ten of the fifty-nine classmates were still living. At these class reunions everyone looked to Holmes for the anniversary poem and some of the ones he wrote are: "Bill and Joe" (1851); "The Boys" (1859); "Lines" (1860); "The Smiling Listener" (1871); "The Archbishop of Gil Blas" (1879); and "After the Curfew" (1889). These class poems, with other selections by Holmes found or suggested in this book, will furnish material for an interesting program. 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Earthquake Day; felloe; thill; thoroughbrace; linchpin. 17. *Pronounce:* "ellum"; "hahnsum"; *encore.*

AMERICAN WORKERS AND THEIR WORK



WORK: A SONG OF TRIUMPH

ANGELA MORGAN

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,

And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Angela Morgan was born in New England, spent most of her childhood in the Middle West, and early in her youth entered upon a career of journalism. Her warm sympathy for the industrial worker and her keen interest in social reforms make her a poet of the people. You will enjoy reading "Wood Hath a Soul" and "Open the Gates" in *Forward March!* "To-Day," and "Kinship" in *The Hour Has Struck,* from which "Work: A Song of Triumph" is taken. In the *Review of Reviews,* April, 1919, you will find a biography and a portrait of Miss Morgan.

Note. Everyone is expected to do his part of the world's work. A wide acquaintance with occupations, both at first hand and through reading, will help you to choose a vocation with intelligence; it will also give you greater sympathy for the worker and deeper appreciation of the heroism of everyday toil. Great writers have told the story of industry in tales so fascinating that we are made to feel the wonder of work, its hardships and its joys.

Discussion. 1. To what is work compared in the first stanza? 2. What is meant by the "stern command" which challenges "brain and heart and hand"? 3. What does work do to stupor and despair? What does work do for the dreamer? 4. Read the third stanza so that you feel the swift pace of the horses to which your purpose, your mind, and your will are compared. 5. Who is the driver? 6. What is meant by the expression "runaway wishes"? 7. How does work hold them back? 8. What is meant by "reining the will"? 9. What may the goad be which forces us on? 10. To what is work compared in the first part of the fourth stanza? 11. Who were the Titans? 12. Why are swamps drained? 13. When is it necessary to blast hills? 14. The making of what great canals may be described as "rending a continent apart"? 15. What other great achievements can you mention as the result of man's work? 16. Read the next to the last line in the fourth stanza; is it true that none in the world may shirk? 17. *Library reading:* "The Telephone Directory," and "The Power Plant," Braley (in *Songs of a Workaday World*); *Famous Leaders of Industry,* Wildman; *Heroes of Progress,* Morris; *Modern Americans,* Sanford and Owen; *The Silver Horde,* Beach; *Pictures of the Wonder of Work,* Pennell; the magazine *The World's Work.*

PETE OF THE STEEL-MILLS

BY HERSCHEL S. HALL

It was a very black and a very dirty street down which I made my way that November morning at half-past five. There was no paving, there was no sidewalk, there were no lights. Rain had been falling for several days, and I waded through seas of mud and sloshed through lakes of water. There were men in front of me and men behind me, all plodding along through the muck and mire, just as I was plodding along, their tin lunch-pails rattling as mine was rattling. Some of us were going to work, some of us were going to look for work—the steel-mills lay somewhere in the darkness ahead of us.

We who were not so fortunate as to possess a magical piece of brass, the showing of which to a uniformed guard at the steel-mills' gate would cause the door to swing open, waited outside in the street, where we milled about in the mud, not unlike a herd of uneasy cattle. It was cold out there. A north wind, blowing straight in from the lake, whipped our faces and hands and penetrated our none-too-heavy clothing.

"I wisht I had a job in there!" said a shivering man at my side, who had been doing some inspecting through a knothole in the high fence. "You got a job there?" he asked, glancing at my pail.

I told him I had been promised work and had been ordered to report.

"You're lucky to get a job, and you want to freeze on to it. Jobs ain't to be any too plentiful this winter, and if this war stops —good night! I've been comin' here every mornin' for two weeks, but I can't get took. I reckon I'm kind o' small for most of the work in there." He began to kick his muddy shoes against the fence and to blow upon his hands. "Winter's comin'," he sighed.

A whistle blew, a gate swung open, and a mob of men poured out into the street—the night shift going off duty. Their faces

looked haggard and deathly pale in the sickly glare of the pale blue arcs above us.

"Night-work's no good," said the small man at my side. "But you got to do it if you're goin' to work in the mills."

A man with a Turkish towel thrown loosely about his neck came out of the gate and looked critically at the job hunters. He came up to me. "What's yer name?" he demanded. I told him. "Come on!" he grunted.

We stopped before the uniformed guard, who wrote my name on a card, punched the card, and gave it to me. "Come on!" again grunted the man with the towel. I followed my guide into the yard, over railroad tracks, past great piles of scrap-iron and pig metal, through clouds of steam and smoke, and into a long, black building where engines whistled, bells clanged, and electric cranes rumbled and rattled overhead. We skirted a mighty pit filled with molten slag, and the hot air and stifling fumes blowing from it struck me in the face and staggered me. We crept between giant ladles in whose depths I could hear the banging of hammers and the shouting of men. We passed beneath a huge trough through which a white, seething river of steel was rushing. I shrank back in terror as the sound of the roaring flood fell upon my ears, but the man with the towel, who was walking briskly in front of me, looked over his shoulder and grunted, "Come on!"

Through a long, hot tunnel and past black, curving flues, down which I saw red arms of flame reaching, we made our way. We came to an iron stairway, climbed it, and stepped out upon a steel floor into the open hearth. "Come on!" growled my guide, and we walked down the steel floor, scattered over which I saw groups of men at work in front of big, house-like furnaces out of whose cavernous mouths white tongues of flame were leaping. The men worked naked to the waist, or stripped to overalls and undershirt, and, watching them, I began to wonder if I had chosen wisely in seeking and accepting employment in this inferno.

"Put yer pail there. Hang yer coat there. Set down there. I'll tell the boss ye're here." And the man with the towel went away.

I was sitting opposite one of the furnaces, a square, squat structure of yellow brick built to hold seventy-five tons of steel. There were three doors on the front wall, each door having a round opening in the center, the "peep-hole." Out through these peep-holes poured shafts of light so white and dazzling they pained the eye they struck. They were as the glaring orbs of some gigantic uncouth monster, and as I looked down the long line of furnaces and saw the three fiery eyes burning in each, the effect through the dark, smoke-laden atmosphere was grotesquely weird.

I watched a man who worked at one of the doors of the furnace nearest me. He had thrust a bar of iron through the peep-hole and was jabbing and prying at some object inside. Every ounce of his strength he was putting into his efforts. I could hear him grunt as he pulled and pushed, and I saw the perspiration dripping from his face and naked arms. He withdrew the bar—the end that had been inside the door came out as white and as pliable as a hank of taffy—and dropped it to the floor. He shouted some command to an invisible person, and the door rose slowly and quietly, disclosing to me a great, snow-white cavern in whose depths bubbled and boiled a seething lake of steel.

With a quick movement of his hand the workman dropped a pair of dark-colored spectacles before his eyes, and his arms went up before his face to shield it from the withering blast that poured out through the open door. There he stood, silhouetted against that piercing light, stooping and peering, tiptoeing and bending, cringing and twisting, as he tried to examine something back in the furnace. Then with another shout he caused the door to slip down into its place.

He came walking across the floor to where I sat and stopped in front of me. The sweat in great drops fell from his blistered face, ran in tiny rivulets from his arms and hands, and splashed on the iron floor. He trembled, he gasped for breath, and I thought he was going to sink down from pure exhaustion, when, to my surprise, he deliberately winked at me.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Eh, buddy?"

he said with a sweaty chuckle. And that was my introduction to Pete, the best open-hearth man I ever knew, a good fellow, clean and honest.

"Mike, put this guy to wheeling in manganese," said a voice behind me, and I turned and saw the boss. "Eighteen hundred at Number Four and twenty-two hundred at Number Six."

"Get that wheelbarrer over yender and foller me," instructed Mike, a little, old, white-haired Irishman who was, as I learned afterward, called "maid of all work" about the plant. I picked up the heavy iron wheelbarrow and trundled it after him, out through a runway to a detached building where the various alloys and refractories used in steel-making were kept.

"Now, then, you load your wheelbarrer up wth this here ma'ganese and weigh it over on them scales yender, and then wheel it in and put it behind Number Four," Mike told me.

"Why is manganese put into steel?" I asked Pete on one of my trips past his furnace.

"It settles it, toughens it up, and makes it so it'll roll," he answered.

A few days later I asked one of the chemists about the plant the same question. "It absorbs the occluded gases in the molten steel, hardens it, and imparts the properties of ductility and malleability," was his reply. I preferred Pete's elucidation.

All day I trundled the iron wheelbarrow back and forth along the iron floor, wheeling in manganese. I watched the powerful electric cranes at work picking up the heavy boxes of material and dumping their contents into the furnaces. I watched the tapping of the "heats," when the dams holding in the boiling lakes would be broken down and the fiery floods would go rushing and roaring into the ladles, these to be whisked away to the ingot molds. And I watched the men at work, saw the strain they were under, saw the risks they took, and wondered if, after a few days, I could be doing what they were doing.

"It is all very interesting," I said to Pete, as I stood near him, waiting for a crane to pass by.

He grinned. "Uh-huh! But you'll get over it. 'Bout tomorrow mornin', when your clock goes rattlety-bang and you look

to see what's up and find it's five o'clock, you'll not be thinkin' it so interestin', oh, no! Let's see your hands." He laughed when he saw the blisters the handles of the wheelbarrow had developed.

Pete was right. When my alarm clock awakened me next morning and I started to get out of bed I groaned in agony. Every muscle of my body ached. I fancied my joints creaked as I sat on the edge of the couch vainly endeavoring to get them to working freely and easily. The breakfast bell rang twice, but hurry I could not.

"You'll be late to work! The others have gone!" called the landlady. I managed to creak downstairs. My pail was packed and she had tied up an extra lunch in a newspaper. "You can't stop to eat, if you want to get to work on time," she said. "Your breakfast is in this paper—eat it when you get to the mills."

I stumbled away in the darkness, groaning and gasping, and found my way to the black and dirty street. The mud was frozen hard now, and the pools of water were ice-covered, and my heavy working shoes thumped and bumped along the dismal road in a remarkably noisy manner.

The number of job hunters was larger this morning. Among them I saw the small man who could not "get took," and again he was peeking wishfully through the knothole in the fence.

"You're on, eh?" he said when he spied me. "I wisht I was. Say, you haven't got a dime you could spare a feller, have you?" I discovered a dime.

I showed my brass check—a timekeeper had given me one the day before, Number 1266—to the uniformed watchman. He waved me on, and I entered the gate just as the whistle blew. A minute later and I would have been docked a half-hour.

Mike, "maid of all work," took me in hand as soon as I came on the floor and proceeded to give me a few pointers. "I kept me eye on ye all day yestiddy, and ye fair disgoosted me with the way ye cavorted round with the Irish buggy. As though ye wanted to do it all the first day! Now, ye're on a twelve-hour turn here, and ye ain't expected to work like a fool. Ye want to learn to spell. (Mike wasn't referring to my orthographic shortcomings). Ye'll get in bad with the boss if he sees ye

chinnin' with Pete. He don't like Pete, and Pete don't like him, and I don't blame Pete. The boss is solid bone from the collar-button up. He has brainstorms. Watch out for 'em."

I followed much of Mike's advice. All that day I trundled the wheelbarrow, but I made an easier day of it, and no one objected to my work. And as the days ran by I found my muscles toughening, and I could hear the alarm-bell at five in the morning without feeling compelled to squander several valuable minutes in wishing I had been born rich.

For two weeks I worked every day at wheeling in materials for the furnaces. Then for one week I worked with the "maid of all work," sweeping the floors and keeping the place "righted up," as he called it. Then I "pulled doors" for a while; I "ran tests" to the laboratory; I "brought stores"; I was general-utility man. Then one day, when a workman dropped a piece of pig-iron on his foot and was sent to the hospital, I was put on "second helping."

By good luck I was sent to Pete's furnace. Pete and I by this time were great cronies. Many a chat we had had, back behind his furnace, hidden from the prying eyes of the boss. I found Mike was right—it was just as well to keep out of his sight. I soon discovered that he did not like Pete. In numberless mean and petty ways did he harass the man, trying to make him do something that would give him an excuse to discharge him. But Pete was naturally slow to anger, and with admirable strength he kept his feelings under control.

I was working nights now, every other week. The small man at the gate—he had finally "got took" and was laboring in the yard gang—who had told me that "night-work is no good" knew what he was talking about. I found night-work absolutely "no good." The small hours of the night are the terror of the night worker.

To be aroused by a screaming whistle above your head at two o'clock in the morning; to seize a shovel and run to the open door of a white-hot furnace and there in its blistering heat to shovel in heavy ore and crushed limestone rock until every stitch of clothing on your body is soaked with perspiration; to

stagger away with pulses thumping, and drop down upon a bench, only to be ordered out into a nipping winter air to raise or lower a gas-valve—this is the kind of work the poet did not have in mind when he wrote about "Toil that ennobles"! I doubt whether he or any other poet ever heard of this two-o'clock-in-the-morning toil.

When the "heat" was ready to tap I would dig out the "tap-hole." Another "second helper" would assist me in this work. The tap-hole, an opening in the center and lower part of the back wall of the furnace, is about a foot in diameter and three in length. It is closed with magnesite and dolomite when the furnace is charged. Digging this filling out is dangerous work —the steel is likely to break out and burn the men who work there. When we had removed the dolomite from the hole I would notify the boss. A long, heavy bar was thrust through the peep-hole in the middle door, and a dozen men would "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!" back and forth on the bar until it broke through the fused bank of magnesite into the tap-hole. Then the lake of steel would pour out through a runner into the ladle.

This tapping a "heat" is a magnificent and startling sight to the newcomer. I stood fascinated when I beheld it the first time. A lake of seventy-five or eighty tons of sun-white steel, bursting out of furnace bounds and rushing through the runner, a raging river, is a terrifying spectacle. The eye aches as it watches it; the body shrinks away from the burning heat it throws far out on all sides; the imagination runs riot as the seething flood roils and boils in the ladle.

Sometimes when we had had a particularly hard spell of work and were dead-beat with fatigue and exhaustion, then Pete might be expected to put his well-known question: "Ought to have stayed on the farm, oughtn't we? Hey, buddy?"

The foolish question, and his comical way of asking it, always made me laugh. Seeing that Pete had once been a farm laborer, the remark does not appear so silly, after all. It was his way of comparing two kinds of work; it was his favorite stock jest. I know farm work, too, from pigs to potatoes, and I do not believe there is any kind of farm work known, ten hours of which would

equal thirty minutes of "splashing" on an open-hearth furnace, in muscle-tearing, nerve-racking, back-breaking, sweat-bringing effort.

Pete and I were working on Number Three furnace, the latest type and the "fastest" of any in the group. Its monthly output was three or four hundred tons more than that of any other. It belonged to Pete by rights—he was the oldest man on the floor, and he was regarded by all the other furnace-men as the best "first helper" in the plant. No other "first helper" watched his roof so carefully as did he. No other could get as many heats "from a roof" as did he. For every three hundred and fifty heats tapped from a furnace before the furnace required a new roof, the company gave the "first helper" a bonus of fifty dollars. This was to encourage them to watch their furnaces closely, to see that the gas did not "touch" the roofs.

One morning Pete and I were notified that we were transferred to Number Ten, the oldest, the slowest, and hardest furnace to work of any. "Bulger" Lewis, a Welshman, a bosom friend of the boss, was to take Number Three. Pete would lose the bonus money due in thirty days.

"What's this for?" he demanded of the boss.

"Because you don't watch your furnace!" snarled the boss in reply. "You've touched that roof! There are icicles on it right now!"

Pete walked over to the air-valves, jerked the lever, and threw up the middle door. "Show me an icicle in there!" he cried. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for every one you point out!"

"Lower that door!" roared the boss. "And get down to Number Ten! Or go get your time, if you prefer!"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he threw up his head and laughed. Going to his locker, he took out his lunch-pail and started for Number Ten.

"I rather think I am goin' to take a trip back to Minnesota pretty soon—to see the folks, you know," he said to me that afternoon.

Number Ten melted "soft" that day, and Pete could not get the heat hot. We pigged steadily for two hours, but it remained

cold and dead. We were played out when, about four o'clock, the boss came up.

"Why don't you get that heat out?" he demanded. "You've been ten hours on it already!" Pete made no reply. "Where's a test-bar?" He shoved the test-bar into the bath, moved it slowly back and forth, and withdrew it. "She's hot now! Take her out!"

Pete looked at the end of the bar. It was ragged, not bitten off clean as it would have been had the temperature of the bath been right. "She's a long way from bein' hot," he said, pointing at the test-bar.

"Don't you dispute me!" roared the boss. "If I say she's hot, she's hot! If I tell you to take her out, you take her out!"

We took out the heat. And a miserable mess there was. It was so cold it froze up in the tap-hole, it froze up in the runner, it froze up in the ladle. The entire heat was lost. It was an angry crew of men that worked with sledges, bars, and picks cleaning up the mess. I was sorry the boss could not know how much that bunch of men loved him.

I saw him approaching Pete; I saw him shaking his clenched fist; I heard an ugly word; the lie was passed, a blow was struck, and the long-expected fight was on.

Out on the smooth iron floor, in the glare of the furnace flames—someone had hoisted the three doors to the top—the two enemies fought it out. They were giants in build, both of them, muscled and thewed like gladiators. It was a brutal, savage exhibition. Finally, the boss reeled, dropped to his knees, swayed back and forth, and went down.

Pete, having floored the boss, took a bath, changed his clothes, shook hands all round, and came seeking me. "Well, buddy, I'm off," he chuckled, peeping at me from a chink in his swollen face. "Like as not I'll be shuckin' punkins up in Minnesota this time next week. Oh, no use my tryin' to stick it out here—you can't stay here, you know, when you've had a go with the boss. So long!"

I did not go to work the next day, nor the next. I was deliberating whether I would go back at all, the morning of the

third day, when the "maid of all work" came looking for me. "Pete wants you to come to work," he announced.

"Pete?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"You said it! Pete's boss now!"

"No!"

"Yes! Oh, the super, he ain't blind, he ain't! He knowed what was goin' on, he did, and it didn't take him long to fix him when he'd heerd the peticlars. I'll tell Pete you'll be comin' along soon." And Mike departed.

I went back and resumed my old position on Number Three, with John Yakabowski, a Pole. Yakabowski was an exceptionally able furnace-man and an agreeable fellow workman. There was great rejoicing all over the plant because our old boss was out, and there was general satisfaction over Pete's appointment to his place. This feeling among the men was soon reflected in the output of the furnaces—our tonnage showed a steady increase.

Pete was nervous and ill at ease for a few weeks. To assume the responsibilities that go with the foremanship of an open-hearth plant the size of that one was almost too much for him. He was afraid he would make some mistake that would show him to be unworthy of the trust the superintendent had placed in him.

"No education—that's where I'm weak!" he said to me in one of our confidential chats. "Can't write, can't figger, can't talk—don't know nothin'! It's embarrassin'! The super tells me to use two thousand of manganese on a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound charge. That's easy—I just tell a hunky to wheel in two thousand. But s'pose that lunk-head out in them scales goes wrong, and charges in a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds and doesn't tell me until ten minutes before we're ready to tap—how am I goin' to figger out how much more manganese to put in? Or when the chief clerk writes me a nice letter, requestin' a statement showin' how many of my men have more than ten children, how many of 'em can read the Declaration of Independence, and how many of 'em eat oatmeal for breakfast, why, I'm up against it, I tell you! No education! I reckon I ought never to've left the farm. Hey, buddy?"

I understood Pete's gentle hint, and I took care of his clerical work, writing what few letters he had to send out, making up his statements, doing his calculating, and so forth.

Six months passed. Pete had "made good." The management was highly pleased with him as a melter. Success had come to me, too, in a modest way—I had been given a furnace—I was now a "first helper." It was about the time I took the furnace that I began to notice a falling off in the number of requests from Pete for assistance. I thought little of it, supposing that he was getting his work done by one of the weighers. But one night when there was a lull in operations and I went down to his office to have a chat with him, I found him seated at his little desk poring over an arithmetic. Scattered about in front of him were a number of sheets of paper covered with figures. He looked up at me and grinned in a rather shamefaced manner.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Now I understand why I am no longer of any use to the boss!"

"Well, I just had to do somethin'," he laughed. "Couldn't afford to go right on bein' an ignoramus all the time."

"Are you studying it out alone?"

"You bet I ain't! I'd never get there if I was! I've got a teacher, a private teacher. Swell, eh? He comes every other night, when I'm workin' days, and every other afternoon, when I'm workin' nights. Gee, but I'm a bonehead! He's told me so a dozen times, but the other day he said he thought I was softenin' up a bit."

Good old Pete! I left him that night with my admiration for the man increased a hundred times.

Another six months passed, six months of hard, grinding, wearing toil, and yet a six months I look back upon with genuine pleasure. I now had the swing of the work and it came easy; conditions about the plant under Pete's supervision were ideal; I was making progress in the work I had adopted; we were making good money. Then came the black day.

How quickly it happened! I had tapped my furnace, and the last of the heat had run into the ladle. "Hoist away!" I heard Pete shout to the crane-man. The humming sound of the crane

motors getting into action came to my ears. I took a look at my roof, threw in a shovelful of spar, turned on the gas, and walked toward the rear of the furnace. The giant crane was groaning and whining as it slowly lifted its eighty-ton burden from the pit where the ladle stood. It was then five or six feet above the pit's bottom. Pete was leaning over the railing of the platform directly in front of the rising ladle.

Suddenly something snapped up there among the shafts and cables. I saw two men in the crane cab go swarming up the escape-ladder. I saw the ladle drop as a broken cable went flying out of a sheave. A great white wave of steel washed over the ladle's rim, and another, and another.

Down upon a shallow pool of water that a leaking hose had formed, the steel was splashed, and as it struck, the explosion came. I was blown from my feet and rolled along the floor. The air was filled with bits of fiery steel, slag, brick, and débris of all kinds. I crawled to shelter behind a column and there beat out the flames that were burning my clothing in a half-dozen places. Then, groping through the pall of dust and smoke that choked the building, I went to look for Pete.

Near the place where I had seen him standing when the ladle fell I found him. Two workmen who had been crouching behind a wall when the explosion came, and were unhurt, were tearing his burning clothes from his seared and blackened body. Somebody brought a blanket, and we wrapped it about him. We doubted if he lived, but as we carried him back I noted he was trying to speak, and, stooping, I caught the words: "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, buddy?"

That was the last time I ever heard Pete speak. That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

Two o'clock in the morning. Sitting at the little desk where I found Pete that night poring over his arithmetic, I have been writing down my early experiences in the open hearth. Here comes Yakabowski with a test. I know exactly what he will say: "Had I better give her a dose of ore?" Two o'clock in the morning! The small man at the gate was right: Night-work is no good!

I was mistaken; Yakabowski doesn't ask his customary question. He looks at me curiously. "You don't look good, boss," he says. "You sick, maybe?"

Yes, I'm sick—I always am at two o'clock in the morning, when I'm on the night shift. I stretch, I yawn, I shudder.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, Yakabowski?" I say to the big Pole.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. **Herschel S. Hall (1874-1921) was a modern writer whose** home **was in Ashland, Ohio.** His keen imagination and his first-hand knowledge of the condition of workers in the steel mills make his descriptions not only true to fact but vivid with imagery. Mr. Hall is the author of *Steel Preferred,* **and was a** frequent contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines. This story appeared in *Scribner's,* April, 1919.

Discussion. 1. Read the story silently and test your reading ability by the use of the following outline: (a) outside the steel-mills; (b) the open hearth with its long line of furnaces; (c) the "small man"; Pete; Mike, his advice; (d) at work, the second morning, night-work; (e) Pete and the boss; (f) Pete as foreman; (g) Pete's education; (h) the accident; (i) Pete's favorite jest. 2. Notice how the author makes the story seem real by vivid pictures; by the conversation of the men; by expressive words; by giving an idea of the difficulty of the work, of the heat and the noise, through describing the effect they produce; find examples of these devices. 3. Tell the substance of the story, first making an outline. (See the outline plan for testing silent reading, p. 35.) 4. *Library reading: Steel Preferred,* Hall. 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: open-hearth; manganese; alloys; refractories; ductility; malleability; elucidation; magnesite; dolomite; fused; bonus. 6. *Pronounce:* orthographic; laboratory; harass; admirable; ignoramus; genuine; débris; column.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

God, we don't like to complain—
We know that the mine is no lark—
But—there's the pools from the rain;
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is—
You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching the meteors whiz;
Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, if You wish for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Louis Untermeyer (1885—), a native of New York, is a student of social conditions, and one of America's younger poets. He has come to believe that "poetry has returned to democracy—democracy of spirit and democracy of speech." This belief he expresses in his book, *The New Era in American Poetry.* You will find Mr. Untermeyer's portrait in *The Mentor,* April 1, 1919.

Caliban is the name of the savage, deformed slave of Prospero in Shakespeare's *The Tempest.* He was more monster than man when Prospero found him and taught him to speak. It was his duty to bring in the wood for Prospero's fires—a task which he disliked very much.

Discussion. 1. Of what hardships does the Caliban of the poem complain? 2. Are these things of which he speaks a necessary accompaniment of coal mining? 3. How have the hardships of the miner's life been lessened in recent years? 4. What more do you think can be done to help them? 5. What purpose do you think the author had in writing this poem? *Library reading: A Year in a Coal-Mine,* Husband.

THE RIVERMAN

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I first met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "stagged" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots" —all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of the blue eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river, where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half-dozen men with peavies rolled a white pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth, three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dicky Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blue spray a foot into the air. Then suddenly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"That's nothing!" my companion repressed me; "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birled!" commented my friend.

One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated, "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy." "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he counterbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous maneuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat, spat* of the reversing blows from the caulked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarterdeck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed

the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing, boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiring.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me, the —" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That isn't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But, no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to *say* something—"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a fool—sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he; "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there more or less."

In response to my inquiry, he replied:

"They've jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew's been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle slung over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank, clank, clink* of the peavies.

I emerged finally on a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half-dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber-brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach. A man near informed me that the tail was a good three miles up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux-de-frise* foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one into the current, where they were caught and borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key-logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dickey Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log dominating the scene. His little triangular face with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehemence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dickey Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the very edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hello, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corncob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied, "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key-logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend Darrell is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers, dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on the birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers; then after an instant, "Not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my foot yet. And just you tie into one idea: Dickey Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger, and in its very deliberation I glimpsed the flare of an undying hatred.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks,* certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen, reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a water-spout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unaware, reached either bank. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing-poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of saw logs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard-player knows instinctively

the various angles of incident and reflection between his cue-ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay a hundred feet of open water in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was, that Dickey Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones moving to crush him out of sight.

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat-collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed splinteringly beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavie. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring

like wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bend swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great boom back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with a slackening current, the logs floated by, free, cannoning with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless, contained self-reliance of the woods-worker had faded. It was wide-eyed with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe, Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me?* He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter, Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that, as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation

among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had ever come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger—"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Stewart Edward White (1873——), author and magazine writer, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was educated at the University of Michigan and Columbia Law School. His familiarity with the logging and lumber industry in his native state gives peculiar interest and value to "The Riverman." Mr. White has been honored by a fellowship in the Royal Geographic Society (London). He is a frequent contributor to the leading short-story magazines. Among his published works are: *Blazed Trail Stories,* from which "The Riverman" is taken; *The Blazed Trail; The Forest; Camp and Trail; The Forty Niners, etc.*

Discussion. 1. Make a list of questions that will bring out the thought of the story. 2. Make an outline of the story. 3. Tell the story following the outline you have made. 4. Read again what is said of the structure of the short story on pages 139, 140, and prepare to discuss these characteristics as they apply to this story. 5. *Class readings:* Make a list of selected passages, units of this story, that may well, because of their beauty of thought or language, be read aloud in class. 6. *Library reading:* Other stories from *Blazed Trail Stories; The Blazed Trail.* 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: kersey; rakishly; non-committal; cormorant; spasmodic. 8. *Pronounce:* feint; vociferate; partisan; plateau; statics; exchequer.

THE THINKER*

BERTON BRALEY

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,

*From *Songs of a Workaday World,* by Berton Braley. Copyright, 1915. George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Berton Braley (1882——), poet and journalist, is a native of Wisconsin, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905. He served on the staff of *The Evening Mail,* New York, and was for a time associate editor of the magazine, *Puck.* He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and metropolitan newspapers. During the World War Mr. Braley was a special correspondent in France and England. Among his published works are: *Songs of a Workaday World; A Banjo at Armageddon; In Camp and Trench.*

Discussion. 1. What is the theme of the poem? 2. What is the relation of the planner to the worker? 3. What is meant by the "Brains of Labor"? 4. What confidence does the poet express in the worker? In the "Dreamer"? 5. What does the poet mean when he says that the brain is back of the brawn? 6. Show that the poem is a plea for coöperation. 7. *Class reading:* Read the poem aloud to bring out the meaning and the rhythm; read other poems from *Songs of a Workaday World* that particularly interest you.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

COURTEOUS READER: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you.

I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for 'a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering around him, he proceeded as follows: "Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us.

"We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and of these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'Heaven helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we

spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave.

"'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Drive thy business, and let not that drive thee'; and 'early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands'. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor'; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. 'One today is worth two tomorrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.'

"If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'little strokes fell great oaks.'

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire'; and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee'; and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send'; and again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands'; and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.'

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would

make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat at last. 'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.'

"Away with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for 'what maintains one vice would bring up two children.' Beware of little expenses. 'Many a little makes a mickle'; 'A small leak will sink a great ship.' Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them goods, but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you.

"You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may be, for less than cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' 'Silks, satins, scarlet, and velvets put out the kitchen fire.' These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them!

"By these and other extravagances, the greatest are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing'; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

"It is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox. After all, this pride of appearance can not promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortunes.

"But what madness it must be to run in debt for superfluities! Think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, down-

right lying; for 'the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Lying rides upon debt's back.'

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but industry, and frugality, and prudence may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven. Therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them."

The old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanac and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, although I had at first determined to buy the stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston, the youngest son of a large family. At the age of ten he began to work for his father, a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Two years later he was apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer. Although Benjamin Franklin received very little education in school, he was constantly reading and studying. When he was seventeen years old he went to Philadelphia, and soon was established as a successful printer and proprietor of a newspaper.

In 1736 he entered political life and from that time held many positions of public trust. He went as envoy to England and to France, in which latter place he was exceedingly popular. It is said that Benjamin Franklin was the only man whose name was attached to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Treaty of Peace with England,

and the Treaty of Alliance with France. Probably no native of this country ever ranked higher in the estimation of European thinkers and statesmen. In 1732 Franklin began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* under the name, Richard Saunders. This proved extremely popular, and in 1758, when the last edition was issued, Franklin gathered together, in what is known as "Father Abraham's Speech," the best of the maxims which had appeared in the ***Almanac.*** These maxims had been thought out by Franklin during his own years of thrift and hard work.

Discussion. 1. What question led to this speech by Father Abraham? 2. What taxes besides government taxes does he say that we pay? 3. How much does idleness tax people? 4. What is better than wishing for better times? 5. Against what practices do these maxims warn us? 6. What habits or virtues do they advise us to acquire? 7. Can you explain how Benjamin Franklin helped his country by publishing these maxims? 8. With which of the maxims are you familiar? What ones will you learn today? Which one will help you most? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: abatement; sloth; diligence; mickle; knickknack; ape; superfluities; veracity; harangue; doctrine; ascribed; gleanings.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no

special desire to tell in detail now. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered

the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is

the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a work of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it—nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it, never gets "laid off." Civilization is one long,

anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly —the man who can carry A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Elbert Hubbard (1859-1915), a native of Bloomington, Illinois, was one of the ill-fated passengers on board the *Lusitania* when it was sunk. He was an author and lecturer, his message being the joy of work well done. He founded the Roycroft Shop, in East Aurora, New York, which is devoted to the making of fine editions of books.

The author tells us that this "literary trifle," "A Message to Garcia," was written February 22, 1899, after supper, in a single hour, and after a particularly trying day. It was suggested to him by a discussion, over the teacups, of the Spanish-American war, his son maintaining that Rowan was the real hero of the war. The day after "A Message to Garcia" was published, the New York Central Railway ordered reprints of it, distributing over a million copies among its employees. The story has been translated into all written languages, and the author estimated that during his lifetime, "Thanks to a series of lucky accidents," forty million copies had been printed.

Garcia (1836-1898) was a Cuban patriot who gave valuable aid to the American forces during the Spanish-American war. At the close of the war he was made chief of a commission to discuss with President McKinley the future of Cuba. Andrew Rowan (1857—), a West Point graduate, was promoted to the office of lieutenant-colonel of the United States army for the service described in this sketch.

Discussion. 1. Read the selection through silently, testing by the following outline how much you have retained: (a) what Rowan did; (b) what young men need; (c) testing a group of clerks; (d) the probable result of the test; (e) the stenographer, the bookkeeper; (f) the case of the employer; (g) the man who succeeds. 2. Discuss whether or not, in your opinion, the author is too hard on "help." 3. Why did the New York Central Railway distribute copies among its employees? What resolve did you make after reading "A Message to Garcia"? 4. Who are the "Rowans" in your school? 5. Compare the devotion of Rowan with that of the hero of the "Incident of the French Camp." 6. Which is the greater, devotion to a cause or to a leader? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Insurgents; coöperation; traversed; vertebrae; concentrate; appalled; imbecility; memorandum; accountant; maudlin; denizens; incompetent; rapacious; missive. 8. *Pronounce:* horizon; encyclopedia; Correggio; civilization.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,

And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat;
And he said, with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day;
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again;
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong

To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well

That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!
And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies along and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery;
The dim dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;

And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Cauldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,

And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mold,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modeled from the Master's daughter.
On many a dreary and misty night
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!
Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain

Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the Stripes and Stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
Today the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold,
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,

All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he:
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we,
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,

The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors and thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 163.

Discussion. 1. What two stories run side by side in this poem? 2. Who is represented as speaking the first four lines? To whom are these words addressed? Compare the thought expressed in lines 7-8, page 617, with that of the poem "Work: A Song of Triumph." 3. What is the story of the "Great Harry"? 4. What trees are mentioned as furnishing timber for the vessel? 5. What comparison do the long level shadows of the early morning bring to the mind of the poet? 6. What is the significance of having Maine cedar and Georgia pine help to build a vessel which is to be called *The Union*? 7. Read the lines in which the poet first compares the master's daughter to a ship. 8. To what does the poet compare the rudder of the ship? To what does he compare the anchor? To what does he compare the pines that were felled to make the masts? 9. Find lines that describe the flag at the mast head. 10. What two brides does the poet show us? 11. Find lines in which he addresses the ship that has been launched. 12. Find lines addressed to the girl who has become the wife of the ship builder. 13. Read the lines addressed to the "Ship of State." 14. What lines on page

619 suggest the need of coöperation? Compare the thought in lines 1-3, page 628, with what Webster says in "The American Experiment." 15. How many of the terms used by the poet in describing the building of the ship are familiar to you? 16. Where or how did you learn the ones you know? How did Longfellow learn so much about ships? 17. Perhaps these lines from his poem, "My Lost Youth," will help you to understand how it was possible for Longfellow to write so beautifully and lovingly about a ship.

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

18. Tell what you know about ship-building in America during the World War. 19. *Library reading: Our Industrial Victory,* Schwab; "Ships for the Seven Seas," Graves (in the *National Geographic Magazine,* September, 1918); "Cargoes," Masefield (in *Collected Poems*). 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: rood; argosy; behest; Naiad; sark. 21. *Pronounce:* stanch; miniature; coral.

Phrases

giveth grace unto every Art, **617**, 8
answer to his inward thought, **617**, 25
Great Harry, **617**, 29
docile to the helm, **618**, 16
heir of his dexterity, **619**, 25
scarfed and bolted, **621**, 3
Spanish Main, **621**, 17
jaded steers, **623**, 30
shorn of their streaming hair, **623**, 34
Ship of State, **627**, 32

A REVIEW

You read in the Introduction, pages 9, 10, that in one sense literature knows no time or place, yet in another sense it reflects the life and ideals of a definite race and of a particular time. What is there in the poem "Columbus" that belongs to all people and to all time? In what sense is this poem a part of American history? Does the poem *Snow-Bound* picture scenes of pioneer America merely or has it also qualities that belong to all time? What quality do we recognize in Rip Van Winkle that we find also in ourselves in a greater or less degree? How does this recognition affect our sympathy for Rip? What quality in Evangeline makes her a heroine not merely of colonial time but of all time? What can you tell about this same quality in Ruth, the heroine of a Hebrew story more than two thousand years old? What have Irving, Longfellow, and Hawthorne done to make the history of our country more interesting? What other American author represented in Part IV rendered a like service?

Is there any reason for thinking that the humor of Irving and Holmes and Mark Twain is more subtle and delicate than the humor found in the modern magazine and newspaper? What editors of "humor columns" do you feel that you know through reading their daily jokes? What titles are given to such columns in the newspapers that you read? Bring to class some interesting bits of humor from the magazine *Life*. In Irving's time, and even in that of Holmes, pictures were not widely used to furnish humor for the readers of newspapers and magazines; name some present-day cartoonists and the well-known characters they have created. Which of these do you enjoy most? How do the members of your family differ in their enjoyment of the "funny pictures"? Discuss in class different kinds of cartoons: (1) those

that are merely silly, (2) those that are clever, and (3) those that drive home a truth in the form of a joke. Bring to class illustrations of these kinds of cartoons. Make a collection for "cartoon day" in your school.

Doubtless you have given considerable thought to the matter of choosing a vocation; what occupations particularly interest you? What have you done to familiarize yourself with the opportunities and the nature of the work of these occupations? What selections found or suggested in the group called "American Workers and Their Work" made you feel the joy of work? Which selection emphasizes the importance of efficiency in work? What stories have you read that increased your knowledge of particular kinds of work? What selections broadened your sympathies for the worker? How has the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* helped you to find magazine articles describing different kinds of industries? Make a list of titles showing the library reading you have done in connection with the selections in Part IV.

What quotations from memory can you make from this year's reading? Compare your list of quotations with that of your classmates; what quotations do you find oftenest in these lists? Can you give a reason why these appear oftenest? Who in your class has the best record for memorizing? What methods for committing to memory do you find most effective?

Tell briefly some interesting facts that you learned about *forms* of literature—the lyric, the ballad, the short story, and the drama. What short-story writers have you become acquainted with in this book? What contemporary poets? What library reading have you done this year? Make a list of the titles, showing those from books, from magazines, from newspapers. How much has your silent-reading speed increased since you began the use of this book? Has your ability to grasp the thought increased equally with your reading speed?

Discuss in class the appropriateness of the four full-page pictures together with the quotations that introduce the four Parts of this book. What has given you most pleasure in your use of this book? What has given you most profit?

Silent and Oral Reading

In this book there is material for both silent and oral reading. You read silently more often than you read aloud to others; you should, therefore, train yourself to rapid silent reading, concentrating your mind on the thought of the selection. In silent reading only the meaning of words concerns you, while in oral reading pronounciation, articulation, voice, and feeling also claim attention. Because of this fact you read silently more rapidly than you read aloud.

Some pieces of literature must be read thoughtfully in order to gain the author's full meaning. Ruskin says: "When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?'" In other pieces of literature the meaning can be grasped easily, and the reading can be rapid; in such cases we read mainly *for the story,* holding in mind the various incidents as the plot unfolds.

As you train yourself in rapid silent reading, you increase your capacity to enjoy books—one of the most pleasurable things in life. Moreover, the ability to grasp swiftly and accurately the meaning of a page will be most helpful to you, not only in preparing lessons in history and other school subjects, but in all your reading throughout life. If you keep a record of your reading speed and your thought-getting ability, comparing your record with that of your classmates and with the standard eighth grade rate, you will be able to see whether or not you are making satisfactory progress. Theodore Roosevelt trained himself to be such a rapid reader that he was able to grasp the central thought of a page almost as quickly as he could turn the leaves of the book. Notice that the rapid silent readers in your class generally gain and retain from their reading more facts than the slow readers do. Try steadily to increase your speed in silent reading. *The standard for eighth grade boys and girls is 280 words per minute, with the ability to reproduce after one reading 50% of the ideas in a 400-word passage.*

Notice that you read much more rapidly when you are looking for the answer to some particular question, or looking for a certain passage, or getting quickly at essentials, than you do when you read merely to follow the thread of the narrative. The moving of the lips or the pointing to the words with the fingers retards your speed in reading. If you time yourself as you read silently such selections as the following, you will gain steadily in speed and in concentration of mind: "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse"; "Satan, the War Dog That Saved a Town"; "The Thundering Herd"; "The Sire de Maletroit's Door"; "The Masque of the Red Death"; "A Christmas Carol"; "The Man Without a Country"; "The Last of the Mohicans"; "The Great Carbuncle"; "Rip Van Winkle"; "The Ransom of Red Chief"; "Pete

of the Steel Mills"; "The Riverman"; "A Message to Garcia," etc. Compare your reading-speed with that of your classmates and with the standard eighth grade rate, and test your ability at thought-getting in any of the following ways: 1. By a list of questions covering the steps in the development of the story (see "Questions for Testing Silent Reading," p. 35); 2. By telling the story from a given outline (see "Outline for Testing Silent Reading," p. 35); 3. By making a list of questions yourself, allowing some classmate to use them to test his ability at thought-getting, while you make similar use of his questions; 4. By telling the story from an outline that you have made. Telling the substance of the story from the outline you have made is an excellent kind of test because you not only test your understanding of the story, but also your memory and your power to express the thought of what you have read.

You will wish to read aloud passages from many of the prose selections because of their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. In general, poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. The original meaning of the word *read* was to explain or interpret; we still use the word in its original sense when we speak of a "reader of riddles" or a "reader of dreams." The voice with its infinite possibilities of change is an important factor in reading or interpreting a poem. *Class readings* are frequently suggested for oral expression. As you listen to your teacher or to other good readers you will appreciate how much pleasure one who has learned the art of reading is able to give to others. Oral reading trains the ear of the listener to become sensitive to a well-modulated voice, to correct pronunciation, and to distinct articulation. A sympathetic reading of such a poem as "The Highwayman" or a dramatic reading of particular scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will reveal to you the beauty of the language that we speak and by which we express our thoughts. Longfellow says, "Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem is he who reads it grandly."

GLOSSARY

KEY TO SOUNDS OF MARKED VOWELS

ā as in *ate*	ē as in *eve*	ō as in *note*	ŭ as in *cut*
ă as in *bat*	ĕ as in *met*	ŏ as in *not*	û as in *turn*
â as in *care*	ê as in *event*	ô as in *or*	ū as in *unite*
á as in *ask*	ē as in *maker*	ò as in *obey*	o͞o as in *food*
ä as in *arm*	ĭ as in *kind*	o as in *soft*	o͝o as in *foot*
å as in *senate*	ĭ as in *pin*	ū as in *use*	

A

a-bate' (ȧ-bāt'), shorten.
a-bate'ment (ȧ-bāt'mĕnt), decrease.
A'bels (ā'bĕlz), pictures of Abel, second son of Adam and Eve, see *Genesis IV.*
ab-hor' (ăb-hôr'), hate.
abide, wait for.
ab'ject (ăb'jĕkt), humble.
ab-jure' (ăb-jūr'), give up.
ab'ne-ga'tion (ăb'nē-gā'shŭn), giving up all thought.
aboard, alongside ours.
a-boon' (ȧ-bo͞on') above.
a-bor'tive (ȧ-bôr'tĭv), usless.
A'bra-ham (ā'brȧ-hăm), see *Genesis XXI,* 9-20; **Abrahams,** pictures of Abraham, founder of the Hebrew race, see *Genesis XI-XXV.*
a-bridg'ment (ȧ-brĭj'mĕnt), pastime.
a-breast' (ȧ-brĕst'), side by side.
ab'so-lu'tion (ăb'sō-lū'shŭn), purification.
ab'sti-nence (ăb'stĭ-nĕns), going without.
a-by' (ȧ-bĭ'), pay for.
a-byss' (ȧ-bĭs'), immeasurable space; deep gulf.
A-ca'di-a (ȧ-kā'dĭ-ȧ), former name of Nova Scotia.
A'ca'die' (ā'kȧ'dē'), see Acadia.
ac-cliv'i-ty (ă-klĭv'ĭ-tĭ), slope.
ac-cord'ant (ă-kôr'dănt), harmonious.
ac-cost'ed (ă-kost'ĕd), addressed.
ac-count'ant (ă-koun't̆ănt), one who keeps accounts.
ac-cou'ter-ment (ă-ko͞o'tẽr-mĕnt), style; (in plural) equipment and dress.
Ach'er-on (ăk'ẽr-ŏn), a river in Hades.
ac'me (ăk'mē), highest degree; perfection.
ac'qui-es'cence (ăk'wĭ-ĕs'ĕns), assent; satisfaction.
Act of Navigation, a ruling by England that all goods shipped from the colonies and to the colonies must pass through English ports and in English vessels. This act was one of the direct causes of the Revolution.
ad'a-mant (ăd'ȧ-mănt), hardest kind of stone.
A-day'es (ā-dā'ēz).
ad-dress' (ă-drĕs'), a formal speech.
ad-dressed' (ă-drĕst'), ready; turned.
a-dieu' (ȧ-dyû), good-by
ad-just'ment (ă-jŭst'mĕnt), arrangement.
ad'ju-tant (ăj'o͞o-tănt), here, the Adjutant-General is the principal staff officer through whom the Commander receives communications and gives orders.
ad'mi-ra-ble (ăd'mĭ-rȧ-b'l), praiseworthy.
a-droit' (ȧ-droit'), skillful.
ad'vent (ăd'vĕnt), coming.
ad'ver-sa-ry (ăd-vûr'sȧ-rĭ), foe.
ad-ver'si-ty (ăd-vûr'sĭ-tĭ), misfortune.
Æ'gle (ē'g'l).
a-e'ri-al (ā-ē'rĭ-ăl), airy.
Aer'shot (ăr'skot), town in Belgium.
Aes'chy-lus (ĕs'kĭ-lŭs), Greek tragic poet.
af'fa-bil"i-ty (ăf'ȧ-bĭl"ĭ-tĭ), friendliness.
affects, shows a liking for.
af'fi-da'vit (ăf'ĭ-dā'vĭt), sworn statement.
af-front' (ă-frŭnt') insult; offend.
aft, toward the stern.
against she do appear, before her arrival.
ag-gres'sion (ă-grĕsh'ŭn), self-assertion.
a-ghast' (ȧ-gȧst'), terrified.
a-gil'i-ty (ȧ-jĭl'ĭ-tĭ), quickness of motion.
ag'i-ta'tion (ăj'ĭ-tā'shŭn), excitement.
ag'i-ta'tor (ăj'ĭ-tā'tẽr), one who stirs up discontent, strikes, etc., among others.
a-gog' (ȧ-gŏg'), eager.
ag'o-nized (ăg'ō-nīzed), overcome.
ag'ri-mo-ny (ăg'rĭ-mō-nĭ), yellow-flowered herb.
Ai'denn (ā'dĕn), paradise.
Aix (āks), a city in France.
Al'byn's (ăl'bĭnz), Scotland's.
a-lac'ri-ty (ȧ-lăk'rĭ-tĭ), swiftness.
al'che-mised (ăl'kē-mizd), changed.
al'che-my (al'kē-mĭ), attempt to change base metals into gold.
A'li Ba'ba (ā'lē bä"bä), hero of "The Forty Thieves," in *The Arabian Nights.*
al'ien (āl'yĕn), foreigner.
al'ien-ate (āl'yĕn-āt), separate.
al-le'giance (ă-lē'jănș), loyalty.
al-lay' (ă-lā') calm.
al-lied' (ă-līd'), united.
Al-li-ge'wi (ă-lĭ-gē'wĭ), a tribe of Indians.
al-lit'er-a"tion (ă-lĭt'ẽr-ā"shŭn), repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more successive words.
al-lu'sions (ă-lū'zhŭnz), references.
al-ly' (ă-lī'), friend; aid.
al'monds (ä'mŭndz).
alms'house' (ämz"hous'), poor-house.
al'oe (ăl'ō), century plant, which is said not to blossom until it is one hundred years old.
alps, mountains in general.
al'ter-a"tion (ôl'tẽr-ā"shŭn), change.
a-lu'mi-num (ȧ-lū'mĭ-nŭm), a very light weight metal, silver-colored.
a-main' (ȧ-mān'), at full speed.
am'a-ranth (ăm'ȧ-rănth), an imaginary flower which never fades.
am'ber (ăm'bẽr), clear, light yellow.
am-bro'si-al (ăm-brō'zhĭ-al), beautiful.
am'bus-cade' (ăm'bŭs-kād"), sudden attack
a-mel'io-rate (ȧ-mēl'yō-rāt), improve.

a-mends', make (ə-mĕnds'), make up for his past selfishness.
am'i-ca-ble (ăm'ĭ-kə-b'l), friendly; peaceful.
amidship, toward the middle of the ship.
am'i-ty (ăm'ĭ-tĭ), friendship.
am'mu-ni'tion (ăm'u-nĭsh'ŭn), powder, shot, etc., used in charging firearms.
Am'o-noo'suck (ăm'o-nōō'sŭk).
a move or two, all kinds of extraordinary things; "the ways of the world."
amphitheater, circular in shape.
am'ple (ăm'p'l), full.
A'mun (ä'mŏn), Egyptian god of life or reproduction.
an, if.
an'a-lyt'i-cal (ăn'ə-lĭt'ĭk-ăl), examining.
an'cho-rite monk (ăng'kō-rīt), one bound to live in solitude.
ancient Prophet's rod, see *Exodus, VII.*
Angel of the backward look, the angel that records our lives.
An'ge-lus (ăn'jē-lŭs), bell calling the people to evening prayer.
angles of incident and reflection, the course an object, as a ball, takes when it is struck against another object forcibly.
an-ni'hi-late (ă-nī'hĭ-lāt), reduced to nothing.
an-ni'hi-la'tion (ă-nī'hĭ-lā'shŭn), total destruction.
a-non' (ă-nŏn'), immediately.
a-non'y-mous (ə-nŏn' ĭ-mŭs), nameless.
answer to his inward thought, correspond to his idea of what he wished it to be.
an-tique' (ăn-tēk'), old-fashioned.
a-pace' (a-pās'), fast.
ape, imitate.
Ap'ol-lo'ni-us (ăp'ŏ-lō'nĭ-ŭs), ancient Roman philosopher who lived at the time of Christ and was said to be able to converse with birds and animals.
ap'o-plec'tic op'u-lence (ăp'ŏ-plĕk'tĭk ŏp'ū-lĕns), fat abundance.
ap'pal (ä'pôl'), terrify; amaze.
ap'pa-ri'tion (ăp'ä-rĭsh'ŭn), vision; disorder.
ap-pease' (ă-pēz'), pacify.
ap'pel-la'tion (ă'pĕl-ā'shŭn), name.
appointed, prepared.
ap-point'ments (ă-point'mĕnts), decorations.
ap'pre-hend' (ăp'rē-hĕnd'), imagine.
ap'pre-hen'sion (ăp'rē-hĕn'shŭn), hearing.
ap'pre-hen'sive (ăp'rē-hĕn'sĭv), fearful.
ap-pren'tice (ă-prĕn'tĭs), helper who is learning the business.
ap-pren'ticed (ă-prĕn'tĭst), taught a trade while working.
ap-prise' (ă-prīz'), inform.
approve, test.
apricocks, apricots.
apt'ly (ăpt'lĭ), fittingly.
aq'ue-duct (ăk'wē-dŭkt), artificial channel for conveying a large quantity of water.
Ar'ab (ăr'ăb), Arabian.
ar'a-besque' (ăr'ä-bĕsk'), a kind of ornamentation in geometric design.
ar'bi-ter of (ăr'bĭ-tĕr), one who has power to decide.
ar'bi-tra-ry exactions (ăr'bĭ-trā-rĭ), tyrannical demands.
arched the flood, spanned the stream.
ar'chives (ăr'kīvz), public records.
Ar'dennes' (ăr'dĕn'), the name of a forest.
ar'dor (ăr'dĕr), eagerness.
Ar'go-nauts (ăr'gō-nôtz), sailors on the *Argo,* who went in search of the Golden Fleece.
ar'go-sy (ăr'gō-sĭ), large merchant ship.
Ar'i-ad'ne (ăr'ĭ-ăd'nē).
Ariel-airy ease (ā'rĭ-ĕl), with the light grace of the spirit Ariel, in *The Tempest.*
aristocracy, the so-called "upper classes."
Ar-ma'da (ăr-mä'dä), Spanish fleet which was destroyed by storm and the English ships sent against it.
a-ro'ma (ə-rō'mä), fragrance.
ar'o-mat'ic (ăr'ō-măt'ĭk), fragrant.
ar'ras (ăr'ăs), hanging of tapestry.
ar-ray' (ə-rā'), order.
artful, shy.
artful dog, mind, a clever fellow, you may be sure.
ar'ti-fice (ăr'tĭ-fĭs), unnatural cowering; trick.
artificial gods, artist gods.
as-cribed' (ăs-krībd'), charged.
a-skance' (ə-skăns'), sideways.
As'pho-del (ăs'fō-dĕl), in Greek mythology the asphodel is associated with the underworld and the dead.
as'pi-ra'tions (ăs'pĭ-rā'shŭnz), ambitions.
aspire, fly upward.
as-sail' (ă-sāl'), attack.
as-sail'ant (ă-sāl'ănt), attacker.
assembly of phan'tasms (făn'tăz'mz), crowd of queer, ghost-like creatures.
as-sid'u-ous (ă-sĭd'ū-ŭs), devoted.
as-sign (ă-sīn'), agent; representative.
as-sump'tions (ă-sŭmp'shŭnz) boldness.
Atch'a-fa-lay'a (ăch'ä-fä-lī'ä), a river in Louisiana. The lakes of the Atchafalaya are at the outlets of the Red and the Mississippi rivers.
at his famous best, as fast as it was possible for him.
at'oms (ăt'ŭmz), tiny particles.
attainder, sentencing to death one accused of treason.
at-ten'u-at'ed (ă-tĕn'ū-āt'ĕd), thin.
au-da'cious (ô-dā'shŭs), bold.
Au'du-bon, John James (ô'dŏō-bŏn).
aught (ôt), anything.
au-gust' (ô-gŭst'), dignified.
au're-ole (ô'rē-ōl), a circle of light represented as surrounding the head, *i. e.,* a halo.
Au-ro'ra's har' bin-ger (ô-rō'räs här'bĭn-jĕr), the morning star which announces Aurora, or dawn.
aus-ter'i-ty (ôs-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), severity.
au-then'tic (ô-thĕn'tĭk), reliable.
au'to-crat'ic (ô'tō-krăt'ĭk), masterful.
au-tum'nal (ô-tŭm'năl).
avail, have power to hold me back.
av'a-lanche (ăv'ä-lănch), a mass of ice, snow, or land sliding swiftly down a mountain side.
av'a-rice (ăv'ä-rĭs), greediness.
av'a-tar' (ăv'ä-tär'), distinguishing mark.
A've Ma-rī'a (ä'vā mä-rē'ä).
a-vid'i-ty (ä-vĭd'ĭ-tĭ), eagerness.
a vision for the contemplation of the'o-rists (thē'ō-rĭsts), something indefinite that may be argued about by thinkers.

a-vouch (ȧ-vouch'), declare.
ay (ī), alas.
aye (ā), ever; **aye and a-non'** (ȧ-nŏn'), constantly.
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), sky-blue.

B

bac'cha-nal (băk'ȧ-năl), a drunken merry-maker; **Bacchanals,** the followers of Bacchus, the god of wine.
Bac-chan'tes (bȧ-kăn'tēz), riotous merry-makers.
bagpipe, a musical wind instrument.
balcony, notice where the accent has to come.
Bale'ful (bāl'fo͝ol), wicked.
bal'let-dan'cers (băl'lā'dăn'sĕrs), toe dancers.
balm (bäm), fragrant ointment, see *I Kings,* X, 1; something delightful or soothing
balm in Gil'e-ad (bäm; gĭl'ē-ăd), relief from pain in heaven.
balm'y (bäm'ĭ), mild.
ban-dit'ti (băn-dĭt'ĭ), crowd of outlaws.
baptized; was really baptized, acted so that it deserved to be called a navy.
bar, prevent.
barge (bärj), small, graceful sailboat.
bark, small sailing vessel.
barm, yeast formed in brewing liguor.
bar'ra-coon' (băr'ȧ-ko͞on'), a barrack for temporary confinment.
bar'ren sort (bă'rĕn), foolish lot.
bar'ri-cade' (băr'ĭ-kād'), a fortification.
bar'ti-zan (bär'tĭ-zăn), a small overhanging structure for defense.
base (bās), despicable.
Bas'il (băz'ĭl).
Basin of Mi'nas (mē'năs), the eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy.
bas-relief (bä), standing out from the rest of his face.
bast'ed been (bās'tĕd), water had been poured over them.
bat'ed (bāt'ĕd), removed.
Bat'ter-y (băt'ĕr-ĭ), place for large guns.
battery's side, the side of the artillery bombardment.
bay'ou (bī'o͞o), inlet from the Gulf of Mexico, lake, or large river, sometimes sluggish.
Beau Se'jour' (bō sā'zhōōr'), town in Acadia which had been attacked by the British in 1745.
beauty, beautiful women.
be-dight' (bē-dīt'), decorated.
Bed'lam (bĕd'lăm), a hospital in London.
beetling, overhanging.
be-guile' (bē-gīl'), while away; decive; coax; **be-guile' you from,** make you forget.
be-hest' (bē-hĕst'), command.
be-howls' (bē-houlz'), howls at.
belched (bĕlcht), cast forth.
be-like' (bē-līk'), perhaps.
Bell, the name of a hotel.
Bel'le-fon-taine' (bĕl'ē-fŏn-tān').
Bel-lo'na (bĕ-lō'nȧ), the goddess of war.
Bel-shaz'zars (bĕl-shăz'ȧrz), pictures of Belshazzar, last King of Babylon, see *Daniel V.*
Ben'e-dic'i-te (bĕn'ē-dĭs'ĭ-tē), bless you.
be-nev'o-lence (bē-nĕv'ō-lĕns) kindness; **organ of,** heart.
be-nig'nant (bē-nĭg'nănt), kind.
be-nig'ni-ty (bē-nĭg'nĭ-tĭ), kindness
ben tro-va'to (bĕn trō-vä'to), well invented
be parties to, assist in telling.
be-reave'ment (bē-rēv'ment), sorrow.
be-reft' (bē-rĕft'), stripped of nearly all his possessions.
ber'go-mask (bĕr'gō-mȧsk), a country dance.
be-shrew' (bē-shro͞o'), at fault be.
be-teem' (bē-tēm'), bestow upon.
be-to'ken (bē-tō'k'n), indicated.
be-took' myself (bē-to͝ok'), began.
bevy (bĕv'ĭ), group.
bid defiance to contagion, opposed with contempt the disease.
bide the end (bīd), see what the future will bring.
big-no'ni-as (bĭg-nō'nĭ-ȧz), a kind of tropical vine which bears flowers.
big'ot-ry (bĭg'ŭt-rĭ), narrowmindedness.
big river, the Mississippi.
bil'let (bĭl'ĕt), a short letter.
birch and rule, birch stick and ruler used to punish the pupils.
birds of passage, birds going south for the winter.
bir'kie ca'd (bûr'kē), fellow called.
bishop, beverage of wine and fruit juices.
bi-zarre' (bĭ-zär'), fantastic.
blanched (blänchd), grew pale; whitened; pale.
blas'phe-mous (blȧs'fē-mŭs), indecent.
blasting, tearing up with explosives.
bleak (blēk), cold and cutting.
blent, united.
blithe (blīth), joyous.
Blom'i-don (blŏm'ĭ-dŭn), a mountain
blood, wishes; rank; **blood horse,** race horse.
Board of Trade, the committee having charge of commerce.
Boar's Head, headland on the New Hampshire coast.
"bob," slang for shilling.
bole (bōl), trunk.
bond, written agreement.
bonnet and plume, Highland cap with a feather in it.
"bonneted," put a cap on.
bo'nus (bō'nŭs), extra pay.
boom (bo͞om), area of water in which floating timber is kept, in lumbering.
boon (bo͞on), favor.
boot, place in back for baggage.
bootless, idle.
Border, the boundary line between England and Scotland.
bottle, bundle.
bor'ough (bŭr'ō), town.
Bourbon scepter, the rule of the Bourbons, a noble French family, members of which became tyrannical rulers in France, Spain, and Italy.
Bourges (bo͞orzh), city in France.
bow (bou), front part of a ship.
bows (bōz), U-shaped pieces about necks of cattle.
brace, a pair.
br ack'ish (brăk'ĭsh), salt.
B. ad'dock, Edward (brăd'ŭk), (1695-1755) British general in America.
brag'ga-doc'ci-o (brăg'ȧ-dō'shĭ-ō), courage.
Brah'mas (brä'mȧz).
brake, thicket.

brand, piece of burning wood.
brant (brănt), a kind of wild duck.
brave in, making a great show with.
brawl, noise made by water running over stones.
brawn (brôn), roasted meat.
bra'zier (brā'zhēr), pan for burning coals.
break him to ride, tame him for horseback riding.
breast, struggle with; top.
breath, speech.
breech'es (brĭch'ĕz), trousers.
brewing on a large scale, cooking in large quantities so as to cause clouds of steam.
brief, written list.
brig'ands (brĭg'ăndz), highwaymen.
Brig'id (brĭj'ĭd), Saint Brigid, patroness of Ireland (453-523).
broached (brōcht), pierced.
broad-girthed, large and fat.
broken fortunes, bygone wealth.
brooch (brōch), pin.
brooding, thoughtful; anxious.
broom, a European shrub.
brow of Egypt, very dark complexion.
Brunswick's fated chieftain, the Duke of Brunswick fell early in the action.
buck, dashing young fellow; spring with a quick, plunging leap.
buffcoat, a close, short-sleeved coat of light brown leather.
buff'er (bŭf'ẽr), something to lessen the shock of two things coming together forcibly.
bull's eye watch, a thick, old-fashioned watch.
bul'ly-ing (bŏŏl'ĭ-ĭng), intimidating.
buoy (boi), object kept afloat on the water to mark something below the surface.
bur'gess-es (bûr'jĕs-ĕz), citizens.
burgh'ers (bûr'gẽrz), citizens.
Bur'gun-dy (bûr'gun-dĭ), a French province.
bur-lesque' (bûu-lĕsk'), writing that is humorous because of its exaggeration.
bur'ly (bûr'lĭ), fat.
burning Sap'pho (săf'ō), a Greek poetess of much power, born about 600 B.C.
Burr, Aaron, attempted to found a republic in the southwest, with New Orleans for its capital. He was indicted for treason in 1807.
bus'kined (bŭs'kĭnd), wearing buskins, a kind of high boot reaching halfway to the knee.
bus'kins (bŭs'kĭnz), high boots.
but all is set, the greatness they have been famous for is now gone.
butte (būt), hill.
but'ting away (bŭt'ĭng), pushing forcibly aside.
buttress, a projecting wall for support.
butts (bŭts), the handle ends.
by Ce'dra (sē'drà). near the river Cedra.
by common consent, unanimously.
by one consent, with one accord.

C

Ca-caph'o-del, Dr. (kă-kăf'ō-dĕl).
ca'd, called.
ca'dence (kā'dĕns), rhythm.
Ca'diz Bay (kā'dĭz), a bay on the southwest coast of Spain.
Cad'mus (kăd'mŭs), the mythological founder of Thebes. According to Greek mythology, he introduced the Greek alphabet from Phœnicia.
Cains (kānz), pictures of Cain, first son of Adam and Eve, see *Genesis IV*.
cairn (kârn), heap of stones left for a memorial.
cal'en-der (kăl'ĕn-dẽr), one who presses cloth between rollers to glaze it.
Cal'i-ban (kăl'ĭ-băn), an ugly creature, half man, half monster in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.
calling, business occupation.
Cal'vin's creed (kăl'vĭn), the very strict beliefs of John Calvin, a religious reformer.
Cam'den Town (kăm'dĕn), a suburb of London.
"came down" handsomely (a pun), did a generous thing.
Cam'er-on's Gathering (kăm'ẽr-ŭnz)' the troops of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Scotland; Cameron was the chief of the Cameron clan.
can'de-la'brum (kăn'dĕ-lā'brŭm), a large ornamental candlestick.
can'dor (kăn'dẽr), frankness.
can'is-ters (kăn'ĭs-tẽrz), cases for coffee and tea.
canker-blossom, canker-worm.
Canning, George, an English orator.
ca'non (kăn'yŭn), a river valley with high, steep sides.
can'o-py (kăn'ō-pĭ), overhead shelter.
cant (kănt), thoughtless speech.
Can'to (kăn'tō).
ca-pa'cious (kà-pā'shŭs), roomy; broad.
capacity, opinion; **capacity for,** power to have.
capital, attractive.
cap'sule (kăp'sūl), a small cylindrical-shaped case.
car'a-coled (kăr'à-kōld), turned.
car'bun-cle (kär'bŭng-k'l), deep red stone, unusual and valuable.
ca-reer'ing (kà-rẽr'ĭng), running.
Car'thage queen (kär'thăj), Dido. The story is told in Vergil's *Aeneid*.
Car-thu'sian (kär-thū'zhăn), one of the order of monks whose rigid vows compel almost absolute silence.
Ca'sa Gui di (kä'sä gwē'dē).
case, condition.
case'ment (kās'mĕnt), a window opening on hinges from one side.
cas'tel-la'ted (kăs'tĕ-lāt'ĕd), built like a castle.
castes (kásts), different ranks of society; **creed of caste,** belief that one must remain in the position into which he is born.
catch, a round.
cath'o-lic (kăth'ō-lĭk), universal.
caul'dron (kôl'drŭn), large boiler or kettle.
caulks stamped a reversal (kôks), spikes in his shoes stopped the log.
caus'tic (kôs'tĭk), sharp.
cav'al-cade' (kav'ăl-kād'), horseback procession.
Ca'va-le-ry (kă'vá-lĕ-rĭ), Bottom's pronounciation of the Spanish word *caralero*, meaning "Cavalier."
cav'a-lier' (kăv'à-lēr'), a knight.
celebrated herd in the poem, see Wordsworth's poem "March."

ce-les'tial and ter-res'tri-al globes, (sē-lĕs'chăl; tĕ-rĕs'trĭ-ăl), globes showing the map of the world and the placement of the heavenly bodies.
cen'ser (sĕn'sẽr), a vessel for perfumes or to burn incense in.
Cen'taurs (sĕn'tôrz), mythological creatures, half horse and half man.
Cen-ten'ni-al (sĕn-tĕn'ĭ-ăl), 100th anniversary of 1776.
cere'ment (sēr'mĕnt), shroud for the dead.
ces-sa'tion (sĕ-sā'shŭn), stopping.
cess'pools' (sĕs'pōōlz'), cisterns in which refuse is collected.
C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel! Mon frere, comme je suis heureuse, (sā twä, mär'sĕl", mô frär, kŭm jē swē zēr'rōōz"), it is you, it is you, Marcel! My brother, how happy I am!
chafed (chāft), wave-washed; washed back and forth.
chaf'finch (chăf'ĭnch), common European song bird.
chaise (shāz), a light carriage.
Chal-de'an plain (kăl-dē'ăn), the wide uncultivated stretches of land in Chaldea, an ancient country of Asia.
chal'ised (chăl'ĭst), cup-shaped.
Chalk'ley's Journal (chôk'lĭz), the following incident was retold from the *Journal* of Thomas Chalkley, published in 1747.
chambered cell, room-like part of the shell.
cham'pi-on (chăm'pĭ-ŭn), that had taken first prize.
chance, does it happen.
change, abbreviation for exchange, the Royal Exchange, the center of London commerce; **upon 'Change** is a general term for a place where men meet to transact business.
cha'os (kā'ŏs), confusion.
chap'let (chăp'lĕt), rosary; 55 or 59 beads.
charge me as heavily, give me as many requests.
charger, horse.
Char'le-magne (shär'lē-mān), a famous medieval European king.
char'wom'an (chär'wo͝om'ăn), woman hired by the day to clean.
chasm (kăz'm), open space; deep breaks in the earth.
Cha'teau" (shă'tō"), a castle or very fine house, in France.
chaunt (chônt), old form for chant, weaving song.
Cheapside, a street in London.
Cher'so-nese (kûr'sō-nēz), eastern Greece.
che'vaux'de-frise' (shĕv'ō"dĕ-frēz'), mass of jagged edges and sharp points.
chide downright, actually quarrel.
chid'ing (chī'dĭng), baying
childing, fruitful.
Chinese roof, two-sided roof curving up to a peak.
Chin-gach'gook (chĭn-găch'go͝ok).
chiv'al-ry (shĭv'ăl-rĭ), brave men.
Christian pearl, a tale of Cleopatra is that she dissolved a pearl in a glass of sour wine and drank it.
chron'i-cled (krŏn'ĭ-k'ld), recorded in a history.
chub, a kind of fish.
ci'de-vant" (sē'dē-vän"; here sē"dē-vän' for meter), former.
civ'i-li-za'tion (sĭv'ĭ-lĭ-zā'shŭn), social advancement.
claim his toll (tōl), seize his share, and kill for food.
clam'or-ous (klăm'ẽr-ŭs), noisy.
clan'gor (klăng'gẽr), noise
clar'et (klăr'ĕt), purplish red.
clean-winged, swept clean with a turkey's wing.
clearing-house, place where representatives of different banks meet to exchange checks and credits.
clem'ent (klĕm'ĕnt), indulgent.
clerks, scholars.
clew (klo͞o), answer to the question.
clois'ter (klois'tẽr), covered out-door passage lined with columns.
close, secret.
clos'es (klō'sĕz), alleys.
clout'ed (klout'ed), patched.
Clyde (klīd), a river in Scotland.
Co-che'cho (kō-chē'kō).
codes (kōdz), rules.
co-he'sion (kō-hē'zhŭn), that which holds separate things together.
coil, trouble.
col-lab'o-rate (kŏl-lăb'ō-rāt), write together.
col-lapsed' (kŏ-lăpst'), went all to pieces.
col'lect kŏl'ĕkt), a short prayer to be read.
col'lied (kŏl'ĭd), black as coal.
col'on-nade" (kŏl'ō-nād"), series of columns —here trees.
Co-lum'bian Plains (kō-lŭm'bĭăn), plains of western Canada.
col'um-bine (kŏl'ŭm-bĭn), a plant with showy flowers.
Col'um-kill (kŏl'ŭm-kĭl) Saint Columba, an Irish missionary to Scotland in the sixth century.
col'umn (kŏl'ŭm), pillar.
come'ly (kŭm'lĭ), attractive.
come'ly in its kind, good-looking for a thing of that sort.
comforter, long knitted scarf.
common faith, the Christian religion.
com-mun'ing (kŏ-mūn'ĭng), having personal relations.
communion, fellowship and agreement.
com-pact' (kŏm-păkt'), composed.
com'pass (kŭm'pas), range; go around.
compass-flower, plant with leaves which indicate the points of the compass.
com'pe-tent (kŏm'pē-tĕnt), good.
com'pe-tence (kŏm'pē-tĕns), wealth.
com-pli'ance with (kŏm-plī'ăns), obedience to.
complication, ever increasing number.
composed, made; at rest.
com'pound (kŏm'pound), mixture.
comprehends, understands.
com'pre-hen'sive (kŏm'prē-hĕn"siv), extensive; **com'pre-hen'sive ocean of my business,** the extent of my business which seemed to include everything.
con, learn.
con-ceived' (kŏn-sēvd'), begun.
con'cen-trate (kŏn'sĕn-trāt), hold firmly; point in one direction.
con-cep'tion (kŏn-sĕp'shŭn), understanding.
con-cil'i-a'tion (kŏn-sĭl'ĭ-ā"shŭn), action which tends to bring about a spirit of friendship.

con-coct' (kŏn-kŏkt'), make.
con'cord (kŏn'kôrd), peace.
con'de-scen'sion (kŏn'dē-sĕn''shŭn), friendliness as though they were equals.
con-duce' (kŏn-dūs'), lead to.
con-du'cive (kŏn-dū'sĭv), helpful.
con-fed'er-a-cy (kŏn-fĕd'ĕr-ā-sĭ), conspiracy.
con'fer-ence (kŏn'fĕr-ĕns), meeting.
con-ferred' (kŏn-fĕrd'), talked.
con-fes'sion-al (kŏn-fĕsh''ŭn-ăl), the enclosed place where a priest sits to hear confessions.
con'fis-cat-ed (kŏn'fĭs-kāt-ĕd), seized.
con'fis-ca'tion (kŏn'fĭs-kā''shŭn), seizing of property.
con-found'ing (kŏn-found'ĭng), breaking.
con-gealed' (kŏn-jēld'), hardened; froze.
con-geal'ed (kŏn-jēl'ĕd), frozen; **congealed into,** shown in.
con'i-cal (kŏn'ĭ-kăl), cone-shaped.
con-joined' (kŏn-joind'), united.
con'ju-gal (kŏn'jōō-găl), matrimonal.
con'jur-ing book (kŭn'jĕr-ĭng), Cornelius Agrippa's *Majic,* printed 1651.
conned (kŏnd), learned.
con-nu'bi-al (kŏ-nū'bĭ-ăl), pertaining to marriage.
conscious, real.
con'scious-ness (kŏn'shŭs-nĕs), knowledge; **consciousness of a mission,** knowledge of a work to be done.
con'se-crate (kŏn'sē-krāt), make sacred.
consequences, ending.
consideration, importance.
con-sort' (kŏn-sôrt'), associate.
con'stan-cy (kŏn'stăn-sĭ) consistency.
con-strain'eth (kŏn-strān'ĕth), forces.
con'sum-ma'tion (kŏn'sŭ-mā''shŭn), completion.
contemplation of theorists, attention of those who have not tried out, who do not base their ideas on practice.
con-tem'po-ra-ry (kŏn-tĕm'pŏ-rā-rĭ), living at the same, or at the present time.
con-tex'ture (kŏn-tĕks'tûr), all the different parts.
con-tig'u-ous (kŏn-tĭg'û-ŭs), adjoining.
con-tract'ed (kŏn-trăk'tĕd), lowered.
contra-dances, dances in which the couples stand opposite each other.
con'tre-temps' (kôn'tr'-tän''), mishap.
con-tri'tion (kŏn-trĭsh'ŭn), repentance.
con-vened' (kŏn-vēnd'), called together.
conventional standards of greatness, the way the majority of people decide whether a man is great or not.
con-veyed' (kŏn-vād'), led.
conviction, belief.
convulsions, disturbances.
coof (kōōf), fool .
cook'ee (kōōk'ē), a woman cook.
co-op'er-a'tion (kŏ-ŏp'ĕr-ā''shŭn), help.
cope (kop), canopy.
copper, kettle.
cor'al (kŏr'ăl).
Cor'in (kŏr'ĭn).
cor'mo-rant (kŏr'mŏ-rănt), a large sea bird, symbol of gluttony.
Cornland, farmland, in general.
cor'po-ra'tion (kŏr'pŏ-rā''shŭn), legislative body.
cor-ral' (kŏ-răl'), an inclosure for confining animals.
Cor-reg'gio (kŏr-rĕd'jō), an Italian artist.
cor're-la'tion (kŏr'ē-lā''shŭn), mutual effect.
cor-rob'o-rat'ed(kŏ-rŏb''ŏ-rāt'ĕd), admitted the truth of.
cor-rupt' (kŏ-rŭpt'). spoiled.
cor-rupt'ed (kŏ-rŭp'tĕd), changed from good to bad.
cor-rup'tion (kŏ-rŭp'shŭn), evil.
cor-vette' (kŏr-vĕt'), warship.
Cos'ta Ri'ca's everglades (kŏs'tà rē'kà), swamps of Costa Rica, a republic in Central America.
cot, cottage.
couch'ant kouch'ănt), squatting.
cou'lee (kōō'lĭ), the bed of a dried-up stream.
coun'sels (koun'sĕlz), suggestions; pieces of advice.
countenance, manner of acting.
coun'ter-part (koun'tĕr-pärt), copy.
counters, blows.
Cou'reurs'des-Bois(kōō'rĕr''dā'bwä), French or half-breed (French and Indian) hunters and traders of western North America, especially Canada.
course, manner of life.
court'iers (kôrt'yĕrz), those in attendance at the court of a prince.
courts'mar''tial (kôrtz'mär''shăl), court in which cases of army or navy members are tried.
cov'ert-ly (kŭv'ĕrt-lĭ), secretly.
coves (kōvz), sheltered nooks.
coy, caress.
coy-o'te (kī-ō'tē; kī'ōt), the prairie wolf.
cramp, lessen.
crane, iron hook for supporting kettles over a fire; machine for handling great weights.
crank, having sails that take the wind easily.
crannied, having crevices.
crannies, crevices.
cra-vat' (krà-văt'), kind of necktie.
crav'en (krā'v'n), coward.
cre'dence (krē'dĕns), belief.
cre-den'tials (krē-dĕn'shălz), letters or papers of identification and recommendation.
cre-du'li-ty (krē-dū'lĭ-tĭ), willingness to believe.
creed of caste, belief that one must remain in the position into which he is born.
Creeks, an Indian tribe which removed from Georgia beyond the Mississippi in 1826.
Cre'ole (krē'ōl), person of Spanish or French descent brought up in a colonial possession.
crepe de Chine (krâp d'shēn), a kind of silk.
crest, top of the head.
Crete (krēt), an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
Cri'er (krī'ĕr), man who went about the streets calling out news. A town-crier would know everyone in his community.
Cri-me'a (krī-mē'à), a peninsula of southern Russia.
cri'sis (krī'sĭs), turning point.
cross, suffering; disappoint; quarrel with.
cross-bones and the skull, the emblem on the black pirate banner; the pirates usually killed their victims.
croup (krōōp), the back of the horse.

cru'ci-ble (krōō'sĭ-b'l), cup-shaped melting vessel.
cru'ci-fix (krōō'sĭ-fĭks), representation of Christ on the cross.
crypt (krĭpt), vault; hiding-place.
crys'tal-line (krĭs'tăl-ĭn), transparent.
cry your worships mercy, beg your pardon.
cum'ber-less (kŭm'bĕr-lĕs), free of movement.
cunning-warded, well hidden.
Cu'pid (kū'pĭd), the god of love.
cut'lass (kŭt'lăs), a short, heavy, curved sword, used by sailors.
Cyn'ic (sĭn'ĭk), one who does not believe in unselfishness as a factor in the world.
cy'press-tree (sī'prĕs), tree whose dark, shiny leaves are used in funeral decoration.

D

daft (dăft), foolish.
dam'oi-seau (dăm'ĭ-zō), nobleman.
Daph'ne (dăf'nē).
Dar'da-nelles' (där'dă-nĕlz').
darkling, in the dark.
darkly circled, seeming to have a dark ring—sign of a storm.
Dart'mouth (därt'mŭth), college in New Hampshire.
dasher, dashboard between horse and carriage to keep mud from flying up.
das'tard (dăs'tărd), coward.
date, duration.
daunt'less (dänt'lĕs), brave.
daws (dôz), jackdaws, birds noted for stealing.
Dea'con (dē'k'n), officer of a church.
deal forms, benches made of plain boards.
dearth (dĕrth), lack; want.
debatable land, province of right and wrong.
de-bouched' (dē-bōōsht'), came out.
dé'bris' (dā'brē'), ruins.
dec'ade (dĕk'ād), ten years.
de-cant'er (dē-kăn'tĕr), glass bottle.
de-co'ra (dē-kō'rà), fitness, plural of de-co'rum, etc.; **de-co'rum** (dē-kō'rŭm), idea of what was proper; dignity.
ded'i-cate (dĕd'ĭ-kāt), set apart sacredly; **dedicated to the proposition,** devoted to the carrying out of the idea.
deem, think.
deep, ocean.
def'er-ence (dĕf'ĕr-ĕns), respect.
defiance, see **bid**; air of opposition.
de-filed' (dē-fīld'), disgraced.
deflowered, opened out; killed.
deft (dĕft), skillful.
deft'ly (dĕft'lĭ), cleverly.
degenerate into hands like mine (dē-jĕn'ĕr-āt), sink dishonored into hands so unfit.
deg'ra-da'tion (dĕg'rà-dā'shŭn), gradual process of becoming worse and worse.
delegated power, power of one to act as a representative of a number.
de-lib'er-at'ing (dē-lĭb'ĕr-āt'ĭng), considering.
De'los (dē'lŏs), an island to the southeast of Greece, supposed birthplace of Apollo, god of poetry.
deluded, deceived.
delusion, mistaken idea.
dem'a-gogue (dĕm'à-gŏg), leader who has the confidence of the people but who has not their welfare at heart.
De-me'tri-us (dē-mē'trĭ-ŭs).
democracy, country governed by its people.
de-mo'ni-ac (dē-mō'nĭ-ăk), wicked.
Den'is' de Beau'lieu' (dĕn'ĭs' dē bō'lōō').
den'i-zens (dĕn'ĭ-zĕnz), inhabitants; workers.
de-pend'ed (dē-pĕnd'ĕd), hung.
de-pict' (dē-pĭkt'), describe.
de-plored' (dē-plōrd'), mourned over.
de-pop'u-lat'ed (dē-pŏp'ū-lāt'ĕd), deprived of inhabitants.
de-ris'ion (dē-rĭzh'ŭn), bitter talk.
de-rived' (dē-rīvd'), received; born.
descry, make out.
desert's highest born, the proudest and most intelligent of the desert animals.
despite, in, to annoy (humorously).
de-spoil' (dē-spoil'), rob.
de-spond'ent (dē-spŏn'dĕnt), melancholy.
des'pot (dĕs'pŏt), tyrant.
de-tach' (dē-tăch'), separate.
de-tract' (dē-trăkt'), take away.
de'us ex ma'chi-na (dē'ŭs ĕks măk'ĭ-nà), god from a machine—referring to the old belief that gods came to earth to solve human difficulties.
de Vere, (dē vēr).
de-vice' (dē-vīs'), symbolic design and writing; plan.
de'vi-ous (dē'vĭ-ŭs), winding; restless.
de-vised' (dē-vīzd'), thought of.
dev'o-tee' (dĕv'ō-tē'), very religious person.
dew (dū), small drops of moisture which collect on cool objects at night; **dews of ne-pen'the** (nē-pĕn'thē), drops of the drug used to banish pain and sorrow.
dewberries, blackberries.
dewlap (dū'lăp'), double chin.
dew-lapped, with a hanging fold of skin under the neck.
di'a-dem (dī'à-dĕm), crown.
Di-an'a (dī-ăn'à), the moon goddess.
Di'an's bud (dī'ănz), Diana's herb.
di'a-tribe (dī'à-trīb), article of abuse.
die (dī), one of two dice.
dif-fuse' (dĭf-fūz'), spread about; widespread; scattered.
dif-fu'sion (dĭf-fū'zhŭn), spreading.
dight (dīt), decorate.
dilapidated, past their prime.
dil'i-gence (dĭl'ĭ-jĕns), perseverence.
dim'i-nu'tion (dĭm'ĭ-nū'shŭn), lessening.
dip (dĭp), candle.
dirge (dûrj), psalm or hymn sung at a funeral; sad song.
dis'ar-ray' (dĭs'ă-rā'), disorder.
dis-cern' (dĭ-zûrn'), see.
discharge, act; perform.
dis-claimed' (dĭs-klāmd'), denied.
dis-con'cert (dĭs-kŏn'sûrt), confusion.
disconnection, separation.
dis-coun'te-nanc-ing (dĭs-koun'tē-năns-ĭng), discouraging.
dis-course' (dĭs-kōrs'), speech.
dis'en-gaged' (dĭs'ĕn-gājd'), disclosed.
dis-gorged' (dĭs-gôrjd'), threw out.
dis-in'cli-na'tion (dĭs-ĭn'klĭ-nā'shŭn), dislike.
dis-par'age (dĭs-păr'ăj), do not speak slightingly of.
dis-patched' (dĭs-păcht'), sent.
dis-pelled' (dĭs-pĕld'), driven away; banished.
disputatious, fond of arguing.
dis'si-pat'ed (dĭs'ĭ-pāt'ĕd), scattered.
dis'so-lu'tion (dĭs'ō-lū'shŭn), complete breaking down.

dis-solv'ing (dĭ-sŏlv'ĭng), disappearing.
dis'so-nant (dĭs'ō-nănt), discordant.
dis'taff (dĭs'tăf), the staff for holding the bunch of flax or wool in spinning.
distant, future.
dis-tem'per-a-ture, bad weather.
dis-till' (dĭs-tĭl'), trickle.
distilled, that is made into perfume.
distribution or modification, wide extent or limitation.
ditto, exact likeness.
di'vers (dī'vẽrz), many different; various.
di-ver'si-fied (dĭ-vûr'sĭ-fīd), various.
di-vin'ing (dĭ-vīn'ĭng), guessing.
doc'ile to the helm (dŏs'ĭl), easily steered.
doc'trine (dŏk'trĭn), ideal; lesson.
doff (dŏf), remove.
dog'ged (dog'ĕd), stubborn.
dogged (dogd), bothered.
dole, (dōl), grief.
dol'o-mite (dŏl'ō-mīt), alloy of magnesium.
do-mains' (dō-mānz'), lands.
dom'i-cile (dŏm'ĭ-sĭl), home; here, wagon.
dominant (dŏm'ĭ-nănt), powerful.
do-min'ion (dō-mĭn'yŭn), kingdom.
Don Ju-an' (dŏn hōō-ăn').
dot'age (dōt'ăj), foolishness.
dote on (dōt), be foolishly fond of.
dou'blet (dŭb'lĕt), close-fitting coat.
dow'a-ger (dou'ă-jẽr), widow having property or title from her deceased husband.
dow'er (dou'ẽr), treasure; gift, wealth, or property which a bride brings to her husband.
down a down, a common refrain, or chorus, in old ballads.
drab-skirted, unimaginative.
draught (drăft), drink.
draught-board (drăft), checker-board.
drawn, with sword drawn.
dread (drĕd), dreadful.
dream-snatched, carried away by fitful dreams.
dree, can; is able.
dresser, cupboard for dishes and kitchen utensils.
drive, control; collection of floating logs driven down stream.
drone from the German hive (drōn), a drone is a lazy bee who does no work. George II was of German stock.
dross (dros), worthless matter.
drought (drout), dryness.
Dru'ids (drōō'ĭdz), religious order of Celts who held trees sacred; **Druids of eld,** of olden time.
Dry'ad (drī'ăd), wood nymph.
dry humor, quiet, shrewd sort of humor.
du'bi-ous (dū'bĭ-ŭs), doubtful.
duc-til'i-ty (dŭk-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), flexibility.
due (dū), fit; proper.
Duf'feld (dŭ'fĕlt), town in Belgium.
dul'cet (dŭl'sĕt), sweet.
du'ly (dū'lĭ), conscientiously.
dun, grayish-brown.
duo'mo (dwō'mō), a cathedral.
dwindling, becoming smaller.
dy-nam'ic ve'he-mence (dĭ-năm'ĭk vē'hĕ-mĕns), furious intensity.

E

each under each, of different notes, like bells in a chime.
earthlier happy, more happy upon earth.
Earthquake day, see **Lisbon.**
earthy sa'vor (sā'vẽr), close, damp smell.
easy state, comfort.
ebbs like its tide, Solway Firth is noted for the rapidity of its tides.
ebony, black.
ec-cen'tric (ĕk-sĕn'trĭk), peculiar.
ec'sta-sy (ĕk'stă-sĭ), happy outburst; great joy.
e'dict (ē'dĭkt), law.
ed'i-fice (ĕd'ĭ-fĭs), construction.
Ed'mon-ton (ĕd'mŭn-tŭn), a suburb of London.
ee'rie (ē'rĭ), weird.
ef'fi-ca'cious (ĕf'ĭ-kā'shŭs), effective; efficient.
ef'fi-ca-cy (ĕf'ĭ-kă-sĭ), power; strength.
ef-fi'cien-cy (ĕ-fĭsh'ĕn-sĭ), great ability.
ef-fu'sion (ĕ-fū'zhŭn), violence.
E-ge'us (ē-jē'ŭs).
eke (ēk), also.
eked (ēkt), helped.
e-late' (ē-lāt'), powerful.
elf'in (ĕl'fĭn), fairy.
e-lic'it-ed (ē-lĭs'ĭt-ĕd), drew the information.
Elijah ascending to Heaven, *II Kings II.*
"el'lum" (ĕl'ŭm, dialect), elm.
Ellwood, Thomas Ellwood, Quaker, author of the epic poem, *Davideis,* which deals with the life of David.
elm (ĕlm).
e-lu'ci-da'tion (ē-lū'sĭ-dā'shŭn), explanation.
em'a-nat'ing (ĕm'ă-nā'tĭng), coming.
em'a-na'tion from Heaven (ĕm'ă-nā'shŭn), an outflow from Heaven.
em-bar'go (ĕm-bär'gō), impediment.
embattled farmers, farmers prepared for battle.
em-bel'lish-ments (ĕm-bĕl'ĭsh-mĕnts) decorations.
em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), symbol.
em-bossed' (ĕm-bôst'), ornamented with raised work.
embowered, hidden.
em-bra'sure (ĕm-brā'zhūr), opening; seat.
e-merge' (ē-mûrj'), appear.
em'i-nence (ĕm'ĭ-nĕns), height.
en-am'ored of (ĕn-ăm'ẽrd), in love with.
en-chased' (ĕn-chāst'), set.
en-com'pass (ĕn-kŭm'păs), surround.
en'core' (ăn'kôr'), again; here, besides.
en-cy'clo-pe'di-a (ĕn-sī'klō-pē'dĭ-ă), book of information for reference.
ends will change, future will be different.
en-dued' (ĕn-dūd'), furnished.
en-gilds (ĕn-gĭldz'), brightens.
en-gross'es you (ĕn-grōs'ĕz), occupies all your time and thought.
en-gulf' (ĕn-gŭlf'), swallow up.
en-join' (ĕn-join'), require; demand.
en-sued' (ĕn-sūd'), followed.
enterprises of faction, attempts of a few to overrule the many.
en-thralled' (ĕn-thrôld'), held spellbound.
envy, see **vice of republics.**
en'voy (ĕn'voi), government representative.
Ep'i-cu-re'an (ĕp'ĭ-kū-rē'ăn; here, for rime, ĕp'ĭ-kū'rē-ăn), one who indulges in good food; here, it refers to the bee enjoying honey.
ep'i-logue (ĕp'ĭ-lŏg), a speech recited by an actor after a play.
ep'och (ĕp'ŏk), period of time.

e-quiv'o-cal (ē-kwĭv'-ō-kăl), indefinite.
Er'cles (ûr'klēz).
ere'long' (ăr'long'), soon.
Erze'roum' (ĕrz'rōōm'), a division of Turkey.
es-cutch'eon (ĕs-kŭch'ŭn), shield.
es'prit' de corps' (ĕs'prē'dē kôr'), spirit of working together.
es'say (ĕs'ā), effort; attempt.
es-say' (ĕs-ā'), try.
es'sence (ĕs'ĕns), fundamental part; soul.
es-tate' (ĕs-tāt'), give as a fortune; fortune.
eternal summer, summer all the year round.
e-the're-al (ē-thē'rē-ăl), airy; spiritual; **ethereal luster,** delicate radiance.
E'thi-ope (ē'thĭ-ōp), Hermia is a brunette.
et'i-quette (ĕt'ĭ-kĕt), social customs regulating behavior.
Eu'la'lie' (ū'lā'lī').
eu'lo-gy (ū'lō-jĭ), oration of praise.
eu'nuch (ū'nŭk), a house servant in Eastern countries.
eu'pho-ny (ū'fō-nĭ), harmony.
Ev'ans (ĕv'ănz), referring to Evan Cameron, an ancestor of Donald's.
even, evening.
even-handed, just.
evince, show.
ev'o-lu'tions (ĕv'ō-lū'shŭnz), dancing.
ewe (ū), sheep.
ex'al-ta'tion (ĕg'zôl-tā'shŭn), intense emotion.
ex-cheq'uer (ĕks-chĕk'ĕr), purse.
ex'e-cra-ble (ĕk'sē-krā-b'l), shocking.
ex-ec'u-tor (ĕg-zĕk'ū-tĕr), person appointed to carry out the provisions of a will.
ex'e-unt (ĕk'sē-ŭnt), plural form of *exit*, leave the stage.
exit, leaves the stage.
ex-pli'cit (ĕks-plĭ'sĭt), clear.
ex'po-si'tion (ĕks'pō-zĭ'shŭn), Bottom means *disposition*.
ex-pos'tu-la'tion (ĕks-pŏs'tū-lā'shŭn), protest.
expound, explain; state.
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), perfect.
ex-tem'po-re (ĕks-tĕm'pō-rē), without preparation.
ex-tent' (ĕks-tĕnt'), wideness of range.
ex-ten'u-ate (ĕks-tĕn'ū-āt), treat as of small importance.
ex-tin'guish-er (ĕks-tĭng'gwĭsh-ĕr), hollow cone used for putting out the flame of a candle or torch.
ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ĭ-tĭ), severe measures; end; **in extremity,** excessively.
ex-u'ber-ant (ĕgz-ū'bĕr-ănt), bountiful; abundant.
ex-ult' (ĕg-zŭlt'), rejoice.
ex'ul-ta'tion (ĕk'sŭl-tā'shŭn), happiness.
eyne (īn), eyes.

F

fab'ric (făb'rĭk), structure.
face of the earth, conditions all over the globe.
fa-ce'tious (fā-sē'shŭs), agreeable; jocular; in fun.
fa-cil'i-ty (fā-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ), readiness.
fac'tious (făk'shŭs), own selfish.
fain (fān), gladly; **fain for,** eager to.
Fal'co Star'len (făl'kō stär'lĕn).
fall, let fall; **fall out,** quarrel.
fal'tered (fôl'tĕrd) said unsteadily and slowly.
familiar of men, companion of people.
fancier, dealer who is very interested.
fancy-sick, love-sick.
fan-tas'tic (făn-tăs'tĭk), imaginary; unusual.
fan'ta-sy (făn'tă-sĭ), fancy.
far'thing (făr'thĭng), ¼ of an English penny, ½ cent in our money.
fashion, make.
fat, full
fatal sisters, three Fates of Greek mythology, who were believed to decide the course of men's lives.
Fa'ta Mor-ga'na (fā'tă mōr-gä'nă).
fate of a nation, future happiness of the land.
Fates, in classic mythology, the goddesses who determined the course of human life.
fath'om (făth'ŭm), six feet.
fay (fā), fairy.
fe'al-ty (fē'ăl-tĭ), loyalty.
fearful, frightened.
foe, reward.
feign (fān), imagine; imitate; pretend.
feint (fānt), pretense; trick.
Fe-lic'ian (fē-lĭsh'ăn).
fe-lic'i-ty (fē-lĭc'ĭ-tĭ), happiness.
fell, marsh; fierce.
fel'loe (fĕl'ō), wooden rim of a wheel supported by the spokes.
fellow-'prentice (prĕn'tĭs), another young man who was also an apprentice in the shop. See **apprenticed.**
fellows, companions.
fer'ret (fĕr'ĕt), sharp, searching—like the eyes of the ferret, a small animal used for hunting rabbits and rats.
fer'vid (fûr'vĭd), flaming.
fes-toons' (fĕs-tōōnz'), garlands hanging in curves.
fête (fāt), festival.
fet'lock (fĕt'lŏk), the tuft of hair on a horse's foot.
fet'tered (fĕt'ĕrd), bound with chains; **fettered race,** enslaved people; at the time of writing this poem, Greece was in subjection to Turkey.
feudal or military principle, law by which people were forced to remain in the class in which they had been born; or, law by which people were kept in subjection by a strong military force of the ruler's.
fic-ti'tious (fĭk-tĭsh'ŭs), artificial.
fiefs (fēfs), estates.
filched, stolen.
filled the chains, were kept prisoners.
fi-na'le (fē-nä'lā), end; last part.
fireguard, screen to keep sparks from flying.
fire-water, intoxicating drink.
flag-bird, banner.
flag'on (flăg'ŭn), a large vessel for liquor, usually having a handle and spout.
flake, bunch.
flaming, set on fire by the enemy.
flat her'e-sy (hĕr'ē-sĭ), absolute disloyalty.
flaunt'ing (flänt'ĭng), insolent.
Fle'chier' (flā'shyā'), a French pulpit orator.
flee from folly, hurry along as if avoiding temptation.
Flemish pictures, pictures which treat simple subjects lovingly and in detail. Rembrandt's (rĕm'brănt) works are good examples of this school.

Fleu'rette' (flōō'rĕt').
flew'd (flūd), with the flesh of the jaws hanging long and loose.
Flor'i-mond' de Champ'di-vers' (flō'rĭ-mōn' dē chăm' dē-vâr').
flout, insult; make fun of.
fluc'tu-at'ed (flŭk'tū-āt'ĕd), changed.
flying buttresses, projecting structures to support a wall or building.
foal (fōl), colt.
fo'c's'le (fōk's'l), a contraction of **fore'cas-tle** (fôr'kăs-'l), fore part of the upper deck.
foi'ble (foi'b'l), weakness.
fold, inclosure for sheep.
fo'li-age (fō'lĭ-āj).
fo'li-o volume (fō'lĭ-ō), book of the largest kind.
fond, foolish; **fond pag'eant** (păj'ĕnt), silly performance.
fondle, caress.
Foolish Virgin, see *Matthew XXV,* 1-13.
for'age (fŏr'āj), food, usually for animals.
for'bears (fôr'bârz), ancestors.
force perforce, necessarily.
for-done' (fôr-dŭn'), exhausted.
fore-bode' (fôr-bōd'), foretell.
fore'head, (fŏr'ĕd).
foreshadow, show sign of.
for'est (fŏr'ĕst).
fore-estimated each chance, calculated their danger.
for'feit (fôr'fĭt), lose.
for'mi-da-ble (fôr'mĭ-dā-b'l), alarming; threatening.
fouled the scuppers, filled the holes used to let water run off the deck over the side.
fourscore, eighty.
fowler, hunter.
Franks, other European powers.
fran'tic (frăn'tĭk), almost crazy.
fraught (frôt), burdened.
freak of youth, a childish prank.
freedom grows li'cense (lī'sĕns), freedom encourages lawlessness.
free-ranging, wild.
fresh'et (frĕsh'ĕt), stream.
Fri'ars (frī'ĕrz), members of a religious order.
Friday, the black man Robinson Crusoe found on the island, his sole companion.
from generation to generation, from father to son, and so on.
from tent to tent, from grave to grave.
front'let (frŭnt'lĕt), forehead.
fru'gal (frōō'găl), thrifty.
Furies, lesser goddesses who punished with terrible cruelty.
fur'row (fŭr'ō), narrow groove.
further west than your sires' "Islands of the Blest," to America.
furze (fûrz), evergreen shrub.
fused (fūzd), melted together.

G

Gael's blood (gālz), the fighting blood of the brave Irishmen of old.
gage (gāj), challenge.
gain'say' (gān'sā'), contradict.
gait, way.
gallant (gă-lănt'), brave young lover.
galled him (gôld), made him sore from bouncing up and down.
gal'le-on (găl'e-ŭn), a sailing vessel of the 15th and following centuries.
gal'liard (găl'yărd), a lively dance.
galligaskins, loose breeches.
Gam'bi-a (găm'bĭ-ă), river in West Africa. The quoted line is from "The African Chief" by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, which was in one of Whittier's schoolbooks.
gam'bol (găm'bŏl), a prank; frisk about.
game, meat of wild animals, as of deer.
gap'ing (gāp'ĭng), staring.
garb (gärb), clothing.
garden-girt, surrounded by gardens.
garden-sweep, broad road through the garden.
gar'goyle (gär'goil), a queerly carved, ugly, stone, animal head used as a water spout.
gar'ri-son (găr'ĭ-s'n), a body of troops stationed at a fortified place.
gar-ru'lous (găr'ōō-lŭs), talkative.
Gas'per-eau (gàs'pĕr-ō).
Gate of Da-mas'cus (dă-măs'kŭs), see "Bedreddin Hassin," in *The Arabian Nights.*
Gates of Hercules, Gibralter.
gaud (gôd), trinket.
gaud'y (gôd'ĭ), showy.
gauge (gāj), estimate; measure.
ga-zelle' (gă-zĕl'), the small, swift antelope.
gen'ĭ-al (jē'nĭ-ăl), kindly; cheerful.
Ge'ni-i (jē'nĭ-ī), supernatural being in *The Arabian Nights,* see **Sultan's Groom.**
gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, those who are not easily alarmed.
gen'u-ine (jĕn'ū-ĭn), real.
ge'o-met'ric signs (jē'ō-mĕt'rĭk), regular patterns.
Georg'ius Se-cun'dus (jôr'jŭs sē-kŭn'dŭs), George II of England reigned 1727-1760.
German prince, in the Revolutionary War King George III hired 30,000 soldiers from various German princes to fight against the colonists.
Ger-o-ni'mo (jĕr-ō-nē'mō), Mexican bandit.
gesture (jĕs'tûr).
ghast'ly wan (gâst'lĭ), deathly pale.
Ghent (gĕnt), a city in Belgium; it is one hundred miles from Aix.
ghosts of shores, distant gray line.
ghouls (gōōlz), disgusting demons.
gib'bet (jĭb'ĕt), for hanging bodies of executed people on; leafless.
gie (gē), give.
gig (gĭg), light carriage with two wheels.
gills (gĭlz), loose flap of red skin under beak.
gin (jĭn), an alcoholic drink.
'gins, begins to.
gird'ed (gûrd'ĕd), bound.
girth (gûrth), the band that encircles a horse, to fasten on the saddle.
giveth grace unto every Art, makes all work delightful.
glad'i-a'tors (glăd'ĭ-ā'tĕrz), those who fought with weapons for the amusement of the Roman public.
glam'our (glăm'ĕr), imaginary glory.
glean'ing (glēn'ĭng), collections.
glebe (glēb), ground.
Glee, song in parts.
gleed (glēd), burning coal.
gleek, scoff.
gloam'ing (glōm'ĭng), twilight.
gloat, gaze fondly; **gloated o'er,** gazed at with an evil satisfaction.
Glorious Revolution of 1688, in 1688 the people of England revolted against their King, James II, because he wished to rule without the aid of the country.
goad (gōd), necessity; whip.

Golden Coast, southern Louisiana.
golden quest, pursuit of wealth. The reference is to the story of Jason and the golden fleece.
gone (gon).
good lack, an expression of surprise.
gory (gō'rĭ), bloody.
Goth'ic (gŏth'ĭk), Gothic architecture—a beautiful and dignified style of medieval architecture distinguished especially by its pointed arches.
gouged (goujd), took the skin off.
government, in, under control.
gowd (goud), gold.
grace, honor.
gra-da'tion (grā-dā'shŭn), blending of notes.
Graemes (grāmz).
gra-mer'cy (grā-mûr'sĭ), thanks.
gran'a-ry (grăn'ā-rĭ), storehouse for grain.
Grand'-Pre' (grän' prā'), French for *great prairie.*
gra'tis (grā'tĭs), for nothing.
gray A-zores' (ā-zōrz'), distant islands.
great fire of London, London was nearly destroyed by fire in 1666.
Great Harry, first warship of the British navy.
Great Mogul's best diamond, a fabled diamond, said to be of immense size, was named the Great Mogul. Hawthorne seems to have confused the diamond with a Mogul, an Eastern ruler.
gree, prize.
gren'a-dier" (grĕn'ā-dēr"), a member of a special regiment or corps.
griffin, a mythical animal, half lion and half eagle.
grip'ing (grīp'ĭng), pinching.
grist-mill (grĭst), mill for grinding grain.
griz'zled (grĭz"ld), gray.
grog (grŏg), mixture of spirit and water unsweetened.
groom, servant; bridegroom.
gro-tesque' (grō-tĕsk'), very queer.
guard, the part of a sword hilt which protects the hand.
guest-wise so'journed (sō'jûrnd), stayed with her a little while as a guest.
Gui'chard" (gē'shär").
guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ), an English gold coin no longer in use.
guise (gīz), manner; appearance.
Gui'ter-man, Arthur (gē'tĕr-măn).
gun'da-low' (gŭn'dā-lō'), variant of *gondola,* a flat-bottomed boat.
gush, outpouring.
gust, windstorm.
gusty, blowing; windy.
gut'tur-al (gŭt'ŭr-ăl), throaty.
gypsy's ribbon, long, narrow, winding road, like an unwound ribbon, flying after a wandering gypsy.

H

ha-bil'i-ments (hā-bĭl'ĭ-mĕnts), clothing.
habitation, home.
hag'gard (hăg'ärd), worn; tired.
"hahn'sum ker'ridge" (hän'sŭm kĕr'ĭj), hansom (hän'sŭm), carriage, like a cab.
hake-broil, outdoor meal of hake, a kind of fish.
half-a-crown, two and a half shillings, sixty cents.
Half-moon, Hudson's ship,
half-a-quar'tern of ig-nit'ed brandy (kwôr'tĕrn; ĭg-nīt'ĕd), half a gill of brandy which has been lighted and burns for a few seconds.
half-re-cum'bent (rē-kŭm'bĕnt), half lying, half sitting.
hal'low (hăl'ō), make holy.
hamlet, village.
Hamlet's father, the ghost in Shakespeare's play, *Hamlet.*
handicraft man, mechanic.
hands, applause.
hap, luck.
hap'ly (hăp'lĭ), perhaps.
ha-rangue' (hā-răng'), speech.
har'ass (hăr'ăs), annoy.
hardily, boldly.
ha'rem (hā'rĕm), here, hens. The wives of a Turk are called his harem.
harper, one who plays the harp.
har-poon' (här-pōon'), spear to kill fish.
har'row (hăr'ō), agricultural implement to level plowed land.
har'ry (hăr'ĭ), attack; trouble, by following close upon.
harvest moon, the full moon which falls on or near September 21.
haste breeds delay, anything done in a hurry may have to be done over again.
haunts (hänts), loved places.
haut'boy (hō'boi), a musical wind instrument.
have a warm, get warm.
hazard, putting my credit to such great, putting me in such a position that my ability to pay my bills is doubted.
heard round the world, continental Europe was very much interested in the conflict between England and the colonies.
hearth (härth).
heated, aroused.
heathen Nine, nine Muses of Greek mythology, patrons of the various fine arts.
he carries weight, he is weighted down heavily as a handicap, as race horses sometimes are.
Hec'a-te, triple (hĕk'ā-tē; here, hĕk'āt), the goddess of magic; she had three bodies and three heads.
heif'er (hĕf'ĕr), young cow.
heir'loom (âr'lōom), something which has been in the family for several generations.
heir of his dex-ter'i-ty (âr; dĕks-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), one who would inherit his skill.
held in re-pute' (rē-pūt'), considered honorable.
Helen, Thisbe means Hero, see **Leander.**
Helen, in Greek legend, the wife of Menelaus and the most beautiful woman in the world. She was stolen by Paris of Troy, thus starting the famous Trojan War.
Hel'e-na (hĕl'ē-nā).
helms'man (hĕlmz'măn), man who steers.
henchman, squire; page.
Her'bert", Hen'ri' (ĕr'bâr", ăn"rē').
Her'cu-les (hûr'kū-lēz), a Greek mythological hero, noted for his strength and bravery.
Her'mes (hûr'mēz), Hermes Trismegistus (trĭs'mē-jĭs"tŭs), meaning Hermes thrice greatest, famous wise King of Egypt.
Her'mi-a (hûr'mĭ-ā).
Her-na'ni (ĕr-nā'nē), an opera by Verdi, the Italian composer.
Herod, King, see *Matthew II,* 16.

He'si-od (hē'sĭ-ŏd), a Greek poet.
hewn (hūn), cut.
Hi'ems' (hī'ĕmz), winter's.
high divide, a high dividing ridge between two drainage areas.
high'road' (hī'rōd'), main road.
hight, is called.
hi-la'rious (hĭ-lā'rĭ-ŭs), laughing and talking.
hilt (hĭlt), handle.
hind (hīnd), female red deer.
Hip-pol'y-ta (hĭ-pŏl'ĭ-tȧ).
hoar (hōr), white or light gray; gray-headed and gray-bearded.
hoard'ing (hōr'dĭng), saving.
hoar'y (hōr'ĭ), white, gray; **hoary me'te-or** (mē'tē-ŏr), snow. See **meteor.**
hob (hŏb), projection on a fireplace to warm things on.
hobble, tie the legs so that the horses could not run away; limp.
hod'din gray (hŏd'ĭn), coarse gray woolen cloth.
hold or cut bow-strings, whatever happens.
holds, strongholds.
hol'ster (hōl'stĕr), a leather case for a pistol.
hom'age (hŏm'ĭj), respect.
ho-ri'zon (hō-rī'zŭn), landscape; most important part.
hornpipe, a lively dance to the playing of a hornpipe, a musical wind instrument.
horny, hard; callous.
horse wran'gler (răng'glĕr), a herder in charge of a string of horses.
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l).
hos'tage from the future took (hŏs'tĭj), assurance that he would live contentedly.
hotel, mansion.
House of Virginia, as in the Wars of the Roses the houses of York and Lancaster were rivals, so the Virginia statesmen regarded the statesmen of New York as their enemies. The Duke of Clarence was murdered while a prisoner in the Tower of London.
housing, cover for a horse's saddle.
hub, central part of the wheel from which the spokes protrude.
hue and cry, loud outcry with which law-breakers were anciently pursued.
hulk, body of the ship.
hustle him, treat him roughly.
Hy'me-ne'al (hĭ'mē-nē'ăl), for a wedding.
hy-poth'e-sis (hī-pŏth'ē-sĭs), supposition.
hys'sop (hĭs'ŭp), a sprinkler for holy water.

I

I am fain for, I am eager to.
Ib'ra-him (Ib'rȧ-hĭm), Abraham.
i'dyl (ī'dĭl), poem of rustic life.
i-dyl'lic (ī-dĭl'ĭk), simple; happy.
if that, old form for *if.*
ig-no'ble (Ig-nō'b'l), undignified; unworthy.
ig'no-ra'mus (Ig'nō-rā'mŭs), an ignorant person.
il-lim'it-a-ble (ĭ-lĭm'ĭt-ȧ-b'l), without measure; boundless.
il-log'i-cal-ly enough (ĭ-lŏj'ĭ-kăl-ĭ), with apparently no connection between the two remarks.
illumination of . . . , see **magnificent.**
il-lus'tri-ous (ĭ-lŭs'trĭ-ŭs), wonderful.
im'be-cil'i-ty (ĭm'bē-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ), stupidity.
im-bro'glios (ĭm-brōl'yōz), embarrassing situations.
im-brue' (ĭm-brōō'), stain with blood.
im'mi-nent (ĭm'ĭ-nĕnt), almost immediate.
im'mo-bil'i-ty (ĭm'ō-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), motionless.
im-pair' (ĭm-pâr'), injure.
im-pal'pa-ble (ĭm-păl'pȧ-b'l), extremely fine.
imparted, given.
im-peach' (ĭm-pēch'), blame.
im-pede' (ĭm-pēd'), obstruct.
im-pels' (ĭm-pĕlz'), urges on.
impending, threatening; hanging.
im-pen'e-tra-ble (ĭm-pĕn'ē-trȧ-b'l), which could not be seen through.
im'per-cep'ti-bly (ĭm'pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-blĭ), gradually.
imperial suite (ĭm-pē'rĭ-ăl swēt), set of rooms suitable for a king.
im-pe'ri-ous (ĭm-pē'rĭ-ŭs), haughty.
im'per-turb'a-ble (ĭm'pĕr-tûr'bȧ-b'l), calm.
im-pet'u-os'i-ty (ĭm-pĕt'û-ŏs'ĭ-tĭ), impatience.
im-pet'u-ous (ĭm-pĕt'û-ŭs), impatient.
im-pla'ca-ble (ĭm-plā'kȧ-b'l), unsatisfied.
im-por'tu-nate (ĭm-pôr'tû-nât), insistent.
im'por-tu'ni-ties (ĭm'pôr-tū'nĭ-tĭz), repeated urgings.
im-pos'ture (ĭm-pŏs'tûr), trickery.
im'po-tent (ĭm'pō-tĕnt), powerless.
im-prac'ti-ca-ble (ĭm-prăk'tĭ-kȧ-b'l), impossible.
im'pre-ca'tion (ĭm'prē-kā'shŭn), curse.
im-promp'tu (ĭm-prŏmp'tū), offhand; hasty.
im'pro-pri'e-ty (ĭm'prō-prī'ē-tĭ), improper behavior.
im-prov'i-dent (ĭm-prŏv'ĭ-dĕnt), wasteful.
im'prov-vi'sa-to'ri (ĕm'prôv-vē'zȧ-tō"rē), those who compose and sing, or recite, short poems.
in-ad'e-quate (ĭn-ăd'ē-kwât), insufficient.
in-an'i-mate (ĭn-ăn'ĭ-mât), lifeless.
in'ar-tic'u-late (ĭn'ăr-tĭk'û-lât), indistinct.
in-au'di-bly (ĭn-ô'dĭ-blĭ), which would not be heard.
inborn certainty, a perfect sureness.
in-cal'cu-la-ble (ĭn-kăl'kû-lȧ-b'l), so that it cannot be estimated.
in'can-des'cent (ĭn'kăn-dĕs"ĕnt), brilliant.
in'can-ta'tion (ĭn'kăn-tā'shŭn), magic formula sung or spoken.
in-car'nate (ĭn-kär'nât), come to life.
in'cense (ĭn'sĕns), smoke from perfume burned as part of a religious rite.
in-censed' (ĭn-sĕnst'), angered.
in-ces'sant (ĭn-sĕs'ănt), continual.
incidents of half an hour, happenings which lasted only half an hour.
in'co-her"ent (ĭn'kō-hēr"ĕnt), which could not be understood; disconnected.
in-com'pe-tent (ĭn-kŏm'pē-tĕnt), those unable to do their work well.
in-con'ti-nent-ly (ĭn-kŏn'tĭ-nĕnt-lĭ), uncontrollably.
in-cor'po-rate (ĭn-kŏr'pō-rât), as one.
in-cred'i-ble (ĭn-krĕd'ĭ-b'l), unbelievable; unlikely.
in-cred'u-lous (ĭn-krĕd'û-lŭs), unbelieving; doubtful.
in-dict'ing (ĭn-dīt'ĭng), using as a charge of arrest.
in'dis-pen"sa-ble (ĭn'dĭs-pĕn"sȧ-b'l), absolutely necessary.

in'di-vid'u-al-is"tic (ĭn'dĭ-vĭd'ū-ăl-ĭs"tĭk), without thought for others.
in-dite' (ĭn-dīt'), compose.
in'do-lent (ĭn'dō-lĕnt), even tempered.
in-dom'i-ta-ble (ĭn-dŏm'ĭ-tă-b'l), unconquerable.
in-duced' (ĭn-dūst'), influenced.
inducement, reason.
in-dul'gence (ĭn-dŭl'jĕns), generosity.
in'du-rat'ed (ĭn"dū-rāt'ĕd), hardened.
in-ef'fa-ble (ĭn-ĕf'ă-b'l), unutterable.
in-es'ti-ma-ble (ĭn-ĕs'tĭ-mă-b'l), priceless.
in-ev'i-ta-bly (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tă-blĭ), certainly.
in-ex'o-ra-ble (ĭn-ĕk'sō-rā-b'l), unrelenting.
in-ex'pli-ca-ble (ĭn-ĕks'plĭ-kă-b'l), unknown; inexplainable.
in-ex'pli-ca-bly (ĭn-ĕks'plĭ-kă-blĭ), without reason.
in-ex'tri-ca-ble (ĭn-ĕks'trĭ-kă-b'l), that could not be undone.
in-fal'li-ble (ĭn-făl'ĭ-b'l), sure.
in'fa-mous (ĭn'fă-mŭs), shameful.
in-fer'no (ĭn-fûr'nō), the lower regions, described as filled with all sorts of horrors in *The Inferno,* by Dante.
in fine, in short.
in'fi-nite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt), boundless; **infinite moment,** vast importance.
in'fi-nite-ly (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt-lĭ), very; great deal.
in-frac'tion (ĭn-frăk'shŭn), breaking apart.
in-fus'ing (ĭn-fūz'ĭng), pouring in.
in'gress nor e'gress (ĭn'grĕs; ē'grĕs), entrance nor departure.
in his feathered se-ragl'io (sē-răl'yō), among his hens, as a Turk among his wives in the harem.
in his habit as he lived, Hamlet, III, 4.
in-i'ti-a-tive (ĭn-ĭsh'ĭ-ă-tĭv), first steps; energy.
innocent of fire, without fire.
in-or'di-nate lust (ĭn-ôr'dĭ-nāt), overwhelming desire.
in-or'di-nate-ly (ĭn-ôr'dĭ-nāt-lĭ), very.
in re'rum na-tu'ra (rā'rōom nā-tū'rā), in reality.
insane gy-ra'tions (jī-rā'shŭnz), dangerous whirling.
in-scru' ta-ble (ĭn-skrōō'tă-b'l), mysterious looking.
in-sen'si-bly (ĭn-sĕn'sĭ-blĭ), gradually.
in-sid'i-ous-ly (ĭn-sĭd'ĭ-ŭs-lĭ), treacherously.
in-sig'ni-a (ĭn-sĭg'nĭ-ă), distinguishing badge.
in'sig-nif'i-cant (ĭn'sĭg-nĭf'ĭ-kănt), trivial.
in-sin'u-ate (ĭn-sĭn'ū-āt), suggest.
in-sist'ent (ĭn-sĭs'tĕnt), compelling.
in sooth, truly.
in-spir'it-ing (ĭn-spĭr'ĭt-ĭng), encouraging.
in-stall'ments (ĭn-stăl'mĕnts), portions.
instant, close.
in'stan-ta'ne-ous (ĭn'stăn-tā'nē-ŭs), over in an instant.
in-su'per-a-ble (ĭn-sū'pĕr-ă-b'l), that cannot be got over.
in-sur'gents (ĭn-sûr'jĕnts), rebels.
insurmountable, unconquerable.
in-tan'gi-ble power (ĭn-tăn'jĭ-b'l), a power not defined or necessarily legal, but very strong.
in'te-gral (ĭn'tĕ-grăl), main.
intent upon, absorbed in.
in'ter-cedes' (ĭn'tĕr-sēdz'), pleads with.
in'ter-course (ĭn'tĕr-kōrs), experience.
in'ter-lude (ĭn'tĕr-lūd), something given between parts, or acts.
interpose, interfere.
in-ter'sti-ces (ĭn-tûr'stĭ-sēz), crevices.
in'ter-ven'tion (ĭn'tĕr-vĕn"shŭn), influence.
in the prime of life (prīm), at his very best.
in'ti-mate (ĭn'tĭ-māt), one who really knew him.
in'ti-ma'tion (ĭn'tĭ-mā'shŭn), suggestion.
in-tol'er-a-ble (ĭn-tŏl'ĕr-ă-b'l), hardly to be stood.
into the air's embrace, into the air which closed around him.
in-trep'id (ĭn-trĕp'ĭd), fearless.
in'tri-ca-cies (ĭn'trĭ-kă-sĭz), complications.
in'tri-cate (ĭn'trĭ-kāt), winding; many perplexing.
in-trigue' (ĭn-trēg'), plotting.
in'un-date (ĭn'ŭn-dāt; here, ĭn-ŭn'dāt for rhythm), flood; **inundated,** flooded.
in-vet'er-ate (ĭn-vĕt'ĕr-āt), of long standing; incurable.
in-vig'or-ates (ĭn-vĭg'ŏr-āts), strengthens.
i-ras'ci-ble (ĭ-răs'ĭ-b'l), irritable.
i'rised (ī'rĭst), colored.
i-ron'i-cal (ī-rŏn'ĭ-kăl), mocking; sarcastic.
Iron Mask, a mysterious prisoner in France who wore a mask of iron for thirty years.
i'ron-mon'ger-y (ī'ŭrn-mŭng'gĕr-ĭ), general name for all articles made of iron.
ir-rep'a-ra-ble (ĭ-rĕp'ă-rā-b'l), so great that it could not be made up for in any way; not to be prevented.
ir're-press'i-ble (ĭr'ē-prĕs'ĭ-b'l), not able to be controlled.
ir're-sist'i-ble (ĭr'ē-zĭs'tĭ-b'l), overpowering.
ir'ri-tates (ĭr'ĭ-tāts), angers.
Is'a-beau (ĭz'ă-bō).
Ish'ma-el's children (ĭsh'mā-ĕl), see *Genesis XVI,* 12, and *XXI,* 20. The metaphor is apt because the Indians are also archers.
Islands of the Blest, islands, supposed by the ancients to lie in the Atlantic ocean, where the favorites of the gods went to dwell after death.
Isles of Shoals (īlz; shōlz), islands near the mouth of the Piscataqua (pĭs-kăt'ă-kwă) River.
Is'ling-ton (ĭz'lĭng-tŭn), a section of London.
i'so-lat'ed (ī"sō-lāt'ĕd), shut off.
i'so-la'tion (ī'sō-lā"shŭn), loneliness.

J

Jacob, ladder of, see *Genesis XXVIII,* 12; **of old,** see *Genesis XXXII,* 24-30.
jade (jād), a worthless woman.
jad'ed steers (jād'ĕd stērz), tired oxen.
jam, logs piled up in the water.
jan'gling (jăng'glĭng), quarreling.
jes'sa-mine (jĕs'ă-mĭn), a climbing shrub with fragrant yellow flowers.
Jes'u-it (jĕz'ū-ĭt), Catholic order of the Society of Jesus.
jet, stream; shooting forth.
jeweled twinkle, sparkle of his jewels.
Joa-quin' (wă-kēn').
joc'und (jŏk'ŭnd), merry; joyful.
Joe Miller, an English comedian. A stale joke is known as a "Joe Miller."
Jolly Roger, the black banner of the pirates.
jowl, jaw; **jowl, cheek by,** close beside.
joyance, delight.
Junius, the unknown writer of a series of letters against the English government, published about 1770.
jun'to (jŭn'tō), clique.
ju've-nal (jōō'vĕ-năl), a youth.

K

keel'son (kĕl'sŭn), strengthening structure in a ship above the keel which is the timber extending along the bottom of a vessel.
keep, dungeon.
keep my clime, continue to stay in the climate I like.
kelp (kĕlp), seaweed.
kenned (kĕnd), knew.
ker'sey (kûr'zĭ), coarse, ribbed, woolen cloth.
key-logs, the logs which had caused the jam.
khan (kăn), a resting place for caravans.
kind, business.
kindred points, those things on earth which are beautiful enough to be akin to Heaven.
kine (kĭn), cows.
king of shadows, king of night.
kir'tle (kûr't'l), jacket and upper skirt attached to it.
kith and kin, friends and relatives.
knarred (närd), knotted.
knav'er-ies (nā'vĕr-ĭz), tricky acts.
knav'ish (nāv'ĭsh), tricky.
knees, joints.
knick'knack' (nĭk'năk'), useless trifle.
knight'-er'rant (nīt'ĕr'ănt), a soldier who goes forth in search of adventure to prove his bravery, skill, or chivalry.
knolls (nōlz), small round hills.
knot-grass, a weed that was supposed to stunt the growth of children.
Koor'dis-tan' (kōōr'dĭ-stän'), a region formerly partly in Turkey and partly in Persia.
Kur'ro-glou' (kŭr'ō-glōō').
Ky'rat (kī'răt).

L

lab'o-ra-to-ry (lăb'ō-rā-tō-rĭ), workroom for chemical experiments.
lack'a-dai'si-cal (lăk'ā-dā'zĭ-kăl), leisurely.
Lady Hamilton, a celebrated English beauty.
laggard in love, unworthy suitor.
La'jeu'nesse' (lä'zhû'nĕs').
lakin, dialectal contraction of ladykin, for lady; a mild oath.
lance'wood' (läns'wŏŏd'), a tough, elastic wood.
lan'guor (lăn'gĕr), dullness.
Lannes (länz).
La-oc'o-on (lā-ŏk'ō-ŏn), Trojan priest of Apollo, who with his two sons was killed by serpents coiling about them.
laps'ing (lăps'ĭng), gently splashing.
Las'car (lăs'kär), East Indian sailor.
latched (lăcht), charmed.
la'tent (lā'tĕnt), hidden.
laths (lăthz), boards forming the framework of the house.
lattice, a network of strips of wood.
laughed a pitiless laugh (läft), was almost unbearably hot.
launch (länch), set afloat.
lav'ing (lăv'ĭng), dipping down.
lay (lā), song.
lea (lē), meadow.
league, with, with an understanding.
lea'guer (lē'gĕr), camp of a besieging army.
Le-an'der swam the Hel'les-pont' (lē-ăn'dĕr; hĕl'ĕs-pŏnt'), Leander was, in Greek legend, the lover of Hero, whom he swam the Hellespont (modern Dardanelles) to visit each night. One night her light which guided him went out and he perished. When Hero discovered his body on shore she killed herself.
leave your courtesy, don't bother about bowing to me.
Leb'a-non (lĕb'ā-nŏn), a mountain in Syria. The crazy Queen of Lebanon was Lady Hester Stanhope, an eccentric Englishwoman with whom Harriet Livermore, "the not unfeared, half-welcome guest," lived for a time.
lee, the side protected from the wind; protection.
leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd), story coming down from the past.
le'gion (lē'jŭn), too many to count.
lei'sure (lē'zhûr), time.
Le-o-nar'do da Vinci (lā-ō-när'dō dä vēn' chē), an Italian painter (1452-1519); **Leonardo's women,** the women painted by Leonardo.
Le'tiche' (lē'tĭsh').
let joy be unconfined, enjoy yourselves as much as possible.
le-vi'a-than (lē-vī'ā-thăn), a great animal of the sea. See *Job XLI*, 1-8.
lib'er-al (lĭb'ĕr-ăl), generous.
li'cense (lī'sĕns), privilege.
like a jewel, when one finds a jewel he is in doubt whether or not it really belongs to him.
like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, see *Exodus XII*, 21-30.
Li-man'der (lĭ-măn'dĕr), Bottom means Leander. See **Leander.**
lim'pid (lĭm'pĭd), clear.
linch'pin' (lĭnch'pĭn'), pin to hold wheel on.
linen-dra'per (drā'pĕr), a retail dealer in linen goods.
lin'gers (lĭng'gĕrs), draws out.
linking, adding.
links (lĭnks), torches.
Lin-nae'us, Carolus (lĭ-nē'ŭs), Swedish botanist.
Lis'bon (lĭz'bŭn), city of Portugal which had an earthquake in 1755.
lis'some (lĭs'ŭm), easily moving.
listed, pleased.
lists, knightly contests.
lithe (līth), supple.
little rel'e-van-cy bore (rĕl'ē-văn-sĭ), had but little bearing upon the matter asked about.
liv'er-y (lĭv'ĕr-ĭ), body of livery-men, freemen of London who belonged to certain guilds and had special privileges of voting, etc.; garments; dress; uniform.
liv'id (lĭv'ĭd), grayish or lead; pale.
loam (lōm), a combination of clay and sand.
lob (lŏb), lump; crowd.
local habitation, a real locality.
Loch-iel' (lŏk-ēl'), see **Cameron's Gathering.**
Loch'in-var' (lŏck'ĭn-vär').
lodestars, guiding stars.
loi'ter (loi'tĕr), linger; wander.
loll'ing (lŏl'ĭng), lounging.
Lom'bar-dy (lŏm'bär-dĭ), one of the divisions of Italy, in the north.
'long of you, on your account.

lookout, night watch; place for observation.
looms, casts its heavy shadow over.
loon, large fish-eating bird.
looping, winding in and out over.
looted, plundered.
Lord Mayor, the title of the mayor of London.
lore (lôr), learning; knowledge.
Louisburg, a French fort on Cape Breton, captured by the English in 1745, during the war between France and England.
Loup'ga'rou' (lōō'gȧ'rōō'), a person that has been changed into a wolf.
loved her love, a game with words beginning with each letter of the alphabet.
love knot, a knot or bow of ribbon as a token of love.
low-browed, low; one-story.
low-vaulted, inferior; unambitious.
luckless, unlucky.
lumbering, heavy rolling.
lumber room, room in which unused furniture and other articles are kept.
lu'min-ous (lū'mĭ-nŭs), brilliant.
lurked (lûrkt), hid.
lus'cious (lŭsh'ŭs), delicious.
lustiest, merriest.
lus'trous (lŭs'trŭs), brilliant; shining.
lux-u'ri-ous (lŭks-ū'rĭ-ŭs), delightful.
ly-ce'um (lī-sē'ŭm; here lī'sē-ŭm for meter), school.
Ly-san'der (lī-săn'dẽr).

M

Mad'a-gas'car (măd'ȧ-găs'kȧr), island off the east coast of A'frica.
main, ocean.
Mai'na (mĭ'nȧ), peninsula in Greece where Ypsilanti recruited cavalry against Turkey.
maize (māz), Indian corn; **maize-ear,** Indian corn.
mag-nan'i-mous (măg-năn'ĭ-mŭs), noble; high-minded.
mag'ne-site (măg'nē-sīt), an alloy of magnesium.
magnificent illumination of St. Peter's church, St. Peter's is a famous cathedral of Rome and is beautifully lighted.
mag'ni-tude (măg'nĭ-tūd), extent.
making, way you are made; form; looks.
mal'a-dy (măl'ȧ-dĭ), trouble.
Mal-a'koff (mȧ-lȧ'kŏf; accent in the poem on the last syllable), a fortification in southern Russia.
mal'heur-eux' (măl'ẽr-rōō'), French for *unhappy man.*
ma-lig'nant keep (mȧ-lĭg'nănt), threatening stronghold.
mal'le-a-bil'i-ty (măl'ē-ȧ-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), pliability.
Mal'ta (môl'tȧ), British island in the Mediterranean.
Mam'mon (măm'mŭn), the god of riches; riches.
man'date (măn'dāt), order.
ma-neu'ver (mȧ-nōō'vẽr), move or series of moves planned to outwit the other player; act.
man'ga-nese' (măng'gȧ-nēs'), hard, brittle, grayish-white metal tinged with red.
man'i-fold (măn'ĭ-fōld), many.
manner born, to the, born with the power to understand.
Mansion House, official residence of the Lord Mayor of London.
man'slaugh'ter (măn'slô'tẽr), murder.
Ma'quas (mȧ'kwȧs), the Iroquois.
Mar'a-thon (măr'ȧ-thŏn), a plain in Attica, Greece, where the Greeks won a great victory over the Persians.
ma-raud'er (mȧ-rôd'ẽr), robber.
marge (märj), poetic for *margin.*
mar'gent (mär'jĕnt), edge; shore.
mar'quis (mär'kwĭs), a title of nobility.
marred (märd), ruined.
mar'tial (mär'shăl), military.
Mary-buds, marigolds.
masque (măsk), a dramatic performance.
massy, heavy.
ma-te'ri-al-is'tic (mȧ-tē'rĭ-ăl-ĭs'tĭk), fonder of things than of ideals.
mat'in (măt'ĭn), morning song.
ma'tron (mā'trŭn), a motherly-looking woman.
ma-ture' (mȧ-tūr'), careful; serious.
maud'lin (môd'lĭn), silly and sentimental.
mau'na fa (môn'nȧ fȧ), must not claim.
maz'ed (māz'ĕd), confused.
McGreg'or (măk-grĕg'ẽr), Sir Gregor McGregor, who ineffectually sought, in 1822, to establish a colony in Costa Rica.
mead (mēd), meadow.
mea'ger (mē'gẽr), lean.
measure, dance; in plural, actions.
me-chan'i-cals (mē-kăn'ĭ-kălz), mechanics; workmen.
Mech'eln (mĕk'ĕln), town in Belgium.
me'di-um of the plank, the captives of the pirates were blindfolded and compelled to walk off a plank into the sea.
meet, fitting.
mel'an-chol-y (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), mournful.
Me-li'ta (mĕl-ĭ'tȧ), see **Paul.**
mem'o-ra-ble (mĕm'ô-rȧ-b'l), worthy of being remembered.
mem'o-ran'dum (mĕm'ô-răn'dŭm), record.
memorial, monument.
memory may their deed redeem, by remembering make up for their sufferings.
Mem'phre-ma'gog (mĕm'frē-mā'gŏg), lake in Vermont and Canada.
men'ace (mĕn'ȧs), threat.
men'ac-ing (mĕn'ȧs-ĭng), threatening.
men'di-cant (mĕn'dĭ-kănt), begging.
mer'ce-na-ry (mûr'sē-nȧ-rĭ), hired.
mer'ci-less a cred'i-tor in his suc-ces'sor (mûr'sĭ-lĕs; krĕd'ĭ-tẽr; sŭk-sĕs'ẽr), cruel a man to owe money to in Scrooge's place.
merged (mûrjd), swallowed up.
mes'sire' (mĕ'sẽr'), sir.
met'a-mor'phose (mĕt'ȧ-môr'fōz), transform.
me'te-or (mē'tē-ŏr), strange appearance in the sky, as a shooting star.
meters, ten, about 32 feet.
metes (mēts), goals.
Met'ter-nich (mĕt'ẽr-nĭk), an Austrian diplomat (1773-1859), who for many years prevented the independence of Italy by keeping her subject to Austria.
mewed, shut up.
mi'ca (mī'kȧ), little particles of the mineral popularly called isinglass.
mick'le (mĭk"l), much.
middle summer's spring, beginning of midsummer.

mien (mēn), manner; appearance.
milled, moved back and forth.
Mil-ti'a-des (mĭl-tĭ'ă-dēz), a famous Athenian general and statesman.
minding, intending.
min'i-a-ture (mĭn'ĭ-ă-tûr), small scale.
min'i-mus (mĭn'ĭ-mŭs), small creature.
minister, one to whom the head of a government gives the management of affairs of state.
mink, small weasel-like animal with valuable fur.
Min'o-taur (mĭn'ō-tôr).
min'strel (mĭn'strĕl), singer.
min'strel-sy (mĭn'strĕl-sĭ), song.
mi-nut'est (mĭ-nūt'ĕst), least important.
mi-rage' (mē-räzh'; here, mĭ'rĭj for rhythm), dream of the future.
mired (mīrd), stuck fast.
mis'an-throp'ic (mĭs'ăn-thrŏp'ĭk), as if in hatred.
mis-ap'pre-hen'sion (mĭs-ăp'rē-hĕn'shŭn), mistake.
mis'cel-la'ne-ous tatters (mĭs'ē-lā'nē-ŭs), many different kinds of rags.
misconception, misunderstanding.
mis-graf'fed (mĭs-grăf'ĕd), wrongly joined by unnatural means.
mis-prised' mood (mĭs-prīzd'), mistaken temper.
mis-pri'sion (mĭs-prĭzh'ŭn), mistake.
mis'sal (mĭs'ăl), book containing the Mass or religious service of the Catholic church.
mis'sile (mĭs'ĭl), object thrown.
mission, service he is to perform for someone.
mis'sive (mĭs'ĭv), letter.
Mis'so-lon'ghi (mĭs'ō-lŏng'gē).
mod'u-la'tion (mŏd'ū-lā'shŭn), change of notes.
Mo-hi'cans (mō-hē'kănz), Indians formerly living in Connecticut and New York.
molesting, troubling.
molten, harmonious; melted.
mo'men-ta-ri-ly (mō'mĕn-tā-rĭ-lĭ), for a moment.
mo'men-ta-ry (mō'mĕn-tā-rĭ), slight; lasting for just a moment.
mo-men'tous (mō-mĕn'tŭs), very important
mo-men'tum (mō-mĕn'tŭm), speed.
mon' a'mi' (mōn'ná'mē'), my friend.
mon'grel (mŭng'grĕl), dog of mixed breed.
mon'o-dy (mŏn'ō-dĭ), funeral song.
mon'o-graph (mŏn'ō-grăf), written account of a single thing, here a life.
mo-nop'o-ly (mō-nŏp'ō-lĭ), exclusive right.
mo-not'o-nus (mō-nŏt'ō-nŭs), unchanging; tiresome.
mon'strous (mŏn'strŭs), extraordinary; dreadful.
Mont-calm' (mŏnt-kăm'), a French General.
moor (mōōr), a stretch of waste land; a sandy marsh.
mor-ass' (mō-răs'), a wet marsh.
Mo-ra'vi-an (mō-rā'vĭ-ăn), of the sect known as United Brethern.
Morgan, a fictitious character.
mo-rose' (mō-rōs'), ill-tempered; sullen.
mortally yearn (yĕrn), long very greatly for me.
mort'gage (môr'gĕj), a note giving property as security that a debt will be paid;
mortgage fancier, one who buys the notes to secure the property.
mote (mōt), a very small thing.
mo'tley-braided mat (mŏ'tlĭ), rug woven with many colors.
mounting the breach first, acting before the others, as a soldier takes a position of danger.
mournful marbles, tombstones.
moused (mousd), Thisbe's mantle is shaken and torn by the lion as is a mouse by a cat.
morris, see **nine men's morris.**
Mo'wis (mō'wĭs).
Mo'zart (mō'tsärt), Austrian composer and pianist (1756-1791).
mulled (mŭld), sweetened and spiced.
mul'ti-tu'di-nous (mŭl'tĭ-tū'dĭ-nŭs), thousands of.
mum'mer (mŭm'ĕr), masker.
mu-nif'i- (mū-nĭf'ĭ-), he was going to say *munificence*—generosity.
mur'rain (mŭr'ĭn), dead from pestilence.
mused (mūzd), thought.
Muses, the goddesses of music, the other arts, and the sciences.
mustering, gathering together.
mu-ta'tion (mū-tā'shŭn), change.
mute (mūt), silent.
mutual eyes, those, each other's eyes.
mutiny bill, an act passed in 1689 authorizing the army courts-martial.
myr'i-ad (mĭr'ĭ-ăd), numberless; great number of.
myths, old stories which are not true.

N

Na'iads (nā'yădz), water nymphs.
na-tiv'i-ty (nā-tĭv'ĭ-tĭ), birth.
natural disposition, inherited sense of loyalty.
neaf (nēf), fist.
Nebraska, Platte River.
neck or naught, no matter what happened.
Ne'dar (nē'dĕr).
neeze, sneeze.
neg'li-gence (nĕg'lĭ-jĕns), carelessness.
ne'gus (nē'gŭs), a beverage containing wine.
ne-pen'the (nē-pĕn'thē), a drink producing forgetfulness of pain.
Nep'tune (nĕp'tūn), the god of the waters.
Neth'er-by clan (nĕth'ĕr-bĭ klăn), Netherby was the name of the common ancester from which they all claimed descent.
nethermost, lowest.
niche (nĭch), bay window.
night encampment on the hill, resting place on the hill, the cemetery.
night of the contract, night on which the marriage agreement was signed.
Night's Plutonian shore, the borderland of Hades, ruled over by Pluto.
night-wind of the Past, borne on the, handed down in story.
Ni'lus (nī'lŭs), the Latin word for *Nile.*
nine men's morris, spaces marked off for a game.
note, head.
non'com-mit'tal (nŏn'kŏ-mĭt'ăl), indefinite as to intention.
Non mi ri-cor'do (nōn mē rē-kōr'dō), I do not remember.

noon of night, midnight.
Nor'folk Biff'ins (nôr'fŏk bĭf'ĭnz), variety of apples cultivated in Norfolkshire, England.
Norman cape, caps worn in Normandy which have square corners turned back from the face.
Nor'man-dy (nôr'măn-dĭ), a province in France settled by the Northmen.
no'ta-ry or **notary public** (nō'tà-rĭ), a public officer who writes or is witness to legal papers.
nothing loath (lōth), having no reluctance.
nothing local, nothing in any one place.
Nu'ka-hi'wa (nōō'kä-hē'vä), the largest of the Marquesas Islands, in the Pacific.
nup'tial (nŭp'shăl), marriage; wedding.
nur'tured (nûr'tûrd), carefully tended.

O

o-bei'sance (ō-bā'săns), bow or other sign of respect.
O'ber-on (ō'bĕr-ŏn).
ob'li-ga-to-ry (ŏb'lĭ-gà-tō-rĭ), binding.
ob-liq'ui-ty (ŏb-lĭk'wĭ-tĭ), slant.
ob-liv'i-on (ŏb-lĭv'ĭ-ŏn), forgetfulness.
ob-liv'i-ous (ŏb-lĭv'ĭ-ŭs), forgetting everything.
ob-scene' (ŏb-sēn'), indecent; disgusting.
obscenely, Bottom means *secretly.*
ob-se'qui-ous (ŏb-sē'kwĭ-ŭs), pretending humbleness.
observant of, noticing.
oc-clud'ed (ŏ-klōōd'ĕd), absorbed.
oc-cult' (ŏ-kŭlt'), mysterious.
o'di-us (ō'dĭ-ŭs), hateful.
o'dor-ous (ō'dĕr-ŭs), fragrant.
o'ercharged, overburdened.
oes and eyes of light, stars.
of credit and renown, trusted and well known.
of'fal (ô'făl), rubbish.
officer of the gun, man in charge of the firing.
of-fi'cious zeal (ŏ-fĭsh'ŭs zĕl), motherly eagerness.
of high mark, extraordinary.
Old Probabilities, weather predictions, personified as a prophet.
Old Scratch, the old villain.
O-lym'pus (ō-lĭm'pŭs), mountain in Greece, believed by the ancient Greeks to be the home of the gods.
om'i-nous (ŏm'ĭ-nŭs), threatening; foreshadowing evil.
on com-pul'sion (kŏm-pŭl'shŭn), because I had to.
one burden bore, had one set expression.
on'slaught' (ŏn'slôt'), attack.
on the verge (vûrj), on the edge.
o-paque' (ō-pāk'), not transparent.
Op'e-lou'sas (ŏp'ē-lōō'sàs), Louisiana town.
open-hearth, a way of making steel.
o-pine' (ō-pīn'), think.
op-po'nents (ŏ-pō'nĕnts), enemies.
oppressive, heavy.
o-rac'u-lar (ō-răk'ū-lăr), like an oracle. Oracles used to utter their prophecies from the depths of caves.
orbits bright of minstrelsy, happy circlings about the tree, singing.
orbs (ôrbz), eyes.
Oregon, Columbia river.
o'ri-ent (ō'rĭ-ĕnt), brilliant.
Or'le-ans (ôr'lē-ănz).
or narrow or wide, whether it be narrow or wide.
Or'son (ôr'sŭn), twin brother of Valentine. See **Valentine.**
or'tho-graph'ic (ôr-thō-grăf'ĭk), in spelling correctly.
os-ten'si-bly (ŏs-tĕn'sĭ-blĭ), apparently.
ost'ler (ŏs'lĕr), stableman.
ounce, a large leopard-like cat.
out-Her'o-ded Herod (hĕr'ō-dĕd), was worse than anyone could have imagined. The character of Herod in the old-time plays was always greatly exaggerated.
outset, beginning.
ou'zel (ōō'z'l), blackbird.
overwatched, stayed up too late.
over-weening, conceited.
owned, admitted.
Owyhee (ō-wī'hē), branch of the Snake river; the region thus pointed out is a mountainous and desert portion of Idaho.
O'zark (ō'zărk).

P

pace, speed.
Pad'u-an (păd'ū-ăn), pertaining to Padua, an Italian province.
pae'an (pē'ăn), a song of triumph.
pair, two horses.
pal'imp-sest (păl'ĭmp-sĕst), parchment which has been used several times, erased and rewritten.
pal'i-sa'does (păl'ĭ-sā'dōz), fence of stakes for defense.
pall (pôl), covering.
pal-la'di-um (pă-lā'dĭ-ŭm), safeguard.
Pal'las (păl'ăs), one of the names of Athena, goddess of wisdom.
pal'let (păl'ĕt), small, inferior bed, sometimes of straw.
pal'lid (păl'ĭd), light-colored; white; pale.
pal-met'to (păl-mĕt'ō), palm tree.
pal'pa-ble (păl'p-ăb'l), capable of being touched or felt.
pal'pi-tat'ing (păl'pĭ-tāt'ĭng), quivering.
pang, pain.
pan'o-ram'ic (păn'ō-răm'ĭk), with one scene after another in succession.
pap, breast.
par'a-gon (păr'à-gŏn), model of perfection.
par'a-pets (păr'à-pĕts), railings around the roof.
pard (pärd), leopard; **pard-like,** leopard-like.
par'ish (păr'ĭsh), territory in which the members of his church live.
par'ley (păr'lĭ), discussion with the enemy.
Par'lia-ment (păr'lĭ-mĕnt), law-making body in England corresponding to our Congress.
par'ries (păr'ĭz), defenses.
Par'rot (păr'ŭt), the parrot Robinson Crusoe brought to the island with him from the boat.
parties, people whose contract he was writing.
par'ti-san (păr'tĭ-zăn), taking sides.
part'ners (pärt'nĕrz), men with a joint interest in a business or profession.
Pas-ca-gou'la (păs-kà-gōō'là), river in Mississippi.
passion, anger; (in plural) wrong actions.

passive, inactive.
patched fool, in Shakespeare's time the court merry-maker, or fool, as he was called, wore a garment made up of patches of various colors.
patches, rustics; clowns.
patent, privilege.
pa'tois' (pȧ'twȧ"), dialect.
pa'tri-arch (pā'trĭ-ȧrk), old man.
pa'tri-ar'chal de-mean'or (pā'trĭ-ȧr'kȧl dē-mēn'ẽr), dignified bearing.
Pat'rick (pȧt'rĭk), St. Patrick, patron saint of Ireland.
patrimonial, inherited from his father.
Pa'tron Saint (pā'trŭn), the saint whose special care is asked.
Paul, the apostle Paul, a prisoner on the way to Rome, was shipwrecked off the coast of the island of Melita (now Malta) in the Mediterranean.
pavement, stone floor.
pawn' bro'ker's (pŏn' brō'kẽrz), shop of a man who lends moncy to people who bring him personal property as security.
pea'vies (pē'vĭz), iron-pointed levers with a movable iron hook near the end.
ped'a-gogue (pĕd'ȧ-gŏg), school-teacher.
pe'dant (pĕd'ȧnt), one who lays too much stress on book learning.
pe-des'tri-an (pē-dĕs'trĭ-ȧn), walking.
peer (pēr), equal.
pelf (pĕlf), wealth.
pellet, little round ball.
pel'li-cle (pĕl'ĭ-k'l), tiny film of ice.
pe'nal (pē'nȧl), punishment.
pen'dents (pĕn'dĕnts), hanging ornaments.
pen'dent tram'mels (pĕn'dĕnt trȧm'ẽlz), iron hooks on which to hang kettles over the fire.
pen'du-lous (pĕn'dû-lŭs), hanging; **pen-dulous ex-cres'cence** (ĕks-krĕs'ĕns), wart hanging.
pen'i-tence (pĕn'ĭ-tĕns), sorrow.
penitent Peter, see *Matthew XXVI.*
Penn the Apostle (ȧ-pŏs"l), William Penn, the great Quaker who founded Pennsylvania.
pen'sive (pĕn'sĭv), thoughtful.
pent, inclosed.
pent-house, overhanging.
per'ad-ven'ture (pẽr'ȧd-vĕn"tûr), perhaps.
per-chance' (pẽr-chȧns'), perhaps.
per'emp-to-ry (pẽr'ĕmp-tō-rĭ), imperative.
per-force' (pẽr-fōrs'), necessarily.
Per'i-ge'ni-a (pẽr'ĭ-jē'nĭ-ȧ).
per'i-he'li-on, at (pẽr'ĭ-hē'lĭ-ŏn), nearest the horizon, so that it shows most plainly.
perilous cri'sis (krī'sĭs), dangerous situation.
per'jured traitor (pûr'jẽrd), falsely swearing disloyal one.
per'ma-nen-cy (pûr'mȧ-nĕn-sĭ), lastingness.
per-me'at-ing (pûr-mē'ȧt-ĭng), finding its way everywhere.
per se (pȧr sā), in itself.
per-sev'er (pẽr-sĕv'ẽr), the Shakesperean spelling and pronunciation of *persevere.*
Persian i-dol'a-ter (ĭ-dŏl'ȧ-tẽr), sun-worshiper.
pe-rus'al (pē-rōōz'ȧl), examination.
per-vades' (pẽr-vādz'), flows through every part.
per-verse' (pẽr-vûrs'), obstinate.
per-ver'sion (pẽr-vûr'shŭn), disgrace.
pestilence, the yellow fever which killed many in Philadelphia in 1793.
pet'ri-fac'tion (pĕt'rĭ-fȧk"shŭn), hardened stone (referring both to its actual material and its uninviting atmosphere).
Pe-tru'chi-o's Kate (pē-trōō'chĭ-ōz), the scolding wife of Petruchio in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew.*
pew'ter (pū'tẽr), a white metal formerly used in place of silver.
phan'tasm (fȧn'tȧz'm), ghost-like appearance.
phan'toms (fȧn'tŭmz), ghostly things which could hardly be seen.
Pha'raohs (fā'rōz), pictures of the rulers of ancient Egypt.
phe-nom'e-non (fē-nŏm'ē-nŏn), extraordinary occurrence.
Phibbus, he means *Phoebus.* See **Phoebus.**
Phil-li'da (fĭl-ĭ'dȧ).
phil'o-mel (fĭl'ō-mĕl), nightingale.
phil'o-pro-gen'i-tive-ness (fĭl'ō-prō-jĕn"ĭ-tĭv-nĕs), love of children.
phil'o-soph'ic (fĭl'ō-sŏf'ĭk), of one interested in the growth of knowledge.
Phil'o-strate (fĭl'ō-strȧt).
phlegm (flĕm), calmness.
Phoe'be (fē'bē), the moon.
Phoe'bus (fē'bŭs), Apollo, the god of the sun, who was supposed to have been born on the island of Delos.
phos'phor-es'cence (fŏs'fŏr-ĕs"ĕns), light without heat.
pi'broch (pĭ'brŏk), Scottish Highland bagpipe music.
pied (pīd), various colored.
Pier'rot (pyĕ-rō').
pig'my (pĭg'mĭ), dwarf.
pike, weapon with a steel point; **piko pole,** 12 to 30 foot pole with a sharp point on the end.
pilgrim, traveler.
pilgrimage, journey.
pil'laged (pĭl'ȧjd), robbed.
pin, mood.
Pin'dus-born A-rach'thus (pĭn-dŭs; ȧ-rȧk'thŭs), now the Arta, a river famous in Greek mythology, which rises in the Pindus mountains.
pin'ion (pĭn'yŭn), wing.
pin'ioned (pĭn'yŭnd), held.
piping, blowing.
pi-quan-cy (pē'kȧn-sĭ), smartness.
pique (pēk), spur.
Pisa's leaning miracle (pē'sȧ), famous tower in Pisa, Italy, which leans to one side.
pit, trap.
pitch, strong feeling; essence; arrange.
pitch-and-toss, a gambling game played by tossing up a coin, and guessing whether it will fall "heads" up or "tails."
place of birth alone is mute, these Greek poets are now more renowned in far-off lands than at home.
plac'id (plȧs'ĭd), peaceful.
plainer, more open.
plain song, the melody chanted in the service of the Catholic Church.
plait'ing (plāt'ĭng), weaving.
plane-tree the Persian adorned, Xerxes, King of Persia, is said to have decorated a certain plane-tree (sycamore) that he admired, with silks and jewels.

plash'y (plăsh'ĭ), wet.
pla-teau' (plă-tō'), broad, elevated land.
pleasantry, joke.
Plenty's horn, large horn, shaped like a goat's horn, overflowing with fruits, etc., carried by Plenty, symbol of abundance.
plugged, caught.
plume (plōōm), pride.
plun'dered (plŭn'dĕrd), robbed.
Plutonian, see **Night's Plutonian shore.**
poign'ant-ly (poin'ănt-lĭ), keenly.
poi'lu' (pwä'lōō'), French soldier.
points, marks of punctuation.
pol'i-ty (pŏl'ĭ-tĭ), policy; state.
pol-troon' (pŏl-trōōn'), coward.
pom'mel (pŭm'ĕl), pound; knob on the hilt.
pomp, magnificence.
poop (pōōp), stern.
Poor Law, law for the relief of the poor.
popular power, rule by all the people.
por'tent (pôr'tĕnt), sign.
Porter, David, commander of the Essex in the War of 1812.
porter, ale; father who was so loaded down.
port'ly (pôrt'lĭ), stout.
Port Royal, town in Nova Scotia, now Annapolis, captured by the English in 1710.
possessed of a de'mon (dē'mŏn), under the control of an evil spirit.
postboy, messenger boy.
pos'tern (pŏs'tĕrn), gate.
posting down, riding at full speed.
pos'ture (pŏs'tûr), position.
pot-bellied, bulging.
po'ten-tate (pō'tĕn-tāt), ruler.
po'tion (pō'shŭn), poison.
Poul'ter-er's (pōl'tĕr-ĕrz), shop where fowls are sold.
prairie schooner, a long, canvas-covered wagon used by emigrants crossing the prairies.
prec'e-dent (prĕs'ē-dĕnt), act.
pre'cincts (prē'sĭngkts), walls.
pre-dic'a-ment (prē-dĭk'ă-mĕnt), difficulty.
pre-dict'ed (prē-dĭkt'ĕd), foretold.
pre-dom'i-nant (prē-dŏm'ĭ-nănt), in authority.
pref'ace (prĕf'ăs), a brief introductory statement of the purpose of a book.
pref'aced (prĕf'ăst), began.
preferred, offered for approval.
prel'ude (prĕl'ūd), introduction.
pre'ma-ture' (prē'mă-tûr'), too early.
pre'ma-ture'ly (prē'mă-tûr'lĭ), before expected.
pre-med'i-tat-ed (prē-mĕd'ĭ-tāt-ĕd), planned beforehand.
pre-mon'i-to-ry (prē-mŏn'ĭ-tō-rĭ), warning.
pre-pos'ter-ous (prē-pŏs'tĕr-ŭs), in a ridiculous manner; absurd.
pres-aged' (prē-sājd'), foreshadowed.
pre-sen'ti-ment (prē-sĕn'tĭ-mĕnt), feeling.
press, pursue.
presupposes, requires.
pre-tense' (prē-tĕns'), show.
pre-ten'sions, ar'chi-tec'tur-al (prē-tĕn'-shŭnz, är'kĭ-tĕk'tûr-ăl), elaborateness of structure.
prev'a-lent (prĕv'ă-lĕnt), common.
pri-me'val (prī-mē'văl), that reminded one of the time when the world was new and uncivilized; original; undisturbed; **primeval forces of nature,** storms, earthquakes, etc.
prim'ing (prĭm'ĭng), preparing their guns for firing.
principal, origin; beginning.
principle of representation, rule of government by all.
prisms (prĭz'mz), crystals.
prith'ee (prĭth'ē), pray thee; please.
pro-cliv'i-ties (prō-klĭv'ĭ-tĭz), tendencies.
Prod'i-gal Son (prŏd'ĭ-găl), see *Luke XV*, 11-32.
prod'i-gies (prŏd'ĭ-jĭz), marvels.
pro-di'gious (prō-dĭj'ŭs), unnatural; enormous.
pro-di'gious-ly, astonishingly.
pro-duce' (prō-dūs'), bring about.
pro-fuse' (prō-fūs'), abundant.
pro-gen'i-tor (prō-jĕn'ĭ-tĕr), forefather.
prog'e-ny (prŏj'ē-nĭ), that which is descended from.
pro'ject (prō'jĕkt), plan.
Pro-logue (prō'log), the introduction to a play; one who speaks that part.
Pro-me'theus (prō-mē'thūs).
prone (prōn), sloping; likely.
propagated, repeated.
property, power.
Prophet descending from Sinai, see *Exodus XXXIV*.
Prophet's rod, see **ancient Prophet's rod.**
prosecute, try to secure.
pros'trate (prŏs'trāt), powerless.
pros'trates principalities (prŏs'trāts), conquers a kingdom (England).
pro-trude' (prō-trōōd'), extend; stick out.
pro-tu'ber-ance (prō-tū'bĕr-ăns), projection.
prov'en-der (prŏv'ĕn-dĕr), dry food for animals, as hay, oats, etc.
province, department.
provisioned, supplied with food.
pulls, loosens.
pup'pet (pŭp'ĕt), doll.
purple moor (mōōr), waste, sandy ground covered with heather, a shrub with small purple flowers.
purpling, in the twilight.
pyr'a-mids (pĭr'ă-mĭdz), piles shaped like pyramids, that is, pointed at the top.
Pyr'a-mus (pĭr'ă-mŭs).
Pyr'rhic dance, (pĭr'ĭk), a quick dance of ancient Greece.
Pyr'rhic pha'lanx (pĭr'ĭk fā'lănks), Grecian heavy-armed infantry arranged in close ranks, several men deep.

Q

quad'ri-lat'er-al (kwŏd'rĭ-lăt'ĕr-ăl), oblong.
quaff (kwăf), drink; **quaffed off,** drank.
quartz (kwôrts), solid, crystal mineral varying in color and transparency.
qua'ver (kwā'vĕr), trembling voice.
Queens of Sheba (shē'bă), pictures of the Queen of Sheba, an ancient country in southern Arabia, see *I Kings, X*.
Queen Ti-ta'ni-a (tĭ-tā'nĭ-ă), the **queen of** the fairies.
quell (kwĕl), quiet.
quench, stop.
quench'less, inextinguishable.

quern (kwûrn), hand mill for grinding grain.
quer'u-lous (kwĕr'ŏŏ-lŭs), complaining.
quest (kwĕst), search.
quick, sensitive part of the flesh.
quid'ding (kwĭd'ĭng), tobacco-chewing.
qui-es'cence (kwĭ-ĕs'ĕns), quietness.
quire (kwīr), crowd.
Quit-the-bunch, one who won't do as the others do.
quiz'zi-cal-ly (kwĭz'ĭ-kăl-ĭ), half-jokingly.
quoth (kwōth), said.

R

rab'ble (răb"l), a disorderly mob.
rak'ish (rāk'ĭsh), with an appearance of speed.
rak'ish-ly (rāk'ĭsh-lĭ), dashingly.
ral'lied (răl'ĭd), joked.
ramp'ant (răm'pănt), full of energy.
range, row.
rank, overgrown.
ra-pa'cious (rā-pā'shŭs), greedy and dishonest.
ra'pi-er (rā'pĭ-ĕr), sword.
rap'ture (răp'tūr), burst of joyous song.
Rat'is-bon (răt'ĭs-bŏn), a town in Germany.
rave'lins (răv'lĭnz), a kind of fortification.
raw hands, men new to that sort of work.
reach the dust cloud, get even within sight of the long trail of dust left behind Kyrat.
re'as-sur'ance (re'ăs-shōōr"ăns), comfort.
re-ced'ed (rē-sēd'ĕd), retreated.
re-ceipt' (rē-sēt'), possession.
re-cess' (rē-sĕs'), hiding-place.
rec'la-ma'tion (rĕk'lă-mā'shŭn), reformation.
re-coiled' (rē-koild'), drew back.
rec'om-pense (rĕk'ŏm-pĕns), service.
re'con-ciled (rĕk'ŏn-sīld), able to make up his mind.
rec'on-noi'ter (rĕk'ŏ-noi'tĕr), examine; explore.
recorder, a kind of flute.
rec're-ant (rĕk'rē-ănt), coward.
re-cur' (rē-kûr'), come back to your memories.
Re-dan' (rē-dăn'), a fortification in southern Russia.
redcoats, British soldiers.
redeem the deed, fulfill the act.
re-doubt'a-ble (rē-dout'ă-b'l), to be feared.
re-doubts' (rē-douts'), temporary fortifications.
re-dress' (rē-drĕs'), relief.
red streamer, sunrise glow in the sky.
reducing it to its first elements, finding out what it is made of.
reeking, perspiring.
reeling, stormy.
reeved, fastened.
ruf'fi-an (rŭf'ĭ-ăn), rascal.
ref'lu-ent (rĕf'lōō-ĕnt), receding, as the tide flows back toward the sea.
re-frac'to-ries (rē-frăk'tŏ-rĭz), materials which form a glaze.
ref'u-gee' (rĕf'û-jē"), one who flees for safety.
ref'use (rĕf'ŭs), cast off.
re-gen'er-ate (rē-jĕn'ĕr-āt), new-born.
re'gent (rē'jĕnt), one who takes the place of the rightful ruler.
registers, public records and documents.
regulars, the soldiers of the standing army.
reign of the Henries, French kings of the last half of the 16th century.
re-laxed' (rē-lăkst'), loosened.
rel'ics (rĕl'ĭks), remains.
relief, raised figures.
religious toleration, freedom to worship as one wishes.
re-lin'quish (rē-lĭng'kwĭsh), let go of; give up.
rem'i-nis'cence (rĕm'ĭ-nĭs"ĕns), remembrance.
re-mon'strat-ed (rē-mŏn'strāt-ĕd), protested.
renders fe'al-ty (fē'ăl-tĭ), offers loyalty.
ren'dez-vous (rän'dē-vōō), a meeting by appointment.
Re'ne' Le'blanc' (rē"nā' lē'blänk"),
ren'o-vate (rĕn'ŏ-vāt), renew.
rent (rĕnt), broken.
re-plet'ed (rē-plēt'ĕd), satisfied.
rep're-hend' (rĕp'rē-hĕnd"), blame.
re-pulsed' (rē-pŭlst'), threw back.
rere-mice (rēr), bats.
resentment, anger.
re-sid'u-a-ry leg'a-tee' (rē-zĭd'û-ă-rĭ lĕg'ă-tē"), one who receives what remains of the property after the provisions of the will are carried out.
res'i-due (rĕz'ĭ-dū), leavings.
re-sort' (rē-zôrt'), go; hiding.
re'source (rē'sōrs), means of help.
res'pi-ra'tion (rĕs'pĭ-rā'shŭn), breathing.
res'pite (rĕs'pĭt), temporary rest.
restless sands, sands of time. Father time is always represented with an hour-glass.
re-straint' (rē-strānt'), self-control.
retainers, servants.
re-ten'tive of (rē-tĕn'tĭv), similar to.
re-tort' (rē-tôrt'), quick reply, severe or witty, intended to quiet the person addressed.
retracted, withdrawn.
rev'eled (rĕv'ĕld), indulged.
rev'el-ers (rĕv'ĕl-ĕrs), merry-makers.
rev'e-nue (rĕv'ĕ-nū; rē-vĕn'û for meter on page 265); income from property.
Rey'han (rā'ăn).
rheu-mat'ic diseases (rōō-măt'ĭk), colds; catarrh.
ribband, ribbon.
ribbon of moonlight, a light, narrow streak in the darkness.
ricks, stacks, protected from wet by some covering.
Rif Baer (rĭf bār).
right, true.
rig'id (rĭj'ĭd), stiff.
ring, the hammer of a door knocker, in the shape of a ring.
ripe, ready.
ripened thought into action, influenced others to carry out the good deeds they were thinking of.
roan (rōn), a chestnut horse.
Ro'a-noke' (rō"ă-nōk'), river in Virginia and North Carolina.
Robin Crusoe, Robinson Crusoe, the hero of Defoe's famous story of that name.
ro-bust' (rō-bŭst'), strong; vigorous.
rod, the rod of the prophet Aaron (the brother of Moses), which budded. See *Numbers XVII.*
roe (rō), a kind of deer.

roisterer, idle boaster.
rôle (rōl), part (in the gayety).
ro-mance' (rō-măns'), the wonderful things one dreams about.
rood (rōōd), one-fourth of a square acre.
Ross, General Robert Ross, commanding the British in the War of 1812, burned the public buildings of Washington in 1814.
Rouge Bou-quet' (rōōzh bōō-kā'),
rough-cast, plastering.
roun'del (roun'dĕl), song with an oft-repeated refrain.
Rou'shan Beg (rōō'shän).
Row'an (rou'ăn).
rub'i-kund (rōōb'ĭ-kŭnd), red.
ruf'fi-an (rŭf'ĭ-ăn).
ruffling, erect.
Ru'nic (rōō'nĭk), old Norse.
running such a rig, engaging in such a frolic.
rushes, coarse, dry, stiff grass strewn over the floor in place of rugs.
russet-pated choughs (chŭfs), gray-headed jackdaws.
ruth'less-ly (rōōth'lĕs-lĭ), pitilessly.

S

sa'ber (sā'bĕr), sword with curved blade.
Sa'co (sô'kō).
sac'ri-fice (săk'rĭ-fīs), unselfish offering.
saddletree, the frame of a saddle.
sae (sā), so.
safe-conduct, permission to go about safely.
sa-ga'cious (sȧ-gā'shŭs), wise.
sa-gac'i-ty (sȧ-găs'ĭ-tĭ), wisdom; shrewdness.
sag'a-more (săg'ȧ-mōr), kind of tribal chief.
Sag'i-naw (săg'ĭ-nô).
Saint Dun'stan (dŭn'stăn), an English monk of the tenth century who was a skilled worker in metals. The legend is that he was tempted at his forge by an evil spirit whose nose he seized with his red-hot tongs.
Saint Eu'la'le' (săn ū'lȧ'lē'), a martyr.
Sal'a-mis (săl'ȧ-mĭs), ancient city of Cyprus.
Salis'bur-y (sôlz'bĕr-ĭ), town in Massachusetts.
salle (sȧl), room.
Salm'on (săm'ŭn).
salt junk, sailors' slang for hard, salt beef.
salt lake, Atlantic Ocean.
salts, sailors.
Sa'mi-an (sā'mĭ-ăn), pertaining to Samos, an island in the Aegean (ē-jē'ăn) Sea.
samp (sămp), mush made of coarsely ground cornmeal.
sam'pler (săm'plĕr), a piece of needlework to show one's skill.
sanc'tu-a-ry (săngk'tū-ȧ-rĭ), a sacred place.
sanded, sandy in color.
san'guine (săn'gwĭn), red; confident.
Sap'pho (săf'ō), a Greek lyric poetess.
sark (särk), garment.
sa-ti'e-ty (sȧ-tī'ĕ-tĭ), over-abundance.
sat'ire (săt'ĭr), a play full of sarcasm.
Sa'to'ry' (Sā'tō'rē').
sa-van'na (sȧ-văn'ȧ), sub-tropical, treeless, grassy plain.
sa'vor (sā'vĕr), flavor.
Sax'on (săk'sŭn) English.
scab'bard (scăb'ärd), case for blade of sword.
scale the very face, climb over the front.
scal'ing (skāl'ĭng), climbing up.
scar (skär), rock.
scarfed and bolted, fitted together and screwed.
scarred, showing the effects of much hard fighting.
scaur (skär), cliff.
schoon'er-rigged (skōōn'ĕr), fitted out with two masts, one at the bow and the other at the stern of the vessel.
Sci'an and the Tei'an muse (sĭ'ăn; tē'ăn), Homer, the Greek poet, was sometimes said to have been born on the island of Scio; Anacreon, also a poet, was born at Teios in Asia Minor.
scourge (skûrj), course.
screw, miser.
scru'ple (skrōō'p'l), slight reason.
scru'ti-nize (scrōō'tĭ-nīz), investigate.
scru'ti-ny (skrōō'tĭ-nĭ), examination.
scut'tled (skŭt'l'd), filled with holes.
scythe (sīth), broad, curved blade for cutting grass.
sea-born Sal'a-mis (săl'ȧ-mĭs), an island of ancient Greece, opposite the harbor of Athens; "sea-born" because the ancients thought it was a floating island.
sect (sĕkt), religious denomination.
se-duce' (sē-dūs'), tempt to do wrong.
seeth'ing (sēth'ĭng), boiling.
self-ac-cu'sa-to'ry (ă-kū'zȧ-tō'rĭ), blaming themselves.
self-contained, cold and reserved.
sen'si-ble (sĕn'sĭ-b'l), having human senses; aware.
sentiments, thoughts; ideas.
sen'ti-nel (sĕn'tĭ-nĕl), one on watch.
sep'ul-cher (sĕp'ŭl-kĕr), grave-like pile.
se-pul'chral (sē-pŭl'krăl), for a grave.
se'quence (sē'kwĕns), succession of events—cause and result.
se-ragl'io (sē-răl'yō), former official palace of Turkish sultan.
ser'a-phim (sĕr'ȧ-fĭm), angels.
Ser Fed-er-i'go (sâr fād-ĕr-ē'gō).
serpent's tongue, hiss of disapproval.
setting up, starting housekeeping.
settle, built-in seat.
Sev'ern (sĕv'ĕrn), a river in England.
Se'wel's ancient tome (sū'ălz; tōm), William Sewel's history of the Quakers.
Shafalus, Procus, misspellings of Cephalus and Procris, an old story of two lovers.
shaft, handle.
shag'bark' (shăg'bärk'), rough-barked hickory, which bears edible nuts.
Shah (shä), ruler.
sham'bles (shăm'b'lz), slaughterhouse.
shamefast, shamefaced.
Shan'non (shăn'ŭn), a river in Ireland.
shaping fan'ta-sies (făn'tȧ-sĭz), wonderful imaginations.
shard (shärd), sharp stone.
share, plowshare.
Shaw-nee' (shô-nē'), one of the tribe of Algonquins.
shay (shā), dialectical for *chaise* (shāz), carriage.
sheath (shēth), case for sword.
sheath'ing (shēth'ĭng), covering of the ship's bottom and sides for protection.

sheen, shining; brilliance.
sheer (shēr), straight up; **sheer off,** turn aside.
Shel'ley, Percy Bysshe (shĕl'ĭ; bĭsh).
shelves, slopes, that is, in waves.
shied (shīd), thrown.
shies at a little pride, is shaken by self-conceit.
shift the scene, change the location to.
shilling, equal to about twenty-four cents in our money.
Ship of State, the government.
shivering, chilly.
shore, shorn.
shorn of their streaming hair, be, have their foliage cut off.
shrew, scold.
shrine, place where one worships.
shrouded, nearly concealed.
shrouds, ropes leading from the masthead.
si'dled (sī'd'ld), move sidewise.
Sie'na's saint (syĕ'nä), St. Catherine of Siena is noted for her sanctity. She is represented as having wonderful visions.
Si-er'ra (sĭ-ĕr'ä), range of mountain peaks.
sight nought, can see nothing.
significant, full of meaning.
Sign of the Scorpion enters, about October 23. The Scorpion, a constellation, marks the eighth sign of the Zodiac, an imaginary belt in the sky having the sun's path for its center.
sil'hou-ette' (sĭl'ōō-ĕt'), outline; shadow; **sil'hou-et'ted,** outlined in black.
sill, see **thill.**
silver sphere, moon.
sim'i-le (sĭm'ĭ-lē), comparison.
sin'ew (sĭn'ū), strength.
sin'ew-y (sĭn'ū-ĭ), strong.
sin'gu-lar (sĭng'gū-lär), queer.
sin'is-ter (sĭn'ĭs-tēr), left; evil.
Sire de Maletroit (sēr dē mäl'trwä')
si'ren (sī'rĕn), sea nymph.
"Sir Roger de Coverly" (kŭv'ēr-lĭ), a dance like the Virginia Reel, associated with the courtly old gentleman in Addison's *Spectator.*
Sisters Three, the Fates. See **Fates.**
skiff (skĭf), boat.
skreeks, squeeks.
slack'er (slăk'ēr), looser.
sleek'est (slēk'ĕst), finest.
slip, artificial slope to launch a ship from.
sloth (slōth), laziness.
Smyr'na (smûr'nä), town in Turkey.
snick'er-snee' (snĭk'ēr-snē'), a large knife.
sniggering, laughing.
snuff, it is already in, the candle is burned down so that the wick is smoky. This is a pun; **in snuff** also means angry.
snuffy, using a great deal of snuff (pulverized tobacco).
soap-boiler, maker of soap.
sol-em'ni-ty (sō-lĕm'nĭ-tĭ), wedding day.
sol'em-nized (sŏl'ĕm-nīzd), honored; dignified.
so-lic'i-tude (sō-lĭs'ĭ-tūd), anxiety.
Sol'o-mon (sŏl'ō-mŭn), a king of Israel, noted for his wisdom.
sol'stice of summer (sŏl'stĭs), June 21.
sol'vent (sŏl'vĕnt), a substance which will dissolve something else.
Sol'way (sŏl'wā), Solway Firth, noted for its swift tides.
som-bre'ro (sŏm-brā'rō), broad-brimmed hat.
son of the road, one who lived in the open.
so-no'rous (sō-nō'rŭs), resounding.
sooth, truth.
sor'did (sôr'dĭd), worldly; **sordid reproach,** low blame.
sort, turn out; **manner.**
sorting, fitting.
sou-brette' (sōō-brĕt'), frivolous young woman on the stage; here, a singer.
sov'er-eign (sŏv'ēr-ĭn), supreme; **sovereign authority,** ruling power.
sov'er-eign-ty (sŏv'ēr-ĭn-tĭ), power; control.
sow the world with, scatter over the earth.
Spanish Main, Caribbean Sea.
"Spanish plot," etc., after the Revolution there were several plots of the settlers to gain possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, then held by Spain.
Spanish Water, Caribbean Sea.
spar (spär), mast.
sparring for an opening (spär'ĭng), watching for a good chance to attack.
sparse'ly (spär'slĭ), thinly.
Spar'ta (spär'tä), famous ancient city of Greece; the dogs of Sparta were noted for their keenness of scent and their swiftness.
Spar'tan (spär'tăn), pertaining to the Grecian city, Sparta, whose people were noted for their bravely.
spas-mod'ic (spăz-mŏd'ĭk), sudden.
spe'cies (spē'shēz), kinds.
spec'ter (spĕk'tēr), ghost.
spec'tral (spĕk'trăl), ghostly; **spectral glare,** ghost-like stare.
sped (spĕd), passed.
spher'ule (sfēr'ōōl), sphere; circle.
spher'y (sfēr'ĭ), starlike.
spleen, fit of anger.
spoil, stolen prizes.
spon-ta'ne-ous com-bus'tion (spŏn-tā' nē-ŭs kŭm-bŭs'chŭn), fire caused by chemical action within a substance.
spotted, dishonorable.
spouse (spouz), wife.
spring, quality.
spume-flakes (spūm), froth.
spur, post; **spurred through its paces,** made to do its various tricks as a horse is urged on by the rider's spurs.
spur-gall, scar of a wound made by a spur.
spurned Arabian plains, rushed over the wide deserts of Arabia.
spurning, scorning.
squab (skwŏb) short and fat.
square, quarrel; in a straight line.
stable, lasting; steadfast.
stag'nant-blooded (stăg'nănt), with sluggish circulation, that is, inactive, lazy.
stake (stāk), interest.
stalls (stôlz), open shops like those in a public market.
stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), strong and brave.
stal'worth (stôl'wûrth), stalwart; strong.
stanch (stänch), steadfast.
stan'chion (stăn'shŭn), stalls.
stand upon, observe.
stat'ics (stăt'ĭks), power of resistance.
stat'u-esque'ly (stăt'ū-ĕsk'lĭ), like statues.
Stave (stāv), musical term, meaning staff. *A Christmas Carol* is appropriately divided into staves rather than chapters.

stay, stop; (in plural) supports; **stay spur,** stop using the spur to.
stayed not, did not stop.
St. Catherine, St. Catherine was vowed to a single life; to braid her tresses is to remain unmarried.
stead'ings (stĕd'ĭngz), farmhouses.
stealth, by, secretly.
steamed, went as fast as if by steam.
steed, horse.
steep, mountain
steeped (stēpt), soaked.
stem'son (stĕm'sŭn), piece of curved timber near the bow of a ship's frame.
stern, back part.
stern'son-knee (stûrn'sŭn), end of a keelson; see **keelson.**
St. Fran'cois' (săn frän'swä'), Saint Francis River in Canada.
stock and store, supply.
stodg'y (stŏj'ĭ), slow; lazy.
Stony Point, promontory on the bank of Hudson river. During the Revolution, the American fort there was captured by the British and retaken by Americans in 1779.
stoutly maintained, declared firmly.
strait waistcoat (strāt), coat of strong material, as canvas, to bind the body closely and often the arms; it is used to keep an insane person from violence.
strat'e-gy (străt'ē-jĭ), military affairs.
strings, for tying on the false beards.
stu-ar'ti-a (stū-är'tĭ-ȧ), American and Japanese shrubs with large single flowers.
stu'pe-fac'tion (stū'pē-făk'shŭn), stupidity.
stu'por (stū'pŏr), laziness.
sub-jec'tion (sŭb-jĕk'shŭn), forced obedience.
sub-lu'na-ry things (sŭb-lū'nȧ-rĭ), earthly affairs.
sub-mis'sive-ly (sŭb-mĭs'ĭv-lĭ), obediently.
sub-scribes' (sŭb-skrībz'), agrees to.
sub'tle (sŭt"l), delicate.
sub'tly (sŭt'lĭ), in a manner clever, but difficult to understand; in some inexplainable way.
sub-vert' (sŭb-vĕrt'), destroy.
suc-co-ry (sŭk'ō-rĭ), common European plant with blue flowers.
suf'fer-anc-es (sŭf'ĕr-ȧns-ĕz), permission granted by customs authorities for the shipment of goods.
suf-fuse' my face (sŭ-fūz'), redden my face, in a blush.
suite (swēt), number of adjoining rooms; set.
sullen, sulky.
Sul'tan's Groom (sŭl'tȧnz), a hunchback who sought the princess's hand and was set by the genie "against the wall with his head downward until sunrise." See "Bedreddin Hassin" in *The Arabian Nights.*
Summer of All-Saints, our Indian summer.
sump'tu-ous (sŭmp'tū-ŭs), luxurious.
Su'ni-um (sū'nĭ-ŏŏm), a rocky headland on the extreme south of Attica, now called Cape Colonna.
su-perb' (sū-pûrb'), beautifully formed.
su'per-flu'i-ty (sū'pĕr-flōō'ĭ-tĭ), overabundance; more than you need.
su-per'nal (sū-pûr'nȧl), supernatural; heavenly.
superpraise my parts, overpraise my qualities.
sup'ple (sŭp"l), yielding.
sup'pli-ca'tion (sŭp'lĭ-kā'shŭn), entreaty.
sup'po-si'tion (sŭp'ō-zĭsh'ŭn), suggestion.
sur-cease' (sŭr-sēs'), forgetfulness.
surf (sûrf), waves dashing on the shore.
surge (sûrj), rush.
sur'plus population (sûr'plŭs), number of unnecessary people.
sur'rep-ti'tious-ly (sŭr'ĕp-tĭsh'ŭs-lĭ), stealthily.
Sur'rey (sŭr'ĭ), a county of England.
sus-cep'ti-ble (sŭ-sĕp'tĭ-b'l), possible to be developed into.
su-sur'rus (sū-sŭr'ŭs), whisperings.
swales (swālz), small valleys.
swan-like, let me live and die, the swan was supposed to sing musically just before its death.
sward'ed (swôrd'ĕd), grassy.
swarth'y (swôr'thĭ), dark-colored; dark-skinned.
swaths (swôthz), lines of cut grass or grain.
sweep, long pole attached to tall post used to raise and lower a bucket.
Sweet-water valley, see **Nebraska.**
swell, a small hill.
sworn them al-le'giance (ă-lē'jȧns), bound ourselves to be loyal to them.
swound (swōond; here, swound for rime), swoon.
syl'van (sĭl'vȧn), forest; rural.
sym'me-try (sĭm'ē-trĭ), harmony of proportions, dimensions, etc.
sym'pho-ny (sĭm'fō-nĭ), song.

T

tac'it-ly (tăs'ĭt-lĭ), silently.
tac'i-turn (tăs'ĭ-tûrn), silent.
taff'rail (tăf'rāl), the rail around a ship's stern.
taint'ed (tānt'ĕd), scented.
take what they mistake, be pleased with what they offer blunderingly.
tallow-chandler, maker of tallow candles.
tame, cowardly.
Tam'pa (tăm'pȧ), Florida port.
tan'gi-ble (tăn'jĭ-b'l) real.
tangled ram, see *Genesis XXI,* 1-13.
Tank, small office room.
tank'ard (tăngk'ȧrd), a large drinking vessel.
tan'ner (tăn'ĕr), one who prepares skins of animals for use.
tap (tăp), quality.
tap'es-tries (tăp'ĕs-trĭz), heavy curtains.
tar'ry (tăr'ĭ), linger.
Tar'tar (tär'tȧr), Lysander is referring to Hermia's dark complexion. The Tartars were a dark-skinned people.
Tau'rus' (tô'rŭs).
tavern politicians, men who sit around public eating-houses discussing politics.
taw'ny (tô'nĭ), dusky; **tawny mound,** brown outline.
Ta-yg'e-tus (tă-ĭj'ē-tŭs), mountain in Greece.
teal (tēl), river duck.
Teche (tĕsh), river in Southern Louisiana.
te'di-ous (tē'dĭ-ŭs), long; tiresome.
ten'der (tĕn'dĕr), offer; **tender here I make some stay,** approach I wait.

Ten'e-brae (tĕn'ē-brē), the matins sung during Holy Week.
ten'dril (tĕn'drĭl), slender, coiling attachment to the stem.
tends, whereto, what is the meaning of.
ten'e-brous (tĕn'ē-brŭs), dark; gloomy.
Tents of Grace, translation of the name given by the Moravians to their mission.
ter'ma-gant (tûr'mȧ-gănt), scolding woman.
terse (tûrs), brief.
test'y (tĕs'tĭ), ill-tempered.
Thebes (thēbz), an ancient city of Egypt.
the blood of Scio's vine (sī'ōz), the blood of the people of Scio, an island off the west coast of Asia Minor.
Ther-mop'y-lae (thĕr-mŏp'ĭ-lē), a mountain pass in the Eastern part of Greece. In 480 B. C. a band of 300 Greeks attempted to hold the pass against a vast Persian army.
The'seus (thē'sûs).
Thes-sa'li-an (thĕ-sā'lĭ-ăn), pertaining to Thessaly, one of the divisions of Greece.
the time-of-day, whatever might happen during the day.
thill, either of the two shafts between which a horse is hitched.
This'be (thĭs'bē).
Thor (thôr).
thor'ough-brace", leather strap used as a carriage spring.
thor'ough-fares" (thŭr"ō-fârz'), public streets.
Thrac'ian (thrā'shăn), Orpheus. See a classic mythology.
thrall (thrôl), in slavery.
threadbare, shabby.
threading, making his way carefully.
thrum (thrŭm), a term used in weaving. The three Fates held the thread of life of each person; when it was time for death, this thread was cut.
'tide life, 'tide death, whatever may happen.
tier, (tēr), layer.
Time's burst of dawn, beginning of the greatest period in history.
tippet, scarf.
tiring-house, for *retiring*-house, that is, dressing-room.
'tis for a thousand pound, five thousand dollars has been bet on the race.
Ti'tan (tī'tăn), giant.
Ti-ta'ni-a (tī-tā'nĭ-ȧ).
ti-tan'ic (tī-tăn'ĭk), giant.
to a fish, every fish.
to attention, in an attitude ready for receiving orders.
to crush the snake and spare the worm, to defy the oppressor and protect the oppressed.
toc'sin's a-lar'um (tŏk'sĭnz ȧ-lăr'ŭm), warning signal.
to'ken (tō'k'n), sign.
told, numbered.
tol'er-a-bly (tŏl'ĕr-ȧ-blĭ), fairly.
tongs and bones, the tongs were struck by an iron key; the bones resembled those used by negro minstrels today.
too nov'el (nŏv'ĕl), wholly new.
tor'pid (tôr'pĭd) stupid.
torrent of darkness, invisible rush of something in the night.
tory, man on the King's side in the revolution.
Total Ab'sti-nence Principle (ăb'stĭ-nĕns), rule of always going without food or drink which might upset him.
touch.....the hem of her garment, see *Matthew IX*, 20-22.
Tous les Bour'geois" de Chartres (tōō lā bōōr'shwȧ" dē shärt), all the people of Charters.
township, district.
tra-di'tion (trȧ-dĭsh'ŭn), old story.
Traf'al-gar" (trăf'ăl-gär"; in England, trȧ-făl'gȧr), a cape on the southwest coast of Spain.
traffic, business.
trainband captain, captain of a company of trained citizen soldiers, in England, in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries.
trance (trȧns), swoon.
tran'quil (trăn'kwĭl), calm.
tranquillity (trăng-kwĭl'ĭ-tĭ), peace.
trans-fig'ured (trȧns-fĭg'ŭrd), changed.
tran'sient (trăn'shĕnt), brief.
tran-si'tion very foreign (trăn-sĭsh'ŭn), change in his trend of thought which was not customary.
tran'si-to-ry (trăn'sĭ-tō-rĭ), brief.
trans-lat'ed (trȧns-lāt'ĕd), changed in appearance.
transmute, change.
transported, transformed.
trav'ail (trăv'āl), hard work that involves suffering.
trav'ersed (trăv'ĕrst), crossed.
tread a measure, dance together.
tread'mill' (trĕd'mĭl'), a mill kept going by men treading on steps in an endless circle. It was used as a form of prison discipline.
Treb'i-zond' (trĕb'ĭ-zŏnd'), one of the former divisions of Turkey.
tre'foil (trē'foil), an ornamental figure of three divisions.
trem'u-lous-ly (trĕm'ū-lŭs-lĭ), timidly.
trice, instant.
trim ex-ploit' (ĕks-ploit'), fine scheme.
tri'pod (trī'pŏd), three-legged stand.
Tri'ton (trī'tŏn), a sea god.
troth (trŏth), faith.
Troyan, Trojan, man from Troy; here, Aeneas.
Truce of God, an attempt of the Church in the middle ages to lessen the evils of private warfare.
try no manhood here, not make a test of our courage here.
tucker, front of dress put in like a vest.
tufted, soft-carpeted.
tu-mul'tu-ous (tū-mŭl'tū-ŭs), wild; **tumultuous, leaden cha'os** (kā'ŏs), dark and stormy-looking atmosphere.
tur'bu-len-cy (tûr'bū-lĕn-sĭ), confused noise.
tur'bu-lent (tûr'bū-lĕnt), stormy; **tur'bulent tides,** the very tumultuous ocean; the Bay of Fundy is noted for its high tides.
turnpike men, the keepers of the gate in the roadway where a toll, or tax, had to be paid.
tur'ret (tŭr'ĕt), tower.
twain, two.

twelfth-cakes, cakes made for Twelfth-night, the twelfth night after Christmas.
Twelfth-night, evening of the twelfth day after Christmas.
twice-turned, one side having begun to show wear, the material had been reversed twice.
two of the first, etc., this refers to the coat-of-arms belonging to two people, husband and wife.
tyr'an-ny (tĭr'ă-nĭ), cruelty.

U

u-biq'ui-tous (û-bĭk'wĭ-tŭs), who are everywhere at once.
umber-brown, dark-brown with a tinge of red.
un'a-bashed' (ŭn'ă-băsht'), unembarrassed.
un-af-fect'ed-ly (ŭn-ă-fĕk'tĕd-lĭ), with perfect naturalness.
un-al'tered (ŭn-ôl'tĕrd), unchanged.
u-na-nim'i-ty (û'nă-nĭm'ĭ-tĭ), congeniality.
un'be-hold'en (ŭn'bê-hōld'ĕn), unseen.
unbodied, airy.
unbreathed, unpracticed.
Un'cas (ŭng'kăs), the last of the Mohicans, son of Chingachgook.
un'con-strained' de-mean'or (ŭn'kŏn-strānd' dê-mēn'ēr), happy, informal conduct.
uncouple, unfasten.
un-del'e-te'ri-ous (ŭn-dĕl'ê-tē'rĭ-ŭs), harmless.
un'der-mine' (ŭn'dĕr-mĭn'), weaken the foundation of.
un'du-lat'ing (ŭn'dû-lāt'ĭng), rolling.
unearned luck, undeserved good fortune.
un'fre-quent'ed (ŭn'frê-kwĕn'tĕd), rarely visited.
unfurled, unfolded.
un-gain'ly (ŭn-gān'lĭ), awkward.
un-hal'lowed (ŭn-hăl'ōd), unworthy.
un'im-ped'ed (ŭn'ĭm-pēd'ĕd), without hindrance.
United States' security, at that time several of the states had repudiated their bonds, thus weakening United States' credit abroad.
un'per-turbed' (ŭn'pĕr-tûrbd'), untroubled.
un'pre-med'i-tat-ed (ŭn'prê-mĕd'ĭ-tāt-ĕd), unlearned.
un-sa'ver-i (ŭn-sā'vĕr-ĭ), disagreeable to taste or smell.
un-scru'pu-lous (ŭn-scrōō'pû-lŭs), unprincipled.
un-seem'ly (ŭn-sēm'lĭ), filthy.
unshadowed main, the ocean, which has nothing on it to cast a shadow.
unstable, uncertain.
un-ten'ant-ed (ŭn-tĕn'ănt-tĕd), unoccupied.
Un'ter-mey'er, Louis (ŏn'tĕr-mī'ĕr).
up-braid' (ŭp-brād'), reproach.
U-phar'sin (û-fär'sĭn), see *Daniel V*, 1-31. The blazing comet reminds Evangeline of God's power as the handwriting upon the wall reminded Belshazzar.
up-roar'i-ous (ŭp-rōr'ĭ-ŭs), noisy and confused.
ur'gent-ly (ûr'jĕnt-lĭ), insistently.
u'sur-pa'tion (û'zŭr-pā'shŭn), taking out the old one to make room for the new,

V

va-ga'ries (vă-gā'rĭz), freakish habits.
vain'glo'ry (vān'glō'rĭ), vanity.
Valentine, son of the Emperor of Constantinople. The romance is that he grew up at the court of King Pepin, while his brother Orson was carried off by a bear and lived in the woods.
va-lid'i-ty (vă-lĭd'ĭ-tĭ), truth; soundness.
valves, two parts.
vanes (vānz), weather-vanes, which showed which way the wind blew.
vans (vănz), wings.
van'tage (văn'tăj), advantage.
var'i-ant (vā'rĭ-ănt), different; veering.
va'ried (vā'rĭd), different.
various communions of our Christian faith, different branches of the Christian church.
vault, repository for the dead.
vaunts (vănts), prides.
va'ward (vă'wērd), first part.
veered (vērd), turned.
ven-due' (vĕn-dū'), auction.
vent, expression.
venturing, daring to be as boastful.
Ve'nus (vē'nŭs), one of the planets.
ve-rac'i-ty (vē-răs'ĭ-tĭ), truthfulness.
Ver'dun' (vĕr'dŭn'), a town in the northeast of France.
ver'dure (vĕr'dûr), greenness.
verge, edge of the precipice.
ver'i-est old well of a (vĕr'ĭ-ĕst), best example of an old dark.
vernal, spring.
versing, singing in verses.
ver'te-brae (vûr'tê-brē) plural of *vertebra*, a bone of the spinal column.
very, even the.
ves'tal (vĕs'tăl), maiden. The Vestal Virgins were consecrated to Vesta and tended her sacred fire; **Vestal fire,** fire kept burning continually in honor of Vesta, goddess of the hearth and fire.
ves'tige (vĕs'tĭj), trace.
vi'brant (vī'brănt), throbbing; in constant motion.
vi'brate (vī'brāt), sound.
vice of republics, in a country where all men are politically equal, some are likely to dislike those who have more money or brains than they.
vi'cious (vĭsh'ŭs), untamed; wild.
vi-del'i-cet (vĭ-dĕl'ĭ-sĕt), in this manner.
vig'i-lant (vĭj'ĭ-lănt), watchful.
vigor of democracy, strong, vigorous power natural to common people.
vi-ra'go (vĭ-rā'gō), quarrelsome woman.
vis'age (vĭz'ăj), face.
vision of life and death, Roushan Beg, alive, yet so near death.
vis'it-a'tion (vĭs'ĭ-tā'shŭn), visit.
vis'taed (vĭs'tăd), arranged in two rows through which a view is seen.
vis'u-al-ize (vĭsh'û-ăl-īz), picture to yourself.
vital, full of life.
vi'tals, went to his (vī'tălz), gripped him.
viv'i-fies (vĭv'ĭ-fīz), makes more active.
vix'en (vĭk's'n), ill-tempered woman.
vo-cif'er-ate (vō-sĭf'ĕr-āt), shout.
voiceless shore, the shore on which the songs of liberty and patriotism no longer are heard.

void, without having had any effect.
voi'là' (vwȧ'lȧ'), there he is!
vol'u-ble (vŏl'ū-b'l), fluent; talkative.
vo-lu'mi-nous-ly (vō-lū'mĭ-nŭs-lĭ), in large volume.
vo-lup'tu-ous (vō-lŭp'tū-ŭs), luxurious; enchanting; alluring.
vo'ta-ress (vō'tȧ-rĕs), a woman vowed to a certain religion.
vo'tive stone (vō'tĭv), a monument sacred to them.
voy'a'geur' (vwȧ'yȧ'shûr'), one employed by fur companies of the Northwest to transport goods to and from stations; hunter or trapper.
vul'ture (vŭl'tûr), large, eagle-like bird which lives chiefly on carrion.

W

wag'gish (wăg'ĭsh) jocular.
wa.fs of (wāfs), things left by.
wain (wān), wagon.
waist'coat (wāst'kōt), vest.
wake, track; Wake, The Queen's, The Queen's Festival.
walk-er, slang term meaning "You don't mean it!"
Wal'la-way (wŏl'lȧ-wā), branch of the Columbia river.
wal'low-ing (wŏl'ō-ĭng), rolling.
wam'pum (wŏm'pŭm), shell beads used by Indians as money, ornaments, etc.
wan'ing (wān'ĭng), passing; decreasing in size.
want, lack; miss.
wan'ton (wŏn'tŭn), playful; rogue; wild.
Ward, officer of the ward, one of the divisions of London.
warded, protected.
warehouse, wholesale shop.
wa'ri-er (wā'rĭ-ĕr), more prudent.
wa'ri-ly (wā'rĭ-lĭ), cautiously.
warp.....woof (wôrp; wōōf), in cloth the warp is made up of the threads which run lengthwise; the woof, of the crosswise threads.
was done so brown, was so badly beaten.
Wash, a shallow inlet.
water-gourd (gōrd), pumpkin-like fruit hollowed out and dried to drink from.
ways, streets.
wayward, self-willed.
weathercock-surmounted cu'po-la (kū'pō-lȧ), little dome containing a figure of a cock which turns with the wind, showing its direction.
weed, garment.
weir (wĕr), dam.
wel'kin (wĕl'kĭn), sky.
Welsh wig, large curly wig, introduced in London by the Prince of Wales.
welter-weight, medium-weight.
wend (wĕnd), go.
what odds, what does it matter.
what the knowing ones call "nuts," Dickens evidently liked the slang term "nuts" so he calls those who used it "the knowing ones," meaning the clever ones. "Nuts" means "the easiest thing in the world."
whereat, after which.
where to have him, how to annoy him.
whims (hwĭms), fancies.
whimsical fraternity, strange crowd.
whippletree, swinging bar to which part of a harness is fastened.
White of Selborne's (sĕl'bôrn), Gilbert White who wrote *A Natural History of Selborne,* a district of England of which he was very fond.
Whitethroat, a European warbler.
wield'er (wēld'ĕr), manager.
willfully, purposefully.
wim'pling (wĭm'plĭng), rippling.
win, go.
winded, out of breath.
windowed niche (nĭch), bay window.
Wind-river Mountains, part of the Rockies in Wyoming.
wire fence still is not, human beings have not yet come.
wis (wĭs), think.
with a fine ir-rel'e-van-cy (ĭ-rĕl'ē-văn-sĭ), speaking far away from the subject.
with-al' (wĭth-ȧl'), besides; also.
with'er-ing out (wĭth'ĕr-ĭng), causing to shrink.
with im-pu'ni-ty (ĭm-pū'nĭ-tĭ), without punishment.
without guile (gīl), trustworthy.
wits had been set a-gog' (ȧ-gŏg'), minds had been made to work.
wold (wōld), plain; pasture.
wolfish, starved.
wont (wŭnt), accustomed.
wont'ed (wŭn'tĕd), usual; its original.
wordy, in words (as opposed to the snowball).
wot (wŏt), know.
wreathéd horn, the sea-god, Triton, blew on a trumpet, made from a spiral seashell, to raise or calm the sea. See Milton's sonnet, "The World Is Too Much With Us."
wrest (rĕst), to obtain by force.
wrought (rôt), moved; made; **wrought me her shadowy self to hold,** cast a shadow for me to mirror; **wrought its ghost,** cast its shadow.

X

Xer'xes (zûrk'sēz) King of Persia, 486-465B.C.

Y

Ya'ka-bow'ski (yȧ'kȧ-bou'skĭ).
yearned (yûrnd), longed.
yeast (yēst), foam.
yeo'man-ry (yō'mȧn-rĭ), farmers.
yore (yōr), long ago.
Yp'si-lan'ti (ĭp'sĭ-lăn'tĭ), Greek revolutionary patriot.

Z

zest, keen enjoyment.
zone (zōn), region.